This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

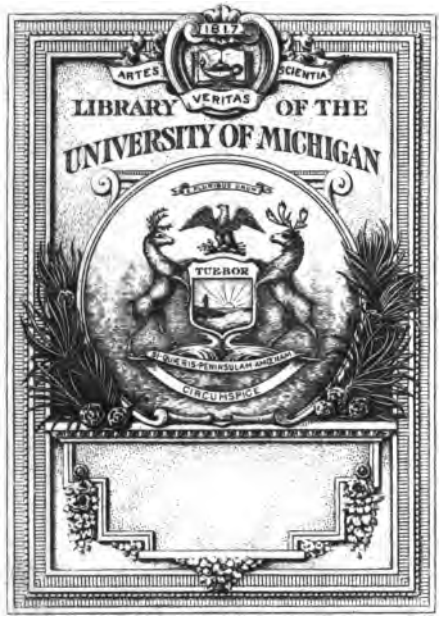
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`


1817
ARTES
SCIENTIA
VERITAS
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
TUEBOR
CIRCUMSPICE

828
.H7774
1906

THOMAS HOOD'S

CHOICE WORKS

Crown 8vo., cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.

CHARLES LAMB'S COMPLETE WORKS. Including 'Poetry for Children' and 'Prince Dorus.' With 2 Portraits and a Facsimile.

THOMAS HOOD'S CHOICE WORKS in Prose and Verse. With Life, Portrait, and 200 Illustrations.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN'S COMPLETE WORKS. With Life, Anecdotes, and 10 Full-page Illustrations.

DEAN SWIFT'S CHOICE WORKS in Prose and Verse. With Memoir, Portrait, and Facsimiles.

BRET HARTE'S CHOICE WORKS in Prose and Verse. With Introduction by J. M. Bellew, Portrait and 40 Illustrations.

ARTEMUS WARD'S COMPLETE WORKS. With Portrait and Facsimile.

CHATTO & WINDUS, 111 St. Martin's Lane.

UNIV. OF ILL.

THE

CHOICE WORKS

OF

THOMAS HOOD

IN PROSE AND VERSE

A NEW EDITION

WITH LIFE, PORTRAIT, AND 200 ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON
CHATTO & WINDUS
1906

Replaces.
Sixth.
4-16-36
31994

CONTENTS.

PAGE

MEMOIR ix

EARLY ESSAYS AND SKETCHES.

PAGE

Ode to Dr Kitchener . . . 1
To Hope 2
The Cook' 4
To Celia 14
Presentiment 15
Mr Martin's Pictures and the Bonassus 19
The Two Swans 21
Ode on a Distant Prospect of Clapham Academy . . . 27
Address to Mr Cross, of Exeter Change 30
Elegy on David Laing, Esq. . 33
Stanzas to Tom Woodgate . . 35
A Sentimental Journey from Islington to Waterloo Bridge . . 38

ODES AND ADDRESSES TO GREAT PEOPLE.

Ode to Mr Graham, the Aeronaut 49
A Friendly Epistle to Mrs Fry, in Newgate 55
Ode to R. Martin, Esq., M.P. . 60
Ode to the Great Unknown . . 62
Ode to Joseph Grimaldi, Senior . 68
An Address to the Steam-Washing Company 72
Letter of Remonstrance from Bridget Jones 74
Ode to Captain Parry . . . 77
Address to Maria Darlington, on her Return to the Stage . . 82
Ode to W. Kitchener, M.D. . 84
Ode to H. Bodkin, Esq. . . 89

WHIMS AND ODDITIES—(First Series, 1826).

Moral Reflections on the Cross of St Paul's 91
The Prayse of Ignorance . . 93
A Valentine 95
Love 97
"Please to ring the Belle" . . 98
A Receipt—for Civilisation . . 99
On the Popular Cupid . . . 104
The Last Man 105
The Ballad of "Sally Brown and Ben the Carpenter" . . . 112
Backing the Favourite . . . 115
A Complaint against Greatness . 116
The Mermaid of Margate . . 118
My Son, Sir 122
"As it fell upon a Day" . . 123
A Fairy Tale 124
The Spoiled Child 127

1.20.36 7 MES

	PAGE
Letter from a Parish Clerk in Barbadoes to one in Hampshire	523
Our Village	526
The Scrape-Book	530
A True Story	533
The Sorrows of an Undertaker	536
The Carelesse Nurse-Mayd	539
The Life of Zimmermann	540
The Compass, with Variations	543
The Duel	549
Ode to Mr Malthus	550
A Good Direction	554
The Pleasures of Sporting	556
There's no Romance in that	561
The Abstraction	564
Miller Redivivus	567
A Zoological Report	570
Shooting Pains	573
The Boy at the Nore	577
Great Earthquake at Mary-le-bone	580
Ode to St Swithin	583
The Apparition	586
The Schoolmaster's Motto	589
A Blind Man	591
The Supper Superstition	592
A Snake-Snack	594
A Storm at Hastings	596
Lines to a Lady on her Departure for India	603
Sonnet to a Scotch Girl washing Linen	605
Sonnet to a Decayed Seaman	606
Huggins and Duggins	607
Domestic Didactics	610
The Broken Dish	611
Ode to Peace	612
A Few Lines on completing Forty-Seven	613
To Mary Housemaid	613
Pain in a Pleasure-Boat	614
A Spent Ball	618
Literary and Literal	619
Sonnet to Lord Wharncliffe, on his Game-Bill	624
The Undying One	625
Cockle *v.* Cackle	626
Letter from an Old Sportsman	630
The Sub-Marine	634
The Island	635
The Kangaroos: a Fable	639
Ode for the Ninth of November	641
Rondeau	645
London Fashions for November	646
Symptoms of Ossification	647
Some Account of William Whiston	648
Lines to a Friend at Cobham	650
To a Bad Rider	651
My Son and Heir	652

NATIONAL TALES.

Preface	655
The Spanish Tragedy	656
The Miracle of the Holy Hermit	677
The Widow of Galicia	680
The Golden Cup and Dish of Silver	683
The Tragedy of Seville	685
The Lady in Love with Romance	689
The Eighth Sleeper of Ephesus	692
Madeline	694
Masetto and his Mare	698
The Story of Michel Argenti	701
The Three Jewels	704
Geronimo and Ghisola	707
The Fall of the Leaf	710
Baranga	713
The Exile	716
The Owl	720
The German Knight	722
The Florentine Kinsmen	726
The Carrier's Wife	729
The Two Faithful Lovers of Sicily	733
The Venetian Countess	738
A Tale of the Harem	746
The Chestnut Tree	756
The Fair Maid of Ludgate	762
The Three Brothers	769

MEMOIR OF THOMAS HOOD.

THOMAS HOOD was born on the 23d May 1799, in the Poultry, at the house of his father, a partner in the firm of Vernor & Hood, booksellers and publishers. His mother was a Miss Sands, sister to the engraver of that name, to whom the subject of our memoir was afterwards articled.

The family consisted of two sons, James and Thomas; and of four daughters, Elizabeth, Anne, Jessie, and Catherine.

Hood's father was a man of cultivated taste and literary inclinations, and was the author of two novels which attained some popularity in their day, although now their very names are forgotten.

Thomas Hood was sent to a school in Tokenhouse Yard in the City, as a day-boarder. The two maiden sisters who kept the school, and with whom Hood took his dinner, bore the odd name of Hogsflesh, and they had a sensitive brother, who was always addressed as Mr H., and who afterwards became the prototype of Charles Lamb's unsuccessful farce.

After the death of his father and his elder brother in 1811, he was apprenticed to his uncle, Mr Robert Sands, the engraver, and plied the burin for some years under his guidance. He thus learnt something of the art which he practised with such pleasant results in after-years in producing grotesque illustrations to his own verses and sketches. This sedentary employment not agreeing with his health, he was sent for change to some relations at Dundee. He remained in Scotland for a considerable time, and made his first appearance in print there in 1814, first in the

Dundee Advertiser, then edited by Mr Rintoul, and subsequently in the *Dundee Magazine*. These early effusions we have not succeeded in procuring, owing to the difficulty of obtaining access to local periodical publications, or we should have gratified the reader's curiosity by reprinting them.

On his return to London, after practising for a short time as an engraver, and doing some fruitless desk-work in a merchant's office, an opening that offered more congenial employment presented itself at last, when he was about twenty-two years of age. In 1821, Mr John Scott, the editor of the *London Magazine*, was killed in a duel. The magazine passed into the hands of Messrs Taylor & Hessey, who were friends of Hood's, and he was offered and accepted the sub-editorship. His first original paper appeared in the number for July 1821, and he continued to contribute till the summer of 1823.

Hood's connexion with the *London Magazine* was the means of bringing him into contact with many of the chief wits and literati of the time, and more especially with Charles Lamb, whose influence over his style and manner of writing is very clearly traceable. All these literary friendships have been delightfully described in his own "Reminiscences."

One of the contributors to the *London Magazine* was John Hamilton Reynolds, author of an exquisite little volume of verse entitled "The Garden of Florence," whose articles appeared under the pseudonym of "Edward Herbert." The acquaintance thus begun had lasting results. On the 5th May 1824, Hood was married to Reynolds's sister, Jane. In the following year (1825) he produced conjointly with his brother-in-law his first publication in a separate form, viz., "Odes and Addresses to Great People." This little volume rapidly passed through three editions, and made almost as great a stir as the "Rejected Addresses" of James and Horace Smith. A copy of the first edition, marked by Hood himself, and now in the possession of the present publishers, thus apportions the respective authorship of the pieces it contains :—

Ode to Mr Graham	T. H.
Ode to Mr M'Adam	J. H. Reynolds.
Epistle to Mrs Fry	T. H.
Ode to Richard Martin . . .	T. H.
Ode to the Great Unknown . . .	T. H.
To Mr Dymoke	J. H. R.
To Grimaldi	T. H.
To Sylvanus Urban	J. H. R.
To the Steam-Washing Company .	T. H.
To Captain Parry	T. H.
To Elliston	J. H. R.
To Maria Darlington	Joint.
To Dr Kitchener	T. H.
To the Dean and Chapter . . .	J. H. R.
To H. Bodkin, Esq.	Joint.

In the present edition we have not thought it necessary or desirable to include those pieces in the above list which are assigned entirely to Reynolds's authorship.

It was in the two series of "Whims and Oddities,"* however, published in 1826 and 1827, and illustrated by his own pencil, that Hood first hit on the peculiar vein of humour by which he afterwards became most famous. These twin volumes obtained an immediate and decisive success, which is more than can be said of the volume of serious poems, "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," and of the two volumes of "National Tales," which followed them in rapid succession in 1827. And yet there is an indefinable grace and charm about the graver productions of Hood's muse, and a picturesque and sometimes weird atmosphere of romance and imagination about the prose stories, that have won the suffrages of many later readers, and that made it seem proper to reproduce them here as representative of one important side of Hood's genius, though not the comic or more popular side.

His "Dream of Eugene Aram," first printed in an annual entitled "The Gem," which Hood edited in 1829, is representative of another class of serious poems in which he excelled—

* The title of this work was probably suggested by a line in Mr Hookham Frere's poem of "The Monks and the Giants," published some years previously.

"those which consist in the vivid imagination and abrupt lyric representation of ghastly situations in physical nature and in human life."*

In this year Hood left London for Winchmore Hill, where he took a very pretty cottage situated in a pleasant garden. Here the little *jeu d'esprit* of "The Epping Hunt"† was written and published as a small pamphlet in 1829 (passing into a second edition in 1830), with six illustrations by George Cruikshank.

At Winchmore Hill also his son was born in 1830. In this year Hood commenced his Christmas serial entitled "The Comic Annual," which enjoyed a long run of public favour, and continued to be published every winter, without intermission, until 1839, when it was discontinued; but resumed for one year only in 1842, when the eleventh and last volume appeared. In 1830 Hood also published a series of "Comic Melodies," which consisted of songs written for the entertainments of Mathews and Yates. The motto on the cover of each number was

> "A doleful song a doleful look retraces,
> And merry music maketh merry faces."

Over this was a comic illustration of the lines, consisting of some musical notes, the heads of which were filled in with laughing and grimacing countenances.

About this period Hood was on several occasions induced to attempt dramatic composition for the stage. He wrote the libretto for a little English opera, brought out, it is believed, at the Surrey Theatre. Its name is lost now, although it had a good run at the time. Perhaps it may be recognised by some old playgoer by the fact that its *dramatis personæ* were all *bees*. He also assisted his brother-in-law (Reynolds) in the dramatising of "Gil

* Professor Masson in *Macmillan's Magazine*, II. 328 (August 1860), art. *Thomas Hood.*

† A companion volume to this, to be entitled "Epsom Races," was announced in characteristic phrase on the back of the cover, but apparently the design was abandoned, as we cannot discover that such a pamphlet ever appeared.

Blas," produced at Drury Lane. For Mr Frederick Yates of the Old Adelphi Theatre he wrote a little entertainment entitled "Harlequin and Mr Jenkins; or, Pantomime in the Parlour," * and for other theatres two farces, entitled "York and Lancaster; or, a School without Scholars," and "Lost and Found." He likewise supplied the text of an entertainment called "The Spring Meeting," for Charles Mathews the elder.

In 1832 Hood left Winchmore Hill, and became the occupier of a house, called Lake House, at Wanstead in Essex. Here he wrote the novel of "Tylney Hall," which was published in the usual three-volume form in 1834.

It should be mentioned that during these years Hood was also a large contributor to the fashionable Annuals of the time, "The Forget Me Not," "The Souvenir," "Friendship's Offering," &c., and to the *Literary Gazette* and the *Athenæum*.

In 1835 the failure of a publishing firm having involved Hood in pecuniary difficulties, he resolved to leave England and live on the Continent. Going over in March of that year, he fixed on Coblenz on the Rhine as the most suitable for his purpose. During about two years that place continued to be the head-quarters of the family. In the middle of 1837 he removed to Ostend. From this prolonged exile, which extended on to 1840, arose the volume published in that year and entitled "Up the Rhine," a work written in a series of letters, avowedly after the model of "Humphrey Clinker."

After five years of expatriation, Hood returned to England and took a house at Camberwell. He became a contributor to the *New Monthly Magazine*, then edited by Theodore Hook, upon whose death in the following year (1841), he himself succeeded to the editorship, and continued in that office until 1843, contributing to its pages a number of sketches and verses, which he republished in two volumes in 1844, with illustrations by John Leech, under the title of "Whimsicalities." In 1842 he had

* Printed in Duncombe's edition of "Mathews and Yates at Home."

removed to St John's Wood, where he continued to reside till his death, first in Elm Tree Road, and then in Finchley Road.

In the Christmas number of *Punch* for 1843 appeared the famous "Song of the Shirt," together with a less-known piece, "The Pauper's Christmas Carol." There are several other articles, poems, and cuts in the fourth and fifth volumes of *Punch* presumably by Hood.

On New Year's day 1844 was started *Hood's Monthly Magazine and Comic Miscellany*, with a very promising staff of contributors.

Meanwhile Hood's health had been gradually failing. Even during his sojourn on the Continent alarming symptoms had manifested themselves, and since his return to England, matters had gradually grown worse and worse. After some years of suffering and pain, all hope was at last given up. One night in a delirious wandering he was heard to repeat to his wife Jane the lovely words of the Scottish song—

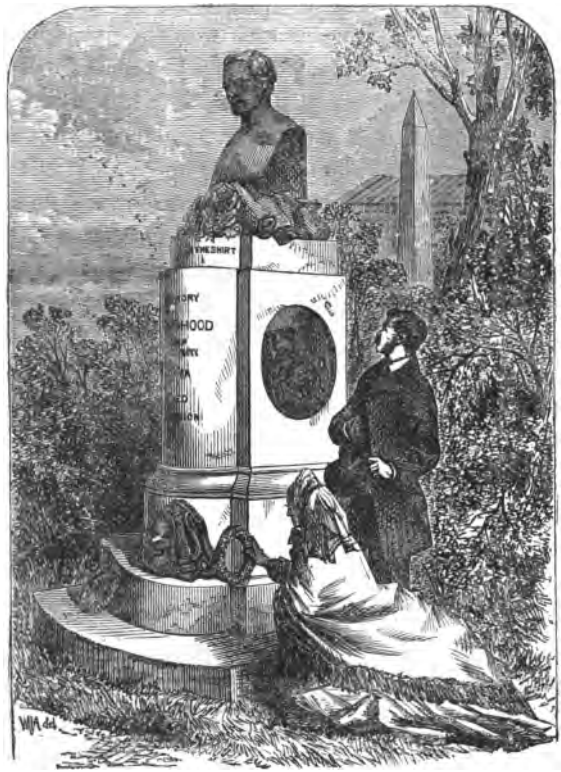
"I'm fading awa', Jean,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean!
I'm fading awa', Jean,
To the land o' the leal!
But weep na, my ain Jean,
The world's care's in vain, Jean,
We'll meet and aye be fain, Jean,
In the land o' the leal!"

An offer of a pension from Government of £100 a year, to be conferred on his wife, as his own life was so precarious, came through Sir Robert Peel in the latter part of 1844, but the grant was to take effect from the previous June. Sir Robert Peel did this welcome and friendly action in the most courteous and generous way, accompanying it with a letter in which he begged for one return—the opportunity of making Hood's personal acquaintance. The meeting, however, never took place, for Hood grew too ill to allow of its possibility, being only kept alive by frequent instalments of mulled port-wine. He wrote to his benefactor to this effect, and Sir Robert Peel replied in a

beautiful and touching letter, earnestly hoping for his recovery. There are few more beautiful traits in the great statesman's character, and few stories more honourable to him, than this of his kindness to poor Hood during the last sad months of supreme suffering. He could die at least with the assurance that those nearest and dearest to him would not be reduced to beggary.

The end grew nearer and nearer. Some weeks ensued of protracted anguish, of almost indescribable suffering, and of convulsive efforts to hold life yet a little longer. At last, on the 3d May 1845, after two days' total unconsciousness, he breathed his last, having scarcely attained the age of forty-six. He was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, and eighteen months afterwards his faithful and devoted wife was laid by his side.

R. H. S.



MONUMENT IN KENSAL GREEN CEMETERY

EARLY ESSAYS AND SKETCHES.

*ODE TO DR KITCHENER.**

YE Muses nine inspire
And stir up my poetic fire ;
Teach my burning soul to speak
With a bubble and a squeak !
Of Dr Kitchener I fain would sing,
Till pots, and pans, and mighty kettles ring

O culinary sage !
(I do not mean the herb in use,
That always goes along with goose)
How have I feasted on thy page :
"When like a lobster boil'd the morn
From black to red began to turn,"
Till midnight, when I went to bed,
And clapt my tewah-diddle † on my head.

Who is there cannot tell,
Thou lead'st a life of living well?
"What baron, or squire, or knight of the shire
Lives half so well as a holy Fry—er?"
In doing well thou must be reckon'd
The first,—and Mrs Fry the second ;
And twice a Job,—for, in thy feverish toils,
Thou wast all over roasts—as well as boils.

Thou wast indeed no dunce,
To treat thy subjects and thyself at once :
Many a hungry poet eats
His brains like thee,
But few there be
Could live so long on their receipts.

* London Magazine, November 1821.
† The Doctor's composition for a nightcap.

What living soul or sinner,
Would slight thy invitation to a dinner,
Ought with the Danaïds to dwell,
Draw gravy in a cullender, and hear
For ever in his ear
The pleasant tinkling of thy dinner bell.

Immortal Kitchener! thy fame
Shall keep itself when Time makes game
Of other men's—yea, it shall keep, all weathers,
And thou shalt be upheld by thy pen feathers.
Yea, by the sauce of Michael Kelly,
Thy name shall perish never,
But be magnified for ever—
—By all whose eyes are bigger than their belly.

Yea, till the world is done—
—To a turn—and Time puts out the sun,
Shall live the endless echo of thy name.
But, as for thy more fleshy frame,
Ah! Death's carnivorous teeth will tittle
Thee out of breath, and eat it for cold victual;
But still thy fame shall be among the nations
Preserved to the last course of generations.

Ah me, my soul is touch'd with sorrow
To think how flesh must pass away—
So mutton, that is warm to-day,
Is cold, and turn'd to hashes on the morrow!
Farewell! I would say more, but I
Have other fish to fry.

*TO HOPE.**

Oh! take, young seraph, take thy harp,
And play to me so cheerily;
For grief is dark, and care is sharp,
And life wears on so wearily.
Oh! take thy harp!
Oh! sing as thou wert wont to do,
When, all youth's sunny season long,
I sat and listen'd to thy song,
And yet 'twas ever, ever new,
With magic in its heaven-tuned string—
The future bliss thy constant theme,
Oh! then each little woe took wing
Away, like phantoms of a dream,
As if each sound
That flutter'd round
Had floated over Lethe's stream!

* London Magazine, July 1821.

By all those bright and happy hours
We spent in life's sweet eastern bowers,
Where thou wouldst sit and smile, and show
Ere buds were come, where flowers would blow,
And oft anticipate the rise
Of life's warm sun that scaled the skies;
By many a story of love and glory,
And friendships promised oft to me;
By all the faith I lent to thee,—
Oh! take, young seraph, take thy harp,
And play to me so cheerily;
For grief is dark, and care is sharp,
And life wears on so wearily.
Oh! take thy harp!

Perchance the strings will sound less clear,
That long have lain neglected by
In sorrow's misty atmosphere;
It ne'er may speak as it hath spoken
Such joyous notes so brisk and high;
But are its golden chords all broken?
Are there not some, though weak and low,
To play a lullaby to woe?

But thou canst sing of love no more,
For Celia show'd that dream was vain;
And many a fancied bliss is o'er,
That comes not e'en in dreams again.
Alas! alas!
How pleasures pass,
And leave thee now no subject, save
The peace and bliss beyond the grave!
Then be thy flight among the skies:
Take, then, oh! take the skylark's wing,
And leave dull earth, and heavenward rise
O'er all its tearful clouds, and sing
On skylark's wing!

Another life-spring there adorns
Another youth, without the dread
Of cruel care, whose crown of thorns
Is here for manhood's aching head.—
Oh! there are realms of welcome day,
A world where tears are wiped away!
Then be thy flight among the skies:
Take, then, oh! take the skylark's wing,
And leave dull earth, and heavenward rise
O'er all its tearful clouds, and sing
On skylark's wing!

THE COOK'S ORACLE.*

The Cook's Oracle; containing Receipts for Plain Cookery, &c.; the whole being the Result of actual Experiments instituted in the Kitchen of a Physician.

DR KITCHENER has greatly recognised the genius of his name by taking boldly the path to which it points; disregarding all the usual seductions of life, he has kept his eye steadily on the larder, the *Mecca* of his appetite; and has unravelled all the mysteries and intricacies of *celery soup*, and *beef haricot*, to the eyes of a reading public. He has taken an extensive *kitchen range* over the whole world of stews, and broils, and roasts, and comes home to the fireside (from which, indeed, his body has never departed), boiling over with knowledge—stored with curiosities of bone and sinew—a made-up human dish of cloves, mace, curry, catsup, cayenne, and the like. He has sailed over all the soups, has touched at all the quarters of the lamb, has been, in short, round the stomach world, and returns a second *Captain Cook!* Dr Kitchener has written a book; and if he, good easy man, should think to surprise any friend or acquaintance by slily asking, "What book have I written?" he would be sure to be astounded with a successful reply, "A book on Cookery." His name is above all disguises. In the same way a worthy old gentleman of our acquaintance, who was wont to lead his visitors around his kitchen garden (the Doctor will prick up his ears at this) which he had carefully and cunningly obscured with a laurel hedge, and who always said, with an exulting tone, "Now, you would be puzzled to say where the kitchen garden was situated," once met with a stony-hearted man who remorselessly answered, "Not I! over that hedge, to be sure." The Doctor might expect you, in answer to his query, to say—"A book, sir! Why, perhaps you have plunged your whole soul into the ocean of an epic; or rolled your mind, with the success of a Sisyphus, up the hill of metaphysics; or played the sedate game of the mathematics, that Chinese puzzle to English minds! or gone a tour with Dugald Stewart, in search of the picturesque, or leaped double sentences and waded through metaphors, in a grammatical steeple-chase with Colonel Thornton; or turned literary cuckoo, and gone sucking the eggs of other people's books, and making the woods of the world echo with one solitary, complaining, *reviewing* note." Such might be the Doctor's notion of a reply, to which we fancy we see him *simmering* with delight, and saying, "No, sir! I have not meddled either with the curry of poetry or the cold meat of prose. I have not wasted over the slow fire of the metaphysics, or cut up the mathematics into thin slices—I have not lost myself amongst the *kick-shaws* of fine scenery, or pampered myself on the mock-turtle of metaphors. Neither have I dined at the table and the expense of other men's minds! No, sir, I have written on cookery, on the kitchen, on the solids—'the substantials, Sir Giles, the substantials!'"

* London Magazine, Oct. 1821.

It it were not that critics are proverbial for having no bowels, we should hesitate at entering the paradise of pies and puddings which Dr Kitchener has opened to us; for the steam of his rich sentences rises about our senses like the odours of flowers around the imagination of a poet; and larded beef goes nigh to lord it over our bewildered appetites. But being steady men, of sober and temperate habits, and used to privations in the way of food, we shall not scruple at looking a leg of mutton in the face or shaking hands with a shoulder of veal. "Minced collops" nothing daunt us; we brace our nerves, and are not overwhelmed with "cockle catsup!" When Bays asks his friend, "How do you do when you write?" it would seem that he had the Cook's Oracle in his eye—for to men of any mastication, never was there a book that required more training for a quiet and useful perusal. Cod's-head rises before you in all its glory! while the oysters revolve around it, in their firmament of melted butter, like its well-ordered satellites! Moorgame, mackerel, mussels, fowls, eggs, and force-meat balls, start up in all directions and dance the hays in the imagination. We should recommend those readers with whom dinner is a habit, not to venture on the Doctor's pages, without seeing that their hunger, like a ferocious house-dog, is carefully tied up. To read four pages with an unchained appetite, would bring on dreadful dreams of being destroyed with spits, or drowned in mulligatawny soup, or of having your tongue neatly smothered in your own brains, and, as Mathews says, a lemon stuck in your mouth. We cannot but conceive that such reading, in such unprepared minds, would have strange influences; and that the dreams of persons would be dished up to suit the various palates. The school-girl would, like the French goose, "be persuaded to roast itself." The indolent man would "sleep a fortnight," and even then not be fit for use. The lover would dream that his heart was overdone. The author would be roasted alive in his own quills and basted with cold ink. It were an endless task to follow this speculation; and indeed we are keeping our readers too long without the meal to which we have taken the liberty of inviting them. The dinner "bell invites" us—we go, and it is *done*.

The book, the Cook's Oracle, opens with a preface, as other books occasionally do; but "there the likeness ends;" for it continues with a whole bunch of introductions, treating of cooks, and invitations to dinner, and refusals, and "friendly advice," and weights and measures, and then we get fairly launched on the sea of boiling, broiling, roasting, stewing, and again return and cast anchor among the vegetables. It is impossible to say where the book begins; it is a heap of initiatory chapters—a parcel of graces before meat,—a bunch of heads,—the asparagus of literature. You are not troubled with "more last words of Mr Baxter," but are delighted, and *re*delighted, with more first words of Dr Kitchener. He makes several starts like a restless race-horse before he fairly gets upon the second course; or rather, like Lady Macbeth's dinner party, he stands much upon the order of his going. But now, to avoid sinking into the same trick, we will proceed without further preface to conduct our readers through the maze of pots, gridirons, and frying pans, which Dr Kitchener has

rendered a very poetical, or we should say, a very palatable amusement.

The *first* preface tells us, *inter alia*, that he has worked all the culinary problems which his book contains in his own kitchen; and that, after this warm experience, he did not venture to print a sauce, or a stew, until he had read "two hundred cookery books," which, as he says, "he patiently pioneered through, before he set about recording the results of his own experiments!" We scarcely thought there had been so many volumes written on the Dutch-oven.

The first introduction begins thus;

"The following receipts are not a mere marrowless collection of shreds, and patches, and cuttings, and pastings, but a *bonâ fide* register of practical facts,—accumulated by a perseverance not to be subdued, or evaporated, by the igniferous terrors of a roasting fire in the dog days—in defiance of the odoriferous and calefacient repellents of roasting—boiling—frying—and broiling; moreover, the author has submitted to a labour no preceding Cookery Book maker, perhaps, ever attempted to encounter—having *eaten* each receipt before he set it down in his book."

We should like to see the Doctor, we confess, after this extraordinary statement. To have superintended the agitations of the pot—to have hung affectionately over a revolving calf's heart—to have patiently witnessed the noisy marriage of bubble and squeak—to have coolly investigated the mystery of a haricot—appears within the compass of any old lady or gentleman, whose frame could stand the fire and whose soul could rule the roast. But to have eaten the substantials of four hundred and forty closely-printed pages is "a thing to read of, not to tell." It calls for a man of iron interior, a man *alieni appetens, sui profusus*. It demands the rival of time; an *edax rerum!* The Doctor does not tell us how he travelled from gridiron to frying-pan—from frying-pan to Dutch-oven—from Dutch-oven to spit—from spit to pot—from pot to fork—he leaves us to guess at his progress. We presume he ate his way, page by page, through fish, flesh, fowl, and vegetable; he would have left *us* dead among the soups and gravies. Had a whole army of martyrs accompanied him on this Russian retreat of the appetite, we should have found *them* strewing the way; and *him* alone, the Napoleon of the task, living and fattening at the end of the journey. The introduction goes on very learnedly, descanting upon Shakespeare, Descartes, Dr Johnson, Mrs Glasse, Professor Bradley, Pythagoras, Miss Seward, and other persons equally illustrious. The Doctor's chief aim is to prove, we believe, that cookery is the most laudable pursuit, and the most pleasurable amusement, of life. Much depends on the age of your domestics; for we are told that "it is a good maxim to select servants not younger than THIRTY." Is it so? Youth, "thou art shamed!" This first introduction concludes with a long eulogy upon the Doctor's "laborious stove work;" and upon the spirit, temper, and ability with which he has *dressed* his book. The Doctor appends to this introduction a chapter called "Culinary Curiosities," in which he gives the following recipe for "persuading a goose to roast itself." We must say it out-horrors all the horrors we ever read of.

"HOW TO ROAST AND EAT A GOOSE ALIVE.

"Take a goose, or a duck, or some such lively creature (but a goose is best of all for this purpose), pull off all her feathers, only the head and neck must be spared, then make a fire round about her, not too close to her, that the smoke do not choke her, and that the fire may not burn her too soon; nor too far off, that she may not escape free: within the circle of the fire let there be set small cups and pots full of water wherein salt and honey are mingled, and let there be set also chargers full of sodden apples, cut into small pieces in the dish. The goose must be all larded and basted over with butter, to make her the more fit to be eaten, and may roast the better: put then fire about her, but do not make too much haste, whenas you see her begin to roast; for by walking about, and flying here and there, being cooped in by the fire that stops her way out, the unwearied goose is kept in;* she will fall to drink the water to quench her thirst, and cool her heart, and all her body, and the apple-sauce will make her dung, and cleanse and empty her. And when she roasteth, and consumes inwardly, always wet her head and heart with a wet sponge; and when you see her giddy with running, and begin to stumble, her heart wants moisture, and she is roasted enough. Take her up, set her before your guests, and she will cry as you cut off any part from her, and will be almost eaten up before she be dead. It is mighty pleasant to behold!!! See *Wecker's Secrets of Nature*, in folio, London, 1660, pp. 148, 309."

The next chapter, or introduction (for we are not within forty spits length of the cookery directions yet), is entitled "Invitations to Dinner;" and commences thus:—

"In the affairs of the mouth the strictest punctuality is indispensable;—the gastronomer ought to be as accurate an observer of time as the astronomer—the least delay produces fatal and irreparable misfortunes."

It appearing, therefore, that delay is dangerous, as mammas say to their daughters on certain occasions, the Doctor directs that "the dining-room should be furnished with a good-going clock." He then speaks of food "well done when it is done," which leads to certain learned sentences upon indigestion. The sad disregard of dinner-hours generally observed meets with his most serious displeasure and rebuke; but to refuse an invitation to dinner is the capital crime, for which there is apparently no capital punishment. "Nothing can be more disobliging than a refusal which is not grounded on some very strong and unavoidable cause, except not coming at the appointed hour; according to the laws of conviviality, a certificate from a sheriff's officer, a doctor, or an undertaker, are the only pleas which are

* This cook of a goose, or goose of a cook, whichever it may be, strangely reminds us of the Doctor's own intense and enthusiastic bustle among the butter-boats. We fancy we see him, and not the goose, "walking about, and flying here and there, being cooped in by the fire." By this time, we should suppose, he must be about "roasted enough."

admissible. The duties which invitation imposes do not fall only on the persons invited, but, like all other social duties, are reciprocal."

If you should, therefore, fortunately happen to be arrested, or have had the good luck to fracture a limb, or, if better than all, you should have taken a box in that awful theatre at which all must be present once and for ever; you may be pardoned refusing the invitation of some tiresome friend to take a chop; but there is no other excuse, no other available excuse, for absenting yourself; no mental inaptitude will save you. Late comers are thus rebuked:—

"There are some who seldom keep an appointment; we can assure them they as seldom 'scape without whipping,' and exciting those murmurs which inevitably proceed from the best-regulated stomachs —when they are empty and impatient to be filled."

Carving is the next subject of the Doctor's care; but he resolutely and somewhat vehemently protests against your wielding the king of knives at any other table than your own: thus for ever excluding an author from the luxuries of table-anatomy. After giving an erudite passage from the "Almanach des Gourmands," the Doctor wanders into anecdote, and becomes facetious after the following recipe:—

"I once heard a gentle hint on this subject given to a blue-mould fancier, who, by looking too long at a Stilton cheese, was at last completely overcome by his eye exciting his appetite, till it became quite ungovernable, and unconscious of everything but the *mity* object of his contemplation, he began to pick out, in no small portions, the primest parts his eye could select from the centre of the cheese.

"The good-natured founder of the feast, highly amused at the ecstasies each morsel created in its passage over the palate of the enraptured *gourmand*, thus encouraged the perseverance of his guest—"Cut away, my dear sir, cut away, use no ceremony, I pray;—I hope you will pick out all the best of my cheese—the rind and the rotten will do very well for my wife and family!"

There is something so serene and simple in the above little story, that we recommend it to persons after dinner in preference to those highly-seasoned and spicy jests which Mr Joseph Miller has potted for the use of posterity. The next introduction contains "Friendly Advice to Cooks and other servants;" but we cannot help thinking that Dr Swift has in some degree forestalled our own good Doctor in this department of literature, although perhaps Dr Kitchener is the most sober of counsellors. The following, to be sure, is a little suspicious:—"Enter into all their plans of economy, and endeavour to make the most of everything, as well for your own honour as your master's profit." This, without the note, would be unexceptionable; but the Doctor quotes from Dr Trusler (all the Doctors are *redolent* of servants) as follows:—"I am persuaded that no servant ever *saved* her master sixpence but she *found* it in the end in her own *pocket*."—"Have the *dust* removed," says Dr Kitchener, "regularly every fortnight!"—What *dust?*—Not that, we trust, which people are often entreated to come down with. The accumulation of soot has its dire evils: for "many good dinners have been spoiled, and many houses burned down, by the soot falling." Thus the Doctor very properly puts the greater evil first. "Give notice to your employers

when the contents of your coal cellar are *diminished* to a chaldron." *Diminished!* we should be glad to hear when our cellars had increased to this stock. There is no hope, then, for those chamber-gentlemen who fritter away their lives by sack or bushel! Dr Kitchener is rather abstruse and particular in another of his directions:—"*The best rule* for *marketing* is to pay *ready money for everything.*" This is a good rule with the elect; but, is there no luxury in a baker's bill? Are butchers' reckonings nothing? Is there no virtue in a milk-tally? We cannot help thinking that *tick* was a great invention, and gives many a man a dinner that would otherwise go unfed.

The chapter on weights and measures is short, but deeply interesting and intense. There is an episode upon *trough nutmeg-graters* that would do the water-gruel generation good to hear.

And now the book begins *to boil.* The reader is told that meat takes twenty minutes to the pound; and that block-tin saucepans are the best. We can fish out little else, except a long and rather skilful calculation of the manner in which meat jockeys itself and reduces its weight in the cooking. Buckle and Sam Chiffney are nothing to "a leg of mutton with the shank bone taken out;" and it perhaps might not be amiss if the Newmarket profession were to consider how far it would be practicable to substitute the *cauldron* for the *blanket,* and thus reduce by *steam.* We should suppose a young gentleman, with half-an-hour's boiling, would ride somewhere about feather-weight.

Baking is dismissed in a page and a half. We are sorry to find that some joints, when fallen into poverty and decay, are quite unworthy of credit. "When baking a joint of *poor* meat, before it has been half baked I have seen *it* (what?) start from the bone, and shrivel up *scarcely to be believed.*"

Roasting is the next object of Dr Kitchener's anxious care; and if this chapter be generally read, we shall not be surprised to see people in future roasting their meat before their doors and in their areas: for the Doctor says:—

"*Roasting should be done in the open air,* to ventilate the meat from its own fumes, and by the radiant heat of a clear glowing fire,—otherwise it is in fact baked—the machines the economical grate-makers call roasters, are, in plain English, ovens."

The Doctor then proceeds, not being content with telling you how to cook your victuals, to advise carefully as to the best method of cooking the *fire.* "The fire that is but just sufficient to receive the noble sirloin will parch up a lighter joint;" which is plainly a translation into the cook's own particular language of "temper the wind to the shorn lamb." The chapter does not conclude without observing that "Everybody knows the advantage of *slow boiling—slow roasting* is equally important." This is an axiom.

Frying is a very graceful and lively species of cooking, though yielding perhaps in its vivacity and music to *broiling*—but of this more anon. We are sorry to find the Doctor endeavouring to take away from the originality of *frying,* classing it unkindly with the inferior sorts of boiling—calling it, in fact, the mere corpulence of boiling.

"A frying-pan should be about four inches deep, with a perfectly

flat and thick bottom, twelve inches long, and nine broad, with perpendicular sides, and must be half filled with fat: good frying is, in fact, boiling in fat. To make sure that the pan is quite clean, rub a little fat over it, and then make it warm, and rub it with a clean cloth."

Broiling follows. We really begin to be enacting this sort of cookery ourselves, from the vigour and spirit with which we have rushed along in the company of Dr Kitchener. *Broiling* is the poetry of cooking. The lyre-like shape of the instrument on which it is performed, and the brisk and pleasant sounds that arise momentarily, are rather musical than culinary. We are transported, at the thought, to that golden gridiron in the Beef Steak Club, which seems to confine the white cook in his burning cage, which generates wit, whim, and song, for hours together, and pleasantly blends the fanciful and the substantial in one laughing and robust harmony.

The Doctor is profound on the subject of vegetables, and when we consider the importance of it, we are not surprised to hear him earnestly exclaim, "I should as soon think of *roasting an animal alive*, as of boiling *a vegetable after it is dead*." No one will question that the one is quite as pardonable as the other. Our readers cannot be too particular in looking to their brocoli and potatoes. "This branch of cookery requires the most vigilant attention. If vegetables are a minute or two too long over the fire, they lose all their beauty and flavour. If not thoroughly boiled tender, they are tremendously indigestible, and much more troublesome during their residence in the stomach than underdone meats."

We pass over the rudiments of dressing fish, and of compounding broths and soups, except with remarking, that a turbot is said to be better for *not* being fresh, and that "lean juicy beef, mutton, or veal form the *basis of broth*."

Gravies and sauces are not neglected. The Doctor writes, "However 'les pompeuses bagatelles de la cuisine masquée,' may tickle the fancy of *demi-connoisseurs*, who, leaving the substance to pursue the shadow, prefer wonderful and whimsical metamorphoses, and things extravagantly expensive, to those which are intrinsically excellent—in whose mouth mutton can hardly hope for a welcome unless accompanied by venison sauce—or a rabbit any chance for a race down the red lane, without assuming the form of a frog or a spider—or pork without being either 'goosified' or 'lambified,' and game and poultry in the shape of crawfish or hedgehogs; these travesties rather show the patience than the science of the cook,—and the bad taste of those who prefer such baby tricks to old English nourishing and substantial plain cookery. *We* could have made this the biggest book with half the trouble it has taken *me* to make it the best;—concentration and perspicuity have been my aim."

We do not know what the Doctor understands as "a big book;" but to our notions (and we are experienced in the weights and measures of printed works) the Cook's Oracle is a tolerably huge and Gog-like production. We should have been glad to have had a calculation of what the manuscript lost in the printing. In truth a comparative scale of the wasting of meat and prose during the cooking would be no uninteresting performance. For our parts, we can only

remark from experience, that these our articles in the London Magazine boil up like spinach. We fancy, when written, that we have a heap of leaves fit to feed thirty columns; and they absolutely and alarmingly shrink up to a page or two when dressed by the compositor.

The romantic fancy of cooks is thus restrained :—

"The imagination of most cooks is so incessantly on the hunt for a relish, that they seem to think they cannot make sauce sufficiently savoury, without putting into it everything that ever was eaten; and supposing every addition must be an improvement, they frequently overpower the natural flavour of their plain sauces, by overloading them with salt and spices, &c.,—but, remember, these will be deteriorated by any addition, save only just salt enough to awaken the palate—the lover of 'piquance' and compound flavours may have recourse to the 'Magazine of Taste.'"

Again—

"Why have clove and allspice,—or mace and nutmeg, in the same sauce?—or marjoram, thyme, and savory—or onions, leeks, eschallots, and garlick? One will very well supply the place of the other, and the frugal cook may save something considerable by attending to this to the advantage of her employers, and her own time and trouble. You might as well, to make soup, order one quart of water from the Thames, another from the New River, a third from Hampstead, and a fourth from Chelsea, with a certain portion of spring and rain water."

The Doctor himself, however, in spite of his correction of the cooks, is not entirely free from the fanciful. When you have opened a bottle of catsup, he says, "use only the best superfine *velvet taper* corks." This is *drawing* a cork with the hand of a poet.

And now, will the reader believe it? The work commences afresh! After all our labour,—after all our travelling through boiling, broiling, roasting, &c., we find that we have the whole to go over again. To our utter dismay, p. 142 begins anew with—*boiling!* It is little comfort to us that joints and cuttings come in for their distinct treatment: we seem to have made no way, and sit down with as much despair as a young school-girl, who, after three-quarters of a year's dancing, is put back to the Scotch step. Beef has been spoken of before; but we have not at all made up our minds on the following subject :—

"*Obs.*—In Mrs Mason's Ladies' Assistant this joint is called haunch-bone; in Henderson's Cookery, edge-bone; in Domestic Management, aitch-bone; in Reynolds' Cookery, ische-bone; in Mrs Lydia Fisher's Prudent Housewife, ach-bone; in Mrs M'Iver's Cookery, hook-bone. We have also seen it spelt each-bone, and ridge-bone, and we have also heard it called natch-bone."

Of "half a calf's head," Dr Kitchener says, slily enough, "If you like it *full-dressed*, score it *superficially;* beat up the yolk of an egg, and rub it over the head with a *feather; powder it*," &c. Such a calf's head as this, so full-dressed, might be company for the best nobleman's ditto in the land.

It is quite impossible for us to accompany Dr Kitchener regularly through "roasting, frying, vegetables," &c., as we are by no means

sure that our readers would sanction the *encore*. We shall pick a bit here and a bit there, from the Doctor's dainty larder; and take care to choose, as the English do with a French bill of fare, from those niceties which are novelties.

"A pig," observes the Doctor, as though he were speaking of any other dull, obstinate personage, "is a very troublesome subject to *roast*. Most persons have them *baked:* send a quarter of a pound of butter, and beg the baker to *baste* it well." The following occurs to us to be as difficult a direction to fulfil as any of Sir Thomas Parkins's wrestling instructions: "Lay your *pig back to back* in the dish, with one half of the head on each side, and the ears one at each end, which you must take care to make nice and *crisp*, or you will get scolded, as the good man was who bought his wife a pig with one ear." The point at the end is like the point of a spit. Again: "A sucking pig, like a young child, must not be left for an instant!" Never was such affection manifested before for this little interesting and persecuted tribe.

If Izaak Walton be the greatest of writers on the *catching* of fish, Dr Kitchener is, beyond doubt, triumphant over all who have written upon the *dressing* of them. The Doctor dwells upon "the fine pale red rose colour" of pickled salmon, till you doubt whether he is not admiring a carnation. "Cod's skull" becomes flowery and attractive; and fine "silver eels," when "stewed Wiggy's way," swim in beauty as well as butter. The Doctor points out the best method of killing this perversely living fish, observing, very justly, "that the humane executioner does certain criminals the favour to *hang* them before he breaks them on the wheel."

Of salmon the Doctor rather quaintly and *posingly* observes, "The *thinnest* part of the fish is the *fattest*. *If you have any left*, put it into a pie-dish, and cover it," &c. The direction is conditional, we perceive.

"Remember to choose your lobsters '*heavy and lively.*'"—"Motion," says the Doctor, "is the index of their freshness."

Upon oysters Dr Kitchener is eloquent indeed. He is, as it were, "native here, and to the manner born."

"The true lover of an oyster will have some regard for the feelings of his little favourite, and will never abandon it to the mercy of a bungling operator—but will open it himself, and contrive to detach the fish from the shell so dexterously, that the oyster is hardly conscious he has been ejected from his lodging, till he feels the teeth of the piscivorous gourmand tickling him to death."

Who would not be an oyster to be thus surprised, to be thus pleasingly ejected from its tenement of mother-of-pearl, to be thus tickled to death? When we are placed in our shell, we should have no objection to be astonished with a similar delicate and titillating opening!

Giblet soup requires to be eaten with the fingers. We were not aware that these handy instruments could be used successfully in the devouring of gravies and soups.

"*N.B.*—This is rather a family dish than a company one; the bones cannot be well picked without the help of a live pincers. Since Tom Coryat introduced forks, A.D. 1642, it has not been the fashion to put 'pickers and stealers' into soup."

After giving a most elaborate recipe for mock turtle soup, he proceeds—

"This soup was eaten by the committee of taste with unanimous applause, and they pronounced it a very satisfactory substitute for 'the far fetched and dear bought' turtle; which itself is indebted for its title of 'sovereign of savouriness' to the rich soup with which it is surrounded; without its paraphernalia of double relishes, a 'starved turtle' has not more intrinsic sapidity than a FATTED CALF."

And a little further on he observes—

"*Obs.*—This is a delicious soup, within the reach of those 'who eat to live;' but if it had been composed expressly for those who only 'live to eat,' I do not know how it could have been made more agreeable; as it is, the lover of good eating will 'wish his throat a mile long, and every inch of it palate.'"

Our readers will pant to have "Mr Michael Kelly's sauce for boiled tripe, calf's-head, or cow-heel." It is this—

"Garlick vinegar, a tablespoonful; of mustard, brown sugar, and black pepper, a teaspoonful each; stirred into half a pint of oiled melted butter."

Gad-a-mercy, what a gullet must be in the possession of Mr Michael Kelly!

We think the following almost a superfluous direction to cooks:—"Take your chops out of the frying-pan," p. 324; but then he tells you in another place, "to put your tongue into plenty of cold water;" p. 156, which makes all even again.

After giving ample directions for the making of essence of anchovy, the Doctor rather damps our ardour for entering upon it, by the following observation: "Mem.—*You cannot make essence of anchovy half so cheap as you can buy it.*"

The following passage is rather too close an imitation of one of the puff directions in the Critic:—

"To a pint of the cleanest and strongest rectified spirit (sold by Rickards, Piccadilly), add two drachms and a half of the sweet oil of orange peel (sold by Stewart, No. 11 Old Broad Street, near the Bank), shake it up," &c.

"*Obs.*—We do not offer this receipt as a rival to Mr Johnson's curaçoa; it is only proposed as an humble substitute for that incomparable liqueur."

The Doctor proceeds to luxuriate upon made dishes, &c.; in the course of which he says, "The sirloin of beef I divide into three parts: I first have it nicely *boned!*" This is rather a suspicious way of having it at all. Mrs Phillips's Irish stew has all the fascination of her country-women. In treating of shin of beef, the Doctor gives us a proverb which we never remember to have heard before.

"Of all the fowls of the air, commend me to the shin of beef: for there's marrow for the master, meat for the mistress, gristles for the servants, and bones for the dogs."

On pounded cheese the Doctor writes, "The *piquance* of this *butterycaseous* relish," &c. Is not this a little *overdone?* The passage, however, on the frying of eggs makes up for all.

"Be sure the frying-pan is quite clean; when the fat is hot, break

two or three eggs into it; do not turn them, but, while they are frying, keep pouring some of the fat over them with a spoon: when the yolk just begins to look white, which it will in about a couple of minutes, they are done enough;—the white must not lose its transparency, but the yolk be seen *blushing* through it:—if they are done nicely, they will look as white and delicate as if they had been poached; take them up with a tin slice, drain the fat from them, trim them neatly, and send them up with the bacon round them."

"The beauty of a poached egg is for the yolk to be seen *blushing* through the white, which should only be just sufficiently hardened to form a transparent veil for the egg."

So much for the Cook's Oracle. The style is a *piquant* sauce to the solid food of the instructions; and we never recollect reading sentences that relished so savourily. The Doctor appears to have written his work upon the back of a dripping-pan, with the point of his spit, so very cook-like does he dish up his remarks. If we were to be cast away upon a desert island, and could only carry one book ashore, we should take care to secure the Cook's Oracle; for let victuals be ever so scarce, there are pages in that erudite book that are, as Congreve's Jeremy says, "a feast for an emperor." Who could starve with such a larder of reading?

*TO CELIA.**

OLD fictions say that Love hath eyes,
Yet sees, unhappy boy! with none;
Blind as the night! but fiction lies,
For Love doth always see with one.

To one our graces all unveil,
To one our flaws are all exposed;
But when with tenderness we hail,
He smiles and keeps the critic closed.

But when he's scorn'd, abused, estranged,
He opes the eye of evil ken,
And all his angel friends are changed
To demons—and are hated then!

Yet once it happ'd that, semi-blind,
He met thee on a summer day,
And took thee for his mother kind,
And frown'd as he was push'd away.

But still he saw thee shine the same,
Though he had oped his evil eye,
And found that nothing but her shame
Was left to know his mother by!

* London Magazine, April 1822.

And ever since that morning sun,
He thinks of thee, and blesses Fate
That he can look with both on one
Who hath no ugliness to hate.

PRESENTIMENT.

A FRAGMENT.*

IF a man has a little child to whom he bows his heart and stretches forth his arms—if he has an only son, or a little daughter, with her sweet face and innocent hands, with her mother's voice, only louder—and her mother's eyes, only brighter—let him go and caress them while they are his, for the dead possess nothing. Let him put fondness in his breath while it is with him, and caress his babes as if they would be fatherless, and blend his fingers with their glossy hair as if it were a frail, frail gossamer. And if he be away, let him hasten homeward with his impatient spirit before him, plotting kisses for their lips; but if he be far distant, let him read my story, and weep and utter fond breath, kissing the words before they go, wishing that they could reach his children's ear. And yet let him be glad; for though he is beyond seas, he is still near them while Death is behind him—for the greater distance swallows the less. And the wings of angels may waft his love to their far-away thoughts, silently, like the whisperings of their own spirits while they weep for their father.

It was in the days of my bitterness, when care had bewildered me, and the feverish strife of this world had vexed me till I was mad, that I went into a little land of graves, and there wept; for my sorrow was deep unto darkness, and I could not win friendship by friendship, nor love (though it still loved me) but in heaven—for it was purer than the pure air, and had floated up to God. And I sat down upon a tombstone with my unburied grief, and wondered what that earth contained of joy, and misery, and triumph long past, and pride lower than nettles, and how old love was joined to love again, and hate was gone to hate. For there were many monuments with sunshine on one side and shade on the other, like life and death, with black frowning letters upon their white bright faces; and through those letters one might hear the dead speaking silently and slow, for there was much meaning in those words, and mysteries which long thought could not fathom. And there was dust upon those flat dwellings, which I kissed, for lips like it were there, and eyes where much love had been, and cheeks that had warmed the sunshine. But the dust was gone in a breath, and so were they; and the wind brought shadows that passed and passed incessantly over that land of graves, which you might strive to stay, but could not, even as the dead had passed away and been missed in the after brightness.

Thus I buried my thoughts with the dead; and as I sat, uncon-

* London Magazine, Dec. 1822.

sciously, I heard the sound of young sweet voices, and, looking up, I saw two little children coming up the path. The lambs lifted up their heads as they passed and gazed, but fed again without stirring, for there was nothing to fear from such innocent looks and so gentle voices; there was even a melancholy in their tone which does not belong to childhood. The eldest was a young boy, very fair and gentle, with a little hand linked to his; and, by his talk, it seemed that he had brought his sister to show her where her poor father lay, and to talk about Death. Their lips seemed too rosy and tender to utter his dreadful name—but the word was empty to them, and unmeaning as the sound of a shell—for they knew him not, that he had kissed them before they were born or breathed, and would again when the time came. So they approached, dew-dabbled, and struggling through the long-tangled weeds to a new grave, and stood before it, and gazed on its record, like the ignorant sheep, without reading. They did not see their father, but only a little mound of earth, with strange grass and weeds; and they looked and looked again, and at each other, with whispers in their eyes, and listened, till the flowers dropped from their forgotten hands. And when I saw how rosy they were in that black, which only made them the more rosy, and their bright curly hair, that had no proud hand to part it, I thought of the yearnings of disembodied love and invisible agony that had no voice, till methought their father's spirit passed into mine, and burned, and gazed through my eyes upon his children. They had not yet seemed to notice me, but only that silent grave; and, looking more and more sadly, their eyes filled with large tears, and their lips drooped, and their heads sunk so mournfully and so comfortless, that my own grief rushed into my eyes and hid them from me. And I said inwardly, I will be their father, and wipe their blue eyes, and win their sorrowful cheeks into dimples, for they are very fair and young—too young for this stormy life. I will watch them through the wide world, for it is a cruel place, where the tenderest are most torn because they are tenderest, and the most beautiful are most blighted. Therefore this little one shall be my daughter, that I may gather her for heaven as my best deed upon earth; and this young boy shall be my son, to share my blessing when I die, that God in that time may so deal with my own offspring. For I feel a misgiving that I shall soon die, and that my own little ones will come to my grave and weep over me, even as these poor orphans. Oh! how shall I leave them to the care of the careless—to the advice of the winds—to the home of the wide world? And as I thought of this, the full tears dropped from my eyes, and I saw again the two children. They were still there and weeping; but as I looked at them more earnestly, I perceived that they were altered, or my sight changed, so that I knew their faces. I knew them—for I had seen them in very infancy, and through all their growth—in sickness when I prayed over them—and in slumber when I had watched over them till I almost wept, they were so beautiful! I had kissed, how often! those very cheeks, blushing my own blood, and had breathed blessings upon their glossy brows, and had pressed their little hands in ecstasies of anxious love. They also knew me; but there was an older grief in

their looks than had ever been :—and why had they come to me in that place, and in black, so sad and so speechless, and with flowers so withering? but they only shook their heads and wept. Then I trembled exceedingly, and stretched out my arms to embrace them, but there was nothing between me and the tombstone where they had seemed: yet they still gazed at me from behind it, and further and still further as I followed, till they stood upon the verge of the churchyard. Then I saw, in the sunshine, that they were shadowless; and, as they raised their hands in the light, that no blood was in them; and as I moved still closer, they slowly turned into trees, and hills, and pale blue sky, that had been in the distance. Still I gazed where they had been, and the sky seemed full of them; but there were only clouds, and the shadows on the earth were merely shadows, and the rustling was the rustling of the sheep. I saw them no more. They were gone from me, as if for ever; but I knew that this was my warning, and wept, for it came to me through my own children in all its bitterness. I felt that I should leave them as I had foretold—their hearts, and lips, and sweet voices, to one another, to be their own comfort; for I knew that such grief is prophetic of grief, and that angels so minister to man, and that Death thus converses in spirit with his elect. So I spread my arms to the world in farewell, and weaned my eyes from all things that had been pleasant on the earth, and would be so after me, and prepared myself for her ready bosom. And I said, "Now I will go home and kiss my children before I die, and put a life's love into my last hour; for I must hasten while my thoughts are with me, lest I madden, and perhaps wrong them in my delirium, and spurn their sorrowful love, and curse them, instead of blessing, with a fierce strange voice." Thus I hurried towards them faster and faster till I ran; but as my desire increased, my strength failed me, so that I wished for my death-bed, and threw myself down on a green hill, under the shade of trees that almost hid the sky with their intricate branches. And as I lay, the thought of death came over me as death, with a deep gloom like the shade of a darkened chamber, and blinded me to the trees, and the sky, and the grass, that were round me. But a pale light came, as I thought, through the pierced shutters, and I saw by it strange and familiar faces full of grief, and eyes that watched mine for the last look, and tiptoe figures gliding silently with clasped hands—and a woman that chafed my feet; and as she seemed to chafe them, she turned to shake her head, and tears gushed into all eyes as if they had been one, so that I seemed drowned, and could see nothing except their shadows in the light of my own spirit. In that moment I heard the cries of my own children, calling to me fainter and fainter, as if they died and I could not save them; and I tried to stay them, but my tongue was lifeless in my mouth, and my breath seemed locked up in my bosom: and I thought, "Surely I now die, and the last of my soul is in my ears, for I still hear, though I see not;" but the voices were soon drowned in a noise like the rushing of waters, for the blood was struggling through my heart, slower and slower, till it stopped, and I turned so cold, that I felt the burning of the air upon me, and the scalding of unknown tears. Yet for a moment the light returned to

me, with those mourners—for they were already in black, even their faces; but they turned darker and darker, and whirled round into one shade till it was utterly dark: and as my breath went forth, the air pressed heavy upon me, so that I seemed buried, and in my deep grave, and suffering the pain of worms till I was all consumed and no more conscious. Thus I lay for unknown time, and without thought; and again awakening, I saw a dark figure bending over me, and felt him grasp me till I ached in all my bones. Then I asked him if he was Death or an angel, and if he had brought me wings? for I could not see plainly; but as my senses returned, I knew an intimate friend and neighbour, and recognised the sound of his voice. He had thus found me, he said, in passing, and had seen me faint, and had recovered me; but not till he had almost wrung the blood from my fingers; and he inquired the cause of my distress. So I thanked him, and told him of my vision, and he tried to comfort me: but I knew that the angels of my children had told me truly, and the more so for this shadow of Death that I had passed; and feeling that my hour was near, and recollecting my home, I endeavoured to rise. But my strength was gone, and I fell backwards; till fear, which had first taken away my strength, restored it tenfold, and I descended the hill, and hurried onwards before my friend, who could not keep up with me.

When I had gone a little way, however, the road was of deep sand, so that I grew impatient of my steps, and wished for the speed of a horse that I heard galloping before me. Even as I heard it, the horse suddenly turned an angle of the road, and came running with all the madness of fright, plunging and scattering the loose sand from his fiery heels. As he came nearer, I thought I saw a rider upon his back—it was only fancy; but he looked like Death, and very terrible, for I knew that he was coming to tear me and trample me under his horse's hoofs, and carry me away for ever, so that I should never see my children again. At that thought my soul fainted within me without his touch, and my breath went from me, so that I could not stir even from Death, though he came nearer and nearer, and I could see him frown through the black tossing mane. In a moment he was close; the wild foaming horse struck at me with his furious heels—so that the loose sand flew up in my bosom—reared his head disdainfully, and flew past me with the rush of a whirlwind. The fiend grinned upon me as he passed, and tossed his arms in an ecstasy of triumph; but he left me untouched, and the noise soon died away behind me. Then a warm joy trembled over my limbs, and I hurried forward again with an hour's hope of life. My heart's beat quickened my feet, and I soon reached the corner where I had first seen the horse; but there I stopped—it was only a low moan—but my heart stopped with it. In another throb I was with my children, and in another—they were with God. I saw their eyes before they closed—but my son's——

How it happened I have never asked, or have forgotten. I only know that I had children, and that they are dead. Now I have only their angels. They still visit me in the churchyard; but their eyes are closed, and their little locks drop blood—they still shrink, and faint, and fade away—but still I die not!

INCOG.

*MR MARTIN'S PICTURES AND THE BONASSUS.**

A LETTER FROM MRS WINIFRED LLOYD TO HER FRIEND MRS PRICE, AT THE PARSONAGE HOUSE AT ——, IN MONMOUTHSHIRE.

MY DEAR MRS PRICE,—This is to let you know that me and Becky and little Humphry are safe arrived in London, where we have been since Monday. My darter is quite inchanted with the metropalus and longs to be intraduced to it satiety, which please God she shall be as soon as things are ready to make her debutt in. It is high time now she should be brought into the world being twenty years old cum Midsummer and very big for her size. You knows, Mrs Price, that with her figure and accumplishments she was quite berried in Wales, but I hopes when the country is scowered off she will shine as bright as the best and make a rare havoc among the mail sex. She has larned the pinaforte and to draw, and does flowers and shells, as Mr Owen says, to a mirrikle, for I spares no munny on her to make her fit for any gentleman's wife, when he shall please to ax her. I took her the other day to the Bullock's Museum to see Mr Martin's expedition of picters—because she has such a pretty notion of painting herself—and a very nice site it was, thof it cost half-a-crown. I tried to get the children in for half-price but the man said that Becky was a full-grown lady, and so she is sure enuff, so I could only beat him down to take a sixpence off little Humphry.

The picters are hung in a parler up-stairs (Becky calls it a drawing-room) and you see about a dozen for your munny which brings it to about a penny a piece, and that is not dear. The first on the left hand as you go in—and on the right coming out—is called Revenge. It reperesents a man and woman with a fire breaking out at their backs—Becky thought it was the fire of London—but the show gentleman said it was Troy that was burned out of revenge, so that was a very good thought to paint. Then there was Bellshazzer's Feast as you read of it in the Bible, with Daniel interrupting the handwriting on the wall—with the cunning men and the king and all the nobility. Becky said she never saw such bewtiful painting—and sure enuff they were the finest cullers I ever set eyes on, blews and pinks, and purples and greens, all as bright as fresh sattin and velvet, and no doubt they had court sutes all span new for the Banket. As for Humphry there was no getting him from a picter of the Welsh Bard because he knew the ballad about it and saw the whole core of Captain Edwards's sogers coming down the hill, with their waggin train and all, quite natural. To be sure their cullers were very bewtiful, but there was so many mountings piled atop of one another and some going out of sight into heaven that it made my neck ake to look after them. Next to that there was a storm in Babylon,† but not half so well painted, Becky said, as the rest. There was none hardly of those smart bright cullers, only a bunch of flowers

* London Magazine, May 1822.

† The Storming of Babylon: Mrs Lloyd must have got her catalogue by *hearsay*.

in a garden, that Becky said would look bewtiful on a chaney teacup. Howsomever some gentlemen looked at it a long while and called it clever and said they prefeared his architecter work to his painting and he makes very handsum bildings for sartain. They said too that this picter was quieter than all the rest—but how that can be, God he knows, for I could not hear a pin's difference betwixt them—and besides that it was in better keeping which I suppose means it is sold to a Lord. The next was only a lady very well dressed and walking in a landskip. But oh, Mrs Price, how shall I tell you about the burning of Herculeum! Becky said it put her in mind of what is written in the Revealations about the sky being turned to blood, and indeed it seemed to take all the culler out of her face when she looked at it. It looked as if all the world was going to be burnt to death with a shower of live coals! Oh dear! to see the poor things running about in sich an earthquack as threw the pillers off their legs—and all the men of war in distress, beating their bottoms, and going to rack and ruin in the arbour! It is a shocking site to see only in a picter, with so many people in silks and sattins and velvets having their things so scorched and burnt into holes! Oh Mrs Price! what a mercy we was not born in Vesuvus and there are no burning mountings in Wales!—only think to be holding our sheelds over our heads to keep off the hot sinders, and almost suffercated to death with brimstun. It puts one in a shiver to think of it.

There is another picter of a burning mounting with Zadok* hanging upon a rock—Becky knows the story and shall tell it you—but it looked nothing after the other, though the criketal gentlemen you knows of, said it was a much better painting. But there is no saying for people's tastes—as Mr Owen says, the world does not dine upon one dinner—but I have forgot one more, and that is Mac Beth and the three Whiches, with such a rigiment of Hilanders that I wonder how they got into one picter. Becky says the band ought to be playing bag Pipes instead of Kittle drums, but no doubt Mr Martin knows better than Becky, and I am sure from what I have heard in the North that either Kittles or Drums would sound better than bag Pipes.

We are going to-morrow to the play, and any other sites we may see you shall hear. Till then give my respective complements to Mr Price with a kiss from Becky and Humphry and remane,

Your faithful humble servant
WINIFRED LLOYD.

P.S.—I forgot to say that after we had seen Mr Martins expedition, we went from the Bullock's to the Bonassus—as it is but a step from wan to the other. The man says it is a perfect picter, and so it is for sartain and ought to be painted. It is like a bull, only quite different, and cums from the Appellation Mountings. My Humphry thought it must have been catcht in a pound, and I wundered the child could make sich a nateral idear, but he is a sweet boy and very foreward in his larning. He was eyely delited at the site you may be sure, but Becky being timorsome shut her eyes all the time she was seeing it.

* Mrs Lloyd means Sadak, in the "Tales of the Genii."

But saving his pushing now and then, the anymil is no ways veracious and eats nothing but vegeatables. The man showed us some outlandish sort of pees that it lives upon but he give it two hole pales of rare carrots besides. It must be a handsum customer to the green Grocer and a pretty penny I warrant it costs for vittles. But it is a wonderful work of Natur, and ought to make man look to his ways as Mr Lloyd says. Which of our infiddles could make a Bonassus, let them tell me that, Mrs Price! I would have carried him home in my eye to describe to you and Mr Price, but we met Mrs Striker the butcher's lady and she drove him quite out of my head. Howsomever as you likes curosities I shall send his playbill that knows more about him than I do, though there's nothing like seeing him with wan's own eyes. I think if the man would take him down to Monmouth in a carry van he would get a good many hapence by showing him. Till then I remane once more Your faithful humble sarvant

WINIFRED LLOYD.

THE TWO SWANS.

A FAIRY TALE.*

IMMORTAL Imogen, crown'd queen above
The lilies of thy sex, vouchsafe to hear
A fairy dream in honour of true love—
True above ills, and frailty, and all fear—
Perchance a shadow of his own career
Whose youth was darkly prison'd and long twined
By serpent-sorrow, till white Love drew near,
And sweetly sang him free, and round his mind
A bright horizon threw, wherein no grief may wind.

I saw a tower builded on a lake,
Mock'd by its inverse shadow, dark and deep—
That seem'd a still intenser night to make,
Wherein the quiet waters sunk to sleep,—
And, whatsoe'er was prison'd in that keep,
A monstrous Snake was warden :—round and round
In sable ringlets I beheld him creep,
Blackest amid black shadows, to the ground,
Whilst his enormous head the topmost turret crown'd :

From whence he shot fierce light against the stars,
Making the pale moon paler with affright ;
And with his ruby eye out-threaten'd Mars—
That blazed in the mid-heavens, hot and bright—
Nor slept, nor wink'd, but with a steadfast spite

* New Monthly Magazine, 1824.

Watch'd their wan looks and tremblings in the skies;
And that he might not slumber in the night,
The curtain-lids were pluck'd from his large eyes,
So he might never drowse, but watch his secret prize.

Prince or princess in dismal durance pent,
Victims of old Enchantment's love or hate,
Their lives must all in painful sighs be spent,
Watching the lonely waters soon and late,
And clouds that pass and leave them to their fate,
Or company their grief with heavy tears:—
Meanwhile that Hope can spy no golden gate
For sweet escapement, but in darksome fears
They weep and pine away as if immortal years.

No gentle bird with gold upon its wing
Will perch upon the grate—the gentle bird
Is safe in leafy dell, and will not bring
Freedom's sweet keynote and commission-word
Learn'd of a fairy's lips, for pity stirr'd—
Lest while he trembling sings, untimely guest!
Watch'd by that cruel Snake and darkly heard,
He leave a widow on her lonely nest,
To press in silent grief the darlings of her breast.

No gallant knight, adventurous, in his bark,
Will seek the fruitful perils of the place,
To rouse with dipping oar the waters dark
That bear that serpent-image on their face.
And Love, brave Love! though he attempt the base,
Nerved to his loyal death, he may not win
His captive lady from the strict embrace
Of that foul Serpent, clasping her within
His sable folds—like Eve enthrall'd by the old Sin.

But there is none—no knight in panoply,
Nor Love, entrench'd in his strong steely coat:
No little speck—no sail—no helper nigh,
No sign—no whispering—no plash of boat:—
The distant shores show dimly and remote,
Made of a deeper mist,—serene and grey,—
And slow and mute the cloudy shadows float
Over the gloomy wave, and pass away,
Chased by the silver beams that on their marges play.

And bright and silvery the willows sleep
Over the shady verge—no mad winds tease
Their hoary heads; but quietly they weep
Their sprinkling leaves—half fountains and half trees:
There lilies be—and fairer than all these,

A solitary Swan her breast of snow
Launches against the wave that seems to freeze
Into a chaste reflection, still below,
Twin-shadow of herself wherever she may go.

And forth she paddles in the very noon
Of solemn midnight, like an elfin thing
Charm'd into being by the argent moon—
Whose silver light for love of her fair wing
Goes with her in the shade, still worshipping
Her dainty plumage :—all around her grew
A radiant circlet, like a fairy ring ;
And all behind, a tiny little clue
Of light, to guide her back across the waters blue.

And sure she is no meaner than a fay
Redeem'd from sleepy death, for beauty's sake,
By old ordainment :—silent as she lay,
Touch'd by a moonlight wand I saw her wake.
And cut her leafy slough, and so forsake
The verdant prison of her lily peers,
That slept amidst the stars upon the lake—
A breathing shape—restored to human fears.
And new-born love and grief—self-conscious of her tears.

And now she clasps her wings around her heart,
And near that lonely isle begins to glide,
Pale as her fears, and oft-times with a start
Turns her impatient head from side to side
In universal terrors—all too wide
To watch ; and often to that marble keep
Upturns her pearly eyes, as if she spied
Some foe, and crouches in the shadows steep
That in the gloomy wave go diving fathoms deep.

And well she may, to spy that fearful thing
All down the dusky walls in circlets wound ;
Alas ! for what rare prize, with many a ring
Girding the marble casket round and round?
His folded tail, lost in the gloom profound,
Terribly darkeneth the rocky base ;
But on the top his monstrous head is crown'd
With prickly spears, and on his doubtful face
Gleam his unwearied eyes, red watchers of the place.

Alas ! of the hot fires that nightly fall,
No one will scorch him in those orbs of spite,
So he may never see beneath the wall
That timid little creature, all too bright,
That stretches her fair neck, slender and white.

Invoking the pale moon, and vainly tries
Her throbbing throat, as if to charm the night
With song—but, hush—it perishes in sighs,
And there will be no dirge sad-swelling, though she dies!

She droops—she sinks—she leans upon the lake,
Fainting again into a lifeless flower;
But soon the chilly springs anoint and wake
Her spirit from its death, and with new power
She sheds her stifled sorrows in a shower
Of tender song, timed to her falling tears—
That wins the shady summit of that tower,
And, trembling all the sweeter for its fears,
Fills with imploring moan that cruel monster's ears.

And, lo! the scaly beast is all deprest,
Subdued like Argus by the might of sound—
What time Apollo his sweet lute addrest
To magic converse with the air, and bound
The many monster eyes, all slumber-drown'd:—
So on the turret-top that watchful Snake
Pillows his giant head, and lists profound,
As if his wrathful spite would never wake,
Charmed into sudden sleep for Love and Beauty's sake!

His prickly crest lies prone upon his crown,
And thirsty lip from lip disparted flies,
To drink that dainty flood of music down—
His scaly throat is big with pent-up sighs—
And whilst his hollow ear entranced lies,
His looks for envy of the charmed sense
Are fain to listen, till his steadfast eyes,
Stung into pain by their own impotence,
Distil enormous tears into the lake immense.

Oh, tuneful Swan! oh, melancholy bird!
Sweet was that midnight miracle of song,
Rich with ripe sorrow, needful of no word
To tell of pain, and love, and love's deep wrong—
Hinting a piteous tale—perchance how long
Thy unknown tears were mingled with the lake,
What time disguised thy leafy mates among—
And no eye knew what human love and ache
Dwelt in those dewy leaves, and heart so nigh to break.

Therefore no poet will ungently touch
The water-lily, on whose eyelids dew
Trembles like tears; but ever hold it such
As human pain may wander through and through,
Turning the pale leaf paler in its hue—

Wherein life dwells, transfigured, not entomb'd,
By magic spells. Alas! who ever knew
Sorrow in all its shapes, leafy and plumed,
Or in gross husks of brutes eternally inhumed?

And now the winged song has scaled the height
Of that dark dwelling, builded for despair,
And soon a little casement flashing bright
Widens self-open'd into the cool air—
That music like a bird may enter there
And soothe the captive in his stony cage;
For there is nought of grief, or painful care,
But plaintive song may happily engage
From sense of its own ill, and tenderly assuage.

And forth into the light, small and remote,
A creature, like the fair son of a king,
Draws to the lattice in his jewell'd coat
Against the silver moonlight glistening,
And leans upon his white hand listening
To that sweet music that with tenderer tone
Salutes him, wondering what kindly thing
Is come to soothe him with so tuneful moan,
Singing beneath the walls as if for him alone!

And while he listens, the mysterious song,
Woven with timid particles of speech,
Twines into passionate words that grieve along
The melancholy notes, and softly teach
The secrets of true love,—that trembling reach
His earnest ear, and through the shadows dun
He missions like replies, and each to each
Their silver voices mingle into one,
Like blended streams that make one music as they run.

"Ah Love! my hope is swooning in my heart."—
"Ay, sweet! my cage is strong and hung full high."—
"Alas! our lips are held so far apart,
Thy words come faint,—they have so far to fly!"—
"If I may only shun that serpent-eye!"—
"Ah me! that serpent-eye doth never sleep."—
"Then nearer thee, Love's martyr, I will die!"—
"Alas, alas! that word has made me weep!
For pity's sake remain safe in thy marble keep!"

"My marble keep! it is my marble tomb!"—
"Nay, sweet! but thou hast there thy living breath".—
"Aye to expend in sighs for this hard doom."—
"But I will come to thee and sing beneath,
And nightly so beguile this serpent wreath."—

"Nay, I will find a path from these despairs."—
"Ah! needs then thou must tread the back of death.
Making his stony ribs thy stony stairs?—
Behold his ruby eye, how fearfully it glares!"

Full sudden at these words, the princely youth
Leaps on the scaly back that slumbers, still
Unconscious of his foot, yet not for ruth,
But numb'd to dulness by the fairy skill
Of that sweet music (all more wild and shrill
For intense fear) that charm'd him as he lay—
Meanwhile the lover nerves his desperate will,
Held some short throbs by natural dismay,
Then down, down the serpent-track begins his darksome way.

Now dimly seen—now toiling out of sight,
Eclipsed and cover'd by the envious wall;
Now fair and spangled in the sudden light,
And clinging with wide arms for fear of fall;
Now dark and shelter'd by a kindly pall
Of dusky shadow from his wakeful foe;
Slowly he winds adown—dimly and small,
Watch'd by the gentle Swan that sings below,
Her hope increasing, still, the larger he doth grow.

But nine times nine the serpent folds embrace
The marble walls about—which he must tread
Before his anxious foot may touch the base:
Long is the dreary path, and must be sped!
But Love, that holds the mastery of dread,
Braces his spirit, and with constant toil
He wins his way, and now, with arms outspread,
Impatient plunges from the last long coil:
So may all gentle Love ungentle Malice foil!

The song is hush'd, the charm is all complete,
And two fair Swans are swimming on the lake:
But scarce their tender bills have time to meet,
When fiercely drops adown that cruel Snake—
His steely scales a fearful rustling make,
Like autumn leaves that tremble and foretell
The sable storm;—the plumy lovers quake—
And feel the troubled waters pant and swell,
Heaved by the giant bulk of their pursuer fell.

His jaws, wide yawning like the gates of Death,
Hiss horrible pursuit—his red eyes glare
The waters into blood—his eager breath
Grows hot upon their plumes:—now, minstrel fair!
She drops her ring into the waves, and there

It widens all around, a fairy ring
Wrought of the silver light—the fearful pair
Swim in the very midst, and pant and cling
The closer for their fears, and tremble wing to wing.

Bending their course over the pale grey lake,
Against the pallid East, wherein light play'd
In tender flushes, still the baffled Snake
Circled them round continually, and bay'd
Hoarsely and loud, forbidden to invade
The sanctuary ring: his sable mail
Roll'd darkly through the flood, and writhed and made
A shining track over the waters pale,
Lash'd into boiling foam by his enormous tail.

And so they sail'd into the distance dim,
Into the very distance—small and white,
Like snowy blossoms of the spring that swim
Over the brooklets—follow'd by the spite
Of that huge Serpent, that with wild affright
Worried them on their course, and sore annoy,
Till on the grassy marge I saw them 'light,
And change, anon, a gentle girl and boy,
Lock'd in embrace of sweet unutterable joy!

Then came the Morn, and with her pearly showers
Wept on them, like a mother, in whose eyes
Tears are no grief; and from his rosy bowers
The Oriental sun began to rise,
Chasing the darksome shadows from the skies;
Wherewith that sable Serpent far away
Fled, like a part of night—delicious sighs
From waking blossoms purified the day,
And little birds were singing sweetly from each spray.

*ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF CLAPHAM ACADEMY.**

AH me! those old familiar bounds!
That classic house, those classic grounds,
My pensive thought recalls!
What tender urchins now confine,
What little captives now repine,
Within yon irksome walls?

* New Monthly Magazine, 1820.

Ay, that's the very house ! I know
Its ugly windows, ten a-row !
  Its chimneys in the rear !
And there's the iron rod so high,
That drew the thunder from the sky,
  And turn'd our table-beer !

There I was birch'd ! there I was bred !
There like a little Adam fed
  From Learning's woful tree !
The weary tasks I used to con !—
The hopeless leaves I wept upon !—
  Most fruitless leaves to me !—

The summon'd class !—the aweful bow !—
I wonder who is master now
  And wholesome anguish sheds !
How many ushers now employs,
How many maids to see the boys
  Have nothing in their heads !

And Mrs S——?—Doth she abet
(Like Pallas in the parlour) yet
  Some favour'd two or three,—
The little Crichtons of the hour,
Her muffin-medals that devour,
  And swill her prize—Bohea ?

Ay, there's the playground ! there's the lime
Beneath whose shade in summer's prime
  So wildly I have read !—
Who sits there *now*, and skims the cream
Of young Romance, and weaves a dream
  Of Love and Cottage-bread ?

Who struts the Randall of the walk ?
Who models tiny heads in chalk ?
  Who scoops the light canoe ?
What early genius buds apace ?
Where's Poynter ? Harris ? Bowers ? Chase ?
  Hal Baylis ? blithe Carew ?

Alack ! they're gone—a thousand ways !
And some are serving in " the Greys,"
  And some have perish'd young !—
Jack Harris weds his second wife ;
Hal Baylis drives the *wane* of life ;
  And blithe Carew—is hung !

Grave Bowers teaches A B C
To savages at Owhyee ;
  Poor Chase is with the worms !—
All, all are gone—the olden breed !—
New crops of mushroom boys succeed,
  "And push us from our *forms!*"

Lo ! where they scramble forth, and shout,
And leap, and skip, and mob about,
  At play where we have play'd !
Some hop, some run (some fall), some twine
Their crony arms ; some in the shine,—
  And some are in the shade !

Lo ! there what mix'd conditions run !
The orphan lad ; the widow's son ;
  And Fortune's favour'd care—
The wealthy-born, for whom she hath
Mac-Adamised the future path—
  The Nabob's pamper'd heir !

Some brightly starr'd—some evil born,—
For honour some, and some for scorn,—
  For fair or foul renown !
Good, bad, indifferent—none may lack !
Look, here's a White, and there's a Black !
  And there's a Creole brown !

Some laugh and sing, some mope and weep,
And wish *their* "frugal sires would keep
  Their only sons at home ;"—
Some tease the future tense, and plan
The full-grown doings of the man,
  And pant for years to come !—

A foolish wish ! There's one at hoop ;
And four at *fives !* and five who stoop
  The marble taw to speed !
And one that curvets in and out,
Reigning his fellow Cob about,—
  Would I were in his *steed !*

Yet he would gladly halt and drop
That boyish harness off, to swop
  With this world's heavy van
To toil, to tug. O little fool !
While thou canst be a horse at school,
  To wish to be a man !

Perchance thou deem'st it were a thing
To wear a crown,—to be a king!
And sleep on regal down!
Alas! thou know'st not kingly cares;
Far happier is thy head that wears
That hat without a crown!

And dost thou think that years acquire
New added joys? Dost think thy sire
More happy than his son?
That manhood's mirth?—Oh, go thy ways
To Drury Lane when ——— *plays*,
And see how *forced* our fun!

Thy taws are brave!—thy tops are rare!—
Our tops are spun with coils of care,
Our *dumps* are no delight!—
The Elgin marbles are but tame,
And 'tis at best a sorry game
To fly the Muse's kite!

Our hearts are dough, our heels are lead,
Our topmost joys fall dull and dead,
Like balls with no rebound!
And often with a faded eye
We look behind, and send a sigh
Towards that merry ground!

Then be contented. Thou hast got
The most of heaven in thy young lot;
There's sky-blue in thy cup!
Thou'lt find thy Manhood all too fast—
Soon come, soon gone! and Age at last
A sorry *breaking-up!*

ADDRESS TO MR CROSS, OF EXETER CHANGE,

ON THE DEATH OF THE ELEPHANT.*

"'Tis *Greece*, but living *Greece* no more."—GIAOUR

OH, Mr Cross!
Permit a sorry stranger to draw near,
And shed a tear
(I've shed my shilling) for thy recent loss!
I've been a visitor
Of old—a sort of a Buffon inquisitor

* New Monthly Magazine, 1826.

Of thy menagerie, and knew the beast
That is deceased !
I was the Damon of the gentle giant,
And oft have been,
Like Mr Kean,
Tenderly fondled by his trunk compliant.
Whenever I approach'd, the kindly brute
Flapp'd his prodigious ears, and bent his knees—
It makes me freeze
To think of it ! No chums could better suit,
Exchanging grateful looks for grateful fruit,—
For so our former dearness was begun.—
I bribed him with an apple, and beguiled
The beast of his affection like a child ;
And well he loved me till his life was done
(Except when he was wild).
It makes me blush for human friends—but none
I have so truly kept or cheaply won !

Here is his pen !
The casket—but the jewel is away !
The den is rifled of its denizen,—
Ah, well-a-day !
This fresh free air breathes nothing of his grossness,
And sets me sighing even for its closeness.
This light one-storey,
Where like a cloud I used to feast my eyes on
The grandeur of his Titan-like horizon,
Tells a dark tale of its departed glory ;—
The very beasts lament the change like me.
The shaggy Bison
Leaneth his head dejected on his knee ;
The Hyæna's laugh is hushed ; the Monkey's pout ;
The Wild Cat frets in a complaining whine ;
The Panther paces restlessly about,
To walk her sorrow out ;
The Lions in a deeper bass repine ;
The Kangaroo wrings its sorry short forepaws ;
Shrieks come from the Macaws ;
The old bald Vulture shakes his naked head,
And pineth for the dead ;
The Boa writhes into a double knot ;
The Keeper groans
Whilst sawing bones,
And looks askance at the deserted spot ;
Brutal and rational lament his loss,
The flower of thy beastly family !—
Poor Mrs Crosse
Sheds frequent tears into her daily tea,
And weakens her Bohea !

Oh, Mr Cross, how little it gives birth
To grief when human greatness goes to earth;
How few lament for Czars!—
But, oh, the universal heart o'erflow'd
At his "high mass,"
Lighted by gas,
When, like Mark Antony, the keeper show'd
The Elephantine scars!—
Reporters' eyes
Were of an egg-like size;
Men that had never wept for murder'd Marrs!
Hard-hearted editors, with iron faces,
Their sluices all unclosed,—
And discomposed
Compositors went fretting to their cases!—
That grief has left its traces;
The poor old Beef-eater has gone much greyer
With sheer regret;
And the Gazette
Seems the least trouble of the beast's Furveyor!

And I too weep! a dozen of great men
I could have spared without a single tear;
But then
They are renewable from year to year!
Fresh Gents would rise though Gent resign'd the pen;
I should not wholly
Despair for six months of another C——,
Nor, though F—— lay on his small bier,
Be melancholy.
But when will such an elephant appear?
Though Penley were destroy'd at Drury Lane,
His like might come again;
Fate might supply
A second Powell, if the first should die;
Another Bennet, if the sire were snatch'd;
Barnes—might be match'd;
And Time fill up the gap
Were Parsloe laid upon the green earth's lap;
Even Claremont might be equall'd,—I could hope
(All human greatness is, alas, so puny!)
For other Egertons—another Pope,
But not another Chunee!

Well! he is dead!
And there's a gap in Nature of eleven
Feet high by seven—
Five living tons!—and I remain—nine stone
Of skin and bone!

It is enough to make me shake my head
And dream of the grave's brink—
'Tis worse to think
How like the Beast's the sorry life *I've* led!—
A sort of show
Of my poor public self and my sagacity,
To profit the rapacity
Of certain folks in Paternoster Row,
A slavish toil to win an upper storey—
And a hard glory
Of wooden beams about my weary brow!
Oh, Mr C.!
If ever you behold me twirl my pen
To earn a public supper, that is, eat
In the bare street,—
Or turn about their literary den—
Shoot *me!*

*ELEGY ON DAVID LAING, ESQ.,**

BLACKSMITH AND JOINER (WITHOUT LICENCE) AT GRETNA GREEN

AH me! what causes such complaining breath,
Such female moans, and flooding tears to flow?
It is to chide with stern, remorseless Death,
For laying Laing low!
From Prospect House there comes a sound of woe—
A shrill and persevering loud lament,
Echoed by Mrs T.'s Establishment
"For Six Young Ladies,
In a retired and healthy part of Kent."
All weeping, Mr L—— gone down to Hades!
Thoughtful of grates, and convents, and the veil!
Surrey takes up the tale,
And all the nineteen scholars of Miss Jones,
With the two parlour-boarders and th' apprentice—
So universal this mis-timed event is—
Are joining sobs and groans!
The shock confounds all hymeneal planners,
And drives the sweetest from their sweet behaviours.
The girls at Manor House forget their manners,
And utter sighs like paviours!
Down—down through Devon and the distant shires
Travels the news of Death's remorseless crime;
And in all hearts, at once, all hope expires
Of *matches* against time!

* Literary Gazette, August 4, 1827.

Along the northern route
The road is water'd by postilions' eyes;
The topboot paces pensively about,
And yellow jackets are all stain'd with sighs.
There is a sound of grieving at the Ship,
And sorry hands are wringing at the Bell,
In aid of David's knell.
The postboy's heart is cracking—not his whip—
To gaze upon those useless empty collars
His wayworn horses seem so glad to slip—
And think upon the dollars
That used to urge his gallop—quicker! quicker!
All hope is fled,
For Laing is dead—
Vicar of Wakefield—Edward Gibbon's vicar!

The barristers shed tears
Enough to feed a snipe (snipes live on suction),
To think in after years
No suits will come of Gretna Green abduction,
Nor knaves inveigle
Young heiresses in marriage scrapes or legal;
The dull reporters
Look truly sad and seriously solemn
To lose the future column
On Hymen-Smithy and its fond resorters!
But grave Miss Daulby and the teaching brood
Rejoice at quenching the clandestine flambeau—
That never real beau of flesh and blood
Will henceforth lure young ladies from their *Chambaud*.

Sleep—David Laing!—sleep
In peace, though angry governesses spurn thee!
Over thy grave a thousand maidens weep,
And honest postboys mourn thee!
Sleep, David!—safely and serenely sleep,
Be-wept of many a learned legal eye!
To see the mould above thee in a heap
Drowns many a lid that heretofore was dry!—
Especially of those that, plunging deep
In love, would "ride and tie!"
Had I command, thou should'st have gone thy ways
In chaise and pair—and lain in Père-la-Chaise!

STANZAS TO TOM WOODGATE,

OF HASTINGS.*

TOM ;—are you still within this land
Of livers—still on Hastings' sand,
  Or roaming on the waves?
Or has some billow o'er you roll'd,
Jealous that earth should lap so bold
  A seaman in her graves?

On land the rushlight lives of men
Go out but slowly ; nine in ten,
  By tedious long decline—
Not so the jolly sailor sinks,
Who founders in the wave, and drinks
  The apoplectic brine!

Ay, while I write, mayhap your head
Is sleeping on an oyster-bed—
  I hope 'tis far from truth!—
With periwinkle eyes ;—your bone
Beset with mussels, not your own,
  And corals at your tooth!

Still does the 'Chance' pursue the chance
The main affords—the 'Aidant' dance
  In safety on the tide?
Still flies that sign of my good-will—
A little *bunting* thing—but still
  To thee a flag of pride?

Does that hard, honest hand now clasp
The tiller in its careful grasp—
  With every summer breeze
When ladies sail, in lady-fear—
Or tug the oar, a gondolier
  On smooth Macadam seas?

Or are you where the flounders keep,
Some dozen briny fathoms deep,
  Where sand and shells abound—
With some old Triton on your chest,
And twelve grave mermen for a 'quest,
  To find that you are—drown'd?

* Literary Souvenir, 1828.

Swift is the wave, and apt to bring
A sudden doom: perchance I sing
A mere funereal strain;
You have endured the utter strife—
And are—the same in death or life—
A good man in the main!

Oh, no!—I hope the old brown eye
Still watches ebb and flood and sky;
That still the brown old shoes
Are sucking brine up—pumps indeed!—
Your tooth still full of ocean weed,
Or Indian—which you choose.

I like you, Tom! and in these lays
Give honest worth its honest praise,
No puff at honour's cost;
For though you met these words of mine,
All letter-learning was a line
You, somehow, never cross'd!

Mayhap we ne'er shall meet again,
Except on that Pacific main
Beyond this planet's brink;
Yet, as we erst have braved the weather,
Still may we float awhile together,
As comrades on this ink!

Many a scudding gale we've had
Together, and, my gallant lad,
Some perils we have pass'd;
When huge and black the wave career'd,
And oft the giant surge appear'd
The master of our mast:—

'Twas thy example taught me how
To climb the billow's hoary brow,
Or cleave the raging heap—
To bound along the ocean wild,
With danger—only as a child
The waters rock'd to sleep.

Oh, who can tell that brave delight,
To see the hissing wave in night
Come rampant like a snake!
To leap his horrid crest, and feast
One's eyes upon the briny beast,
Left couchant in the wake!

The simple shepherd's love is still
To bask upon a sunny hill,
  The herdsman roams the vale--
With both their fancies I agree;
Be mine the swelling, scooping sea,
  That is both hill and dale!

I yearn for that brisk spray—I yearn
To feel the wave from stem to stern
  Uplift the plunging keel;
That merry step we used to dance
On board the 'Aidant' or the 'Chance,'
  The ocean "toe and heel."

I long to feel the steady gale
That fills the broad distended sail—
  The seas on either hand!
My thought, like any hollow shell,
Keeps mocking at my ear the swell
  Of waves against the land.

It is no fable—that old strain
Of sirens!—so the witching main
  Is singing—and I sigh!
My heart is all at once inclined
To seaward—and I seem to find
  The waters in my eye!

Methinks I see the shining beach
The merry waves, each after each,
  Rebounding o'er the flints;
I spy the grim preventive spy!
The jolly boatmen standing nigh!
  The maids in morning chintz!

And there they float—the sailing craft!
The sail is up—the wind abaft—
  The ballast trim and neat.
Alas! 'tis all a dream—a lie!
A printer's imp is standing by,
  To haul my mizen sheet!

My tiller dwindles to a pen—
My craft is that of bookish men—
  My sale—let Longman tell!
Adieu, the wave, the wind, the spray!
Men—maidens—chintzes—fade away!
  Tom Woodgate, fare thee well!

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

FROM ISLINGTON TO WATERLOO BRIDGE, IN MARCH 1821.*

"The son of Cornelius shall make his own legs his compasses; with those he shall measure continents, islands, capes, bays, straits, and isthmuses."—*Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus.*

"I SHOULD very much like to travel," said a young cockney, with his feet on the fender. "London is a vast place; but the world is ten times bigger, and no doubt a many strange things are to be seen in it."

"And pray, young man," said an old gentleman, whom he called the philosopher, "pray, are you so familiar with the features of your own country; are you so well acquainted with its men and manners, that you must go out of it for matter of investigation and speculation?"

"As for men," replied the cockney, "we may see them anywhere. I've seen Crib and Spring, and the *best good ones* that ever peel'd; and as for manners, I learned them at the dancing-school. I have not been all over England, to be sure, like my father's riders; but I've been to Margate, Brighton, and Moulsey Hurst; so that what I have not seen by sack I have seen by sample. Besides, London is the very focus of England; and sure I am that I know it from Wapping to Hyde Park Corner, and have seen all that is instructive in it. I've been up the Monument, and down St Paul's, over the Bridges, and under the Tunnel. I've seen the King and Court, Mrs Salmon's royal waxwork too, and the wild beasts at Exeter 'Change;—I've seen Drury Lane and Covent Garden playhouses, besides the Houses of Lords and Commons—the Soho Bazaar, and both Bartlemy Fair and the Brighton Pavilion. I never missed a Lord Mayor's show, nor anything that is worth seeing; and I know by sight Lord Castlereagh, Jack Ketch, Sir William Curtis, Billy Waters, and many other public and distinguished characters."

"If you have seen no more than you say," said the philosopher, "you have seen a great deal more than is English; and if you only wish to study mankind, it is at least a reason against your leaving the country. England has, to be sure, its national character; but it gives birth to many mongrels, who belong rather to the Spanish, Dutch, or other breeds: there are foreigners born here, as well as others who visit us; and why should we go abroad to study them, when we have them all in epitome at home? Different nations, like different men, are only compounds of the same ingredients, but in varied proportions. We shall find knaves and honest men in every state, and a large proportion of fools and dunces in them all. We shall find everywhere the same passions, the same virtues and vices, but altered in their proportions by the influences of education, laws, and religion; which in some parts tend to improve, and, in others, to pervert the common nature of mankind.

* London Magazine, November 1821.

"It is in their civil and religious institutions that we are to look for the grand causes effecting those distinctions which constitute national character; but before we go to investigate them, we should at least understand a little of our own."

"Pshaw!" said the cockney, who began to grow tired of this harangue; "there are sights to be seen abroad which can't be brought over here, and as for men being the same all the world over, it's all my eye;—a'n't there the Hottentots that have noses like your pug's, and heads as black and woolly as my poodle's? A'n't the Frenchmen all skinny, and haven't the Spaniards large whiskers? There are the Patagonians, too, that are as big as the Irish giant, and Laplanders no bigger than Miss What's-her-name, the dwarf!"

"Pshaw!" said the philosopher in his turn; "all these are minor distinctions, and shrink, as it were, to nothing when compared with the immeasurable distances between the minds of men: whether I be Englishman or Hottentot, a Laplander or a Patagonian,—

'If I could stretch from pole to pole,
And grasp the ocean in a span,
I must be measured by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man.'

There is, no doubt, a considerable difference between a Hottentot's nose and my own, which, as you observe, is a fine Roman one, and very like Cæsar's; but there is, I flatter myself, a much greater difference between our understandings. The first is only a difference in the conformation of matter, but the last is a gradation in mind, which, to speak in common language, is the most material matter of the two."

Here the Cockney was quite out of patience. "He did not care," he said, "about mind and matter; and as to the difference of men's minds, why men would differ, but he meant to be of his own mind, and the philosopher might be of his;" and so they parted.

As I was present at this conversation, it occurred to me that if men were so much alike everywhere, or rather, if every soil produced the same varieties, I could see as much of them in a walk through the populous streets of London as in a hasty journey all over the Continent. Oh! I will not travel, said I, for, in the first place, it's unnecessary; and secondly, I do not feel equal to its fatigues and dangers; and lastly, said I (for we always get to the true reason at last), I can't afford it. Besides, I had not seen Waterloo Bridge; and we ought to see our own bridges before we go to see the bridges of others. A traveller, said I, should have all his wits about him, and so will I. He should let nothing escape him, no more will I. He should extract reflections out of a cabbage stump, like sunbeams squeezed out of cucumbers; so will I, if I can; and he should converse with every and any one, even a fishwoman. Perhaps I will, and perhaps I will not, said I. Who knows but I may make a sentimental journey, as good as Sterne's; but at any rate I can write it, and send it to the London Magazine.

I had hardly left the threshold of my door, ere I met, as I thought, with an adventure. I had just reached that ancient and grotesque house which is said to have been a summer seat of Queen Elizabeth,

though now in the centre of the village, or rather town of Islington, when I observed that the steps which led down to the door had become the seat, or rather the couch, of an unfortunate female. She had, like Sterne's Maria, her *dog* and her *pipe*, and like her, too, she was evidently beside herself. "Poor unfortunate and interesting Maria," said I, as she came into my mind, exactly as Sterne had drawn her. I had touched a string—at the name of Maria, the female for the first time raised her head, and I caught a glance at her uncommon countenance. The rose had not fled from it, nor the bloom, for this was damson, and that was damask; there was a fixedness in her gaze, and although she quickly turned her head away, she could not hide from me that she had a drop in her eye. "It won't do," said I, shaking my head. "Maria found Sterne's handkerchief, and washed it with tears, and dried it in her bosom; but if I lose mine here, it's ten to one if I see it again; and if this Maria should wet it with her eyes, methinks it would dry best again at her nose. There is nothing to sympathise with in her bewilderment—she's rather bewitched than bewitching—she's a dry subject;" and so I left her. My eyes, however, were full charged with the tears, and my bosom with the sighs, which I had expected to mingle with those of the supposed unfortunate. Some sentimentalists would have vented them upon the first dead dog or lame chicken they might meet with, but I held them too valuable to be wasted upon such objects. I hate the weeping-willow set, who will cry over their pug-dogs and canaries, till they have no tears to spare for the real children of misfortune and misery; but sensibility is too scarce, and too valuable, not to be often imitated; and these, therefore, are the ways in which they advertise their counterfeit drops. They should be punished like any other impostors, and they might be made of some use to society at the same time; for as other convicts are set to beat hemp, and pick oakum, so I would set these to perform funerals, and to chop onions. These reflections, and the incidents which gave rise to them, I resolved to treasure up, for they would perhaps have their use in some part of my journey.

They will warn me against being too sentimental, said I. In the first place, it's ridiculous; secondly, it's useless; and lastly, it's inconvenient; for I just recollect that there's a very large hole in my pocket-handkerchief. These reflections brought me into Colebrook Row, or rather into a heap of mud that stood at the end of it, for street reveries are very subject to such sudden terminations. They say that Englishmen have a rusticity about them that only rubs off by a little travel; but that must certainly be erroneous, for I had hardly gone a quarter of a mile, ere I lost, in the mudding of my boots, the little all of polish that I wore about me. Barring the first agony of mortification, I bore it, however, with uncommon fortitude, for I knew that travellers must expect to meet, as I did, with sad and serious accidents. There passed, however, a young gentleman in very tight *trotter-cases*, but whilst his feet gave evident signs of suffering, I observed that his countenance was calm, vacant, and stoical. Pshaw, said I, if he can bear his pinches so well, I may surely put up with my splashes; this pain of mine exists only in imagination, whereas his poor feet, like Shakespeare's stricken deer, "distend their leathern coats almost to

bursting." What a felicity there is in a happy application of words! I was so pleased with the resemblance which I discovered between the foot of a dandy and a stricken deer, that I quite forgot my vexation and its cause. I found, as I thought, that I had a genius for apt quotations, and resolved not to be sparing of them; they would give to my travels an air of great learning; and if learning be better than riches, there would be no more harm in showing it thus than in pulling out a large purse, as some do, to give a poor beggar a halfpenny.

"Give a poor beggar a halfpenny," said a man, as if he had heard and echoed the last part of my thought.

The City Road was excessively dirty, but he had swept a cleaner passage over it, and as I trod across his little track of Terra Firma, I dropped the merited coin into his hat, for I saw he had only half-a-crown in it. "Thank your honour," said he, looking full in my face, and then looking down upon my boots, he thanked me again, and still more emphatically. "It is very true," said I, entering into his feeling—"it's very true—and if I too had looked upon my boots, you probably had not had it."

He thought, no doubt, with certain philosophers, that man's mainspring is selfishness, and perhaps he was not quite wrong; but at all events to decide it, I resolved to watch his customers and analyse his profits. "A plague take the fellow!" said an old gentleman, whom he had hunted fifty paces for a halfpenny, "you ought to be reported to the Mendicity Society." He gave it to him, to get rid of his importunity, thought I. He would have kept his halfpenny by walking a little faster, but he walks very lame, poor old gentleman, and that perhaps makes him pettish. The next halfpenny he got from a lady, who had walked a long way down the road to avail herself of his labour. It was rather for her upper leather's than her soul's sake, said I; and as for that old lady that followed her, I can read in his face that she has given him a pocket-piece; but they all go in charity, as it is called; and I have learned, by the by, what to do with a forged or flash note. As nobody else seemed inclined to give him anything, I summed up my calculations: one-third had given from inconvenience, and one-third for convenience, and the rest, or the pocket-piece, was the gift of pure charity. We may say of charity, as "Hamlet Travestied" does of death—that it's truly a fine thing to talk of. We all preach it—we all praise and admire, but when we come to the practice of it, we "leave that to men of more learning;" and are as careful of our pence as of our lives, when we find they've no chance of returning. I had hardly ended these uncharitable reflections, when I was obliged to retract and repent them. I had begun to read a very conspicuous hand-bill which was posted on some palings near Sadler's Wells, and invited the admirers of fisticuffs to a grand sparring benefit at the Fives Court. But I had hardly got farther than the noble science of self-defence, when it was for the most part eclipsed by a new hand-bill, fresh from the pole of the bill-sticker; and altogether, they then appeared as follows:—To the Fancy—on such a day—a Sermon will be preached by such a Bishop at such a church, for the benefit of such a charity—and as a little piece of the other bill expressed at the bottom that *real good ones* were expected, I applied it of course to the exclusion of pocket-pieces.

I had a fresh subject besides in this piece of waggery of the bill-sticker's, which had afforded me no little entertainment. Shakespeare was right, and so was the philosopher, in my estimation; for I saw that what they had represented was correct, that certain characters are confined to no class, condition, nor country. We may meet with dull pedagogues and authors, and with sensible clowns and witty bill-stickers; and I doubt not that we shall as readily meet with blunt Frenchmen, with shuffling Englishmen, and honest and brave Italians. I met with no other incident worth relating or reflecting upon, till I came to a public-house near Lady Huntingdon's Chapel, and there I met with matter of interest and amusement, inasmuch as it involved a question upon national and domestic government.

It was no less than a quarrel between a man and his wife, who had just ejected him from his seat in the parlour; and the argument was, not whether he should go there at all, but whether he should go there without her permission first sought and obtained. There were not wanting auxiliaries and allies upon each side, and there were as many advocates for the rights of woman as there were supporters of the doctrine of the free-will of man. There was, besides, a third party, composed chiefly of young persons, perhaps spinsters and bachelors, who, by siding sometimes with one and sometimes the other, seemed inclined to provoke the opposing parties to a general combat. It was evident from the clamour of the females, and from the swearing of the men, that the argument, if such it might be called, would never arrive at any legitimate conclusion; and taking advantage therefore of a general pause, the effect of exhausted rage, I was induced to offer my aid as a mediator between the two sexes. Now, it so happens, that when persons are angry or ridiculous, they like to make parties of all the spectators; and as I had taken no part in the fray, but had been strictly neutral, the proposal was generally agreed to; especially as I had the appearance of one of the meek among men. Getting therefore upon one of the benches, I stretched forth my hand, and proceeded as follows:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, the question which you have referred to me is of the greatest importance, not only to me, but to you,—not only to you, but to all the world.

"It requires to know which of the sexes was born for dominion—whether woman should rule ('or man should be ruled,' said an Irishman). It not only questions whether wife should rule husband, or husband rule wife—but also if Queens should ascend the throne, or if Kings should sit upon it; for whichever may be unfit to command a family must be equally unqualified to govern a nation." The conclusion of this sentence was followed by shouts of applause from both parties, each applying to the other the unfitness to which I alluded. "If," said I, "we may judge from a law which exists and has existed, I should say that the softer sex are unqualified for the thrones, from which by that very law they stand excluded." Here I was obliged to bow to the applause of my male hearers, and also to the ladies, in order to avoid the force of a flying patten.

"But there is one circumstance," I continued, "and it certainly goes strongly against such a conclusion;—I mean that in that

instance the men were the law-makers." Here again I had to bow to the ladies, and duck to the gentlemen. "I will say, moreover, that if we refer to the history of a nation where that law was unknown, we shall find that the reigns of two-thirds of her Queens have been happy or glorious. (Loud applause from the females.)

"This fact, however, goes no farther in support of this side of the question than the Salic law on the other; for allowing that the sway of those Queens was so sweet and splendid, yet we must remember, that they governed by their ministers, and conquered by their generals and admirals. (Cheers from the men.) If we trace still farther back in history, even unto the days of Saul and David, and if we find a frequent mention of Kings, and of their being anointed, what then shall we say of this question, if we find in the whole course of that history, no instance of an anointed Queen? (Hisses and groans from the ladies.) If such be the fact, what shall we infer from it, but that there were no priestesses? (Shouts and laughter from the ladies.) But why had they no priestesses? I must confess that I am unable to answer. (Cheers from the males.) I will now consider the other branch of the subject; for although it is evident that those who are unfit to rule families must be unqualified to govern kingdoms, yet it does not follow, therefore, that those who are unable to govern kingdoms are unequal to the lighter task of governing a family. There are many very worthy women whom I should be loth to trust with a sceptre, but they sway the domestic rod with vigour and success—(hear! from the men);—and there are also many men of a different stamp, of indolent or profligate characters, whose affairs thrive best, or would thrive better, under the guidance of their wives. (Hear! from the women.) We know, too, that there are others who have willingly resigned to their wives the control of their purse, and the direction of their affairs; convinced, by experience, that they were the best merchants, the best accountants, and the best orators. (Hear, hear! from the ladies.) Upon these grounds we may assign the right of dominion to the female sex—(screams of applause from the women, and groans from the men);—I say, upon these grounds we may assign the right of dominion to the female sex (the same tumult repeated). I say (said I, raising my voice), I say that upon these grounds we may assign the right of dominion to the female sex, provided that the whole, or the greater portion of men, may be supposed idle, profligate, or the most ignorant. But I must confess, and I do it with all sincerity, that this would appear to me to be a most unhandsome, most uncharitable, and unjust estimate. (Shouts from the men, and hisses from the ladies.)

"How, then, shall we decide this great question, seeing that the trial by battle is by Parliament abolished? It may be ruled from precedent, or rather the want of it, that the female sex be excluded from the sovereignty and the priesthood, but their claims to domestic dominion are as yet uncontroverted—(cheers from the ladies);—and as yet unestablished. (Cheers from the gentlemen.) There only remains, in my opinion, a middle course to pursue:

> 'Let all agree,—let none engross the sway,
> But each command by turns, and each obey.'

Let the lady be paramount in the kitchen and the nursery, and absolute in the garrets. Let the gentleman be king in his parlour, and emperor in his study; and as for the drawing-room and the garden, let their sway there be divided. Let her be a judge in fashions, in novels, and in all fancy articles; and let him decide on politics, on liquors, and on horse-flesh. As for all other matters of argument, let them be considered as drawn battles at draughts; and finally, let each sex consider itself as bound to the other by an alliance offensive and defensive." The conclusion of this my oration was followed by very general cries of applause, which were the more gratifying, when I considered the difficulty of pleasing all parties in a concern of so much interest to each. Nor was that my only reward, for I received I know not how many invitations to partake of porter, gin, and punch, all of which I declined, alleging that I wished to go straightway to Waterloo Bridge —at least, as much as it was possible to do so, by Gray's Inn Lane, Chancery Lane, and the Strand. I had just reached the middle of Elm Street, when I was alarmed by loud and piercing screams, and as a carriage had rapidly turned the corner, I feared that some unfortunate human being had been run over. There is something in the shrill cry of a female in distress that irresistibly impels and wings one to her succour. I flew up the hill—turned the corner, and beheld at my feet a poor swine, which was screaming under the repeated lashes of a ruffian drover. She had sunk down, apparently from exhaustion, in the middle of the kennel, and as she started and kicked under the bloodthirsty thong, her struggles and splashings were truly shocking. Aged—and a female—exposed to insult, cruelty, and indignity—her grunts so like groans, and her squeaks so like screams—it was impossible for humanity to look on and be passive. I straddled over the unfortunate sow, and interposed my body betwixt her and her tormentor; and had it been at the risk of immolation, my feelings could not have allowed me to shrink from it. I should have died a glorious martyr to humanity! I protected the innocent, and I did more, for I threatened to chastise her oppressor; and I should certainly have done so with his own whip, if I could only have wrested it from him. However, I accepted the brute's challenge to fight; and here I must say, that upon any other occasion, I should have deemed it disgraceful and ungentlemanly; but in such a cause, as the champion of humanity, the guardian of the brute creation, I thought it not only gentlemanly, but angelic; and I felt that I was quite in my duty when I folded up my new coat and confided it to the care of a decent shopkeeper. We exchanged only a few blows, and if I did not thrash him heartily, he owed it to my humanity; for it was merely from a reluctance to end in blood what I had begun in tears, that I so speedily declined the combat. The spectators indeed did not seem to enter into my feeling; but whip me the man who would not prefer the praise of mercy to the meed of victory! Besides, I considered it a sin, a kind of profanation, to mar and disfigure "the human face divine," and one of us, at least, was handsome.

I did not, however, resign the cause or interests of the poor sow, but slipping a crown into the hand of the drover, I recommended her to his mercy as a man and a Christian. "Coax her," said I; "call her,

or run before her, and entice her with a cabbage-leaf—do anything but whip her so cruelly. And now," I continued, addressing myself to the bystanders, amongst whom were some very well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, "now let me impress upon your memories one very great error as regards pig-driving. A pig will run this way and that, and any way, perhaps, but the right one; but it is uncharitable and cruel to attribute to *obstinacy* what may only originate in an over-anxiety to please. I have seen a pig run backward, and forward, and sideways, and if it had been possible to run a dozen ways at once, I verily believe it would have done it."

The sow got up, the crowd dispersed, and I pursued my journey. It afterwards struck me that I heard at a distance the same shrill, humanlike, and persevering screams; but it might be fancy, for I believe they will ring in my ears as often as I pass the corner of Elm Street, Gray's Inn Lane. Gray's Inn Lane, by the by, is not, as I conjecture, the true name of it; the ancient appellation must have been anything but what it now bears—perhaps *Grazing Lane*, because, ere it was built upon, the cattle used to graze in it.

Be that as it may, there is nothing farther to remark of Gray's Inn Lane, but that it brings one into Holborn.

Hence, and through Chancery Lane, I amused myself by speculating on the faces of the passengers. It's a study I'm very fond of, and if I am in anything superstitious, it is in the signs and forebodings of the countenance. Who cannot trace in the face of a dandy the circulation of his two ideas,—his opinion of himself and others; and who is there that mistakes the keen eye of a genius?

But it is Temper that writes the most legible hand in the countenance; and it is easy therefore to distinguish, amongst a crowd, the pet lamb of his mother, the tyrant of his family, and the humble servant of his wife. "There's that man," said I, looking at a gentleman who was standing on the edge of the pavement—"his curled lip indicates his pride; but I know by the very restlessness of his eye that he's afraid of bailiffs. As for that man who has just passed, I would not live with such a temper for my board and lodging. That lady's mask is handsome; but I must say with the fox, 'Cerebrum non habet;' and her little girl's doll has more wit in her one eye than she has in two." My judgments, however, were not always fortunate; the man with restless eyes was only looking for his poodle dog; and as the cross-looking man went soon afterwards into a cook-shop, I supposed that he had been rather hungered than ill-natured. As for the lady and the child, I don't know whether I set them down rightly or not, but in the meantime I will suppose so, and cling to my study. I was now in the Strand, close to Temple Bar; and from hence to Waterloo Bridge, I calculated would be the journey of an hour. Who is there that can walk along this, or any of the principal City streets, without admiring the number of elegant shops, and the still more elegant and wonderful productions which they contain? they are to me the sources of the greatest pleasure; and when time will permit me to do so, I inspect them from the goldsmith's and jeweller's, down to the humbler repositories of the tinman and brazier. Nay, I have been caught, and rallied by my acquaintance for looking in lovingly at the haberdasher's and milliner's.

It is not that I am merely smitten with the beauty of their articles that I look into them with such admiration and delight, but it is because I can there trace an evident and progressive improvement in the arts and manufactures of my country. *This* affords me a delight in which all ought to sympathise, and *that* calls forth an admiration in which all must participate. Whether we examine those paintings and prints, which are more strictly termed works of art; whether we examine those fabrics which have been produced by the most complicated machinery, or those minor articles which are the work of the handicraftsman, we shall find that there prevails in all a degree of taste which can only be the result of a general cultivation of mind. It is this that has led to so many ingenious inventions, and has tended above all to promote the general alliance between elegance and utility; and when we contemplate the mighty effects of its progress hitherto, who can calculate its future attainments? Long may it continue its mighty march, to the honour and happiness of my countrymen; and may they, in better days, obtain for their industry and ingenuity those rewards which hitherto have not kept pace with their merits. May they still travel onwards in the path of improvement, and surmounting all obstacles which a meaner ambition would plant in their way, reach that point of excellence and perfection to which man in this world may be destined to attain! Here a bookseller's shop gave a new turn to my speculations. We are certainly a reading people, I thought, as I looked in at the window; but I would fain know if this cultivation of the mind conduces to happiness. I was inclined to decide in the affirmative; for the collection before me suggested the names of Shakespeare, Addison, Milton, and a host of other authors, linked with a thousand delightful reminiscences. Much must depend upon one's course of reading, said I, still running over the titles:—*A Sermon to Sinne—The Foole's Jest Book—Dialogues of the Dead—Life in London—Tomline's Sea Worthies—The Newgate Calendar—Cato's Letter to the Country—The King's Reply to his People—Wordes to the Wyse—Witte's Cronykill—A New Spelling Book.* But what have we here? It happened very strangely, I might almost say miraculously, that I read a solution of my speculation in a book before me. It was called *The Prayse of Ignorance;* and in the two grave-looking brown-complexioned pages that lay open, I read as follows:—

"Hee was made to bee happye but not learned: for eating of the Tree of Knowledge hee was caste out of Paradyse. Hys was the Blisse of Ignorance; but We being born to bee learned, and unhappye withall, have noght but the Ignorance of Blisse. Soe we aske not which bee the most happye; but which bee the leeste unhappye: and trulye hee hath leeste Paines that hath not most Bokes. Hee is your Berkshire or Hampshire manne with a harde Head and a long Stomack—which is a Hogge amongst Wittes, but a Witte amongst Hogges; and when hee sleepes you wot not which can grunte loudeste. For why? Hee beares no care on hys Head; excepte hys Hatte, and that hee hath not much care withal except a-Sundayes. One maye rede in hys Vysage that he wots not to write: but he maketh hys Marke and soe hath one to ten chances against the Gallowes. Hys Haire is unkempte; and soe is hys Intellecte; but betwixt both hee saveth a

World of Trouble. Hys Head itches: it doth not ake. It is as emptye as a drye Bowle; but hys Belly is crammede to the fulle—for hee is no author.

"You maye write him downe a Manne with an Idea: but hee is more blessede than anye with two; for hee hath nonne of their feverishe Deliriums. How can hys Minde wander?

"Now look you to your Schollar. He cryes in hys verye Birthe, for hee is strypéd into hys A B C; most of hys Wordes doe end in O, and hys Whyppinges have many Syllables. Hee hateth his Boke fulle sore: and noe Marvel! For hee wotteth to the Sorrowe of hys Bottom, that Learning is at the Bottom of hys Sorrowe. There is a naturall Hyphen betwixt them. A connexion of Minde and Matter. One cometh not without the other, and hee curseth them both in hys Waye. Hys Grammar bringes him freshe annoye: for hee onlye weepeth in another Tense. But hee gets the Interjections by Harte. Figures are a great Greefe unto him; and onlye multiplie hys Paines. The dead Tongues doe bringe him a lively sorrowe: hee gets them at hys Fingers endes. And soe hee waxeth in Growth; into a Quarto or Folio, as maye bee; a greater Bulke of Learning and Heavinesse; and belike hee goeth madde with Study overmuch. Alsoe hee betaketh him to write; and letts hys Braines be suckede forthe through a Quill. If hee seeke to get Monneye hys Boke is unsolde; and if hee wolde have of the Worlde's Fame hee is praysde of those that studye not hys Rimes: or is scornde and mockede of those that will not understande hys Conceites, which is a greate Sorrowe; for Poesie hath made hys Harte tender, and a little Worde is a greate Paine. Soe he getts no Substance, but looses Fleshe. Lastlye hee dyeth a pitifull Death; the kindly Creditour of an unkindlye Worlde; and then hee is weepede for; and it is askde, 'Why will hee not write again?'

"And the Parishe Clarke hys witte sufficeth to hys Epitaph, which runnes:—

> 'Alake! alake! that Studye colde not save
> Soe great a Witte out of so small a grave.
> But Learning must decaye, and Letters both,
> And Studye too. Death is a dreadfull Goth,
> Which spareth nonne.'"

Unfortunately, I could neither read further, nor turn over the leaf through the glass; and still more unfortunately, I did not go in and purchase the book. However, I had read enough to lead me to a decision, that the ignorant are the most happy; and as I walked away from the window I repeated the lines:—

> "No more: where ignorance is bliss,
> 'Tis folly to be wise."

As this was the second great question that I had decided, I walked onward to Waterloo Bridge, without any doubt of being able to determine the third, viz., as to the merits and demerits of the bridge and its architect. But here an unforeseen difficulty presented itself; for owing to the lateness of my arrival, and the sudden fall of a very

dense fog, I was unable to do anything more than determine to come again.

I accordingly walked back into the Strand, and finding a stage at Somerset House, I took my seat in it, and turned towards home. I had three travelling companions, two males and one female; and after we had discussed the usual topics, and paid the usual compliments, the conversation dwindled away into a profound silence; I therefore employed myself in the arrangement of my travels, and in recollecting the various incidents and reflections to which they had given rise.

I must request, Mr Editor, your utmost indulgence towards one so inexperienced as a traveller, and if you should find that the style of my narration is rugged and uneven, and that the incidents and reflections are abrupt and unconnected, I beg that you will attribute it to the unpleasant jolting of the stage, and the frequent interruptions and stoppages that it met with.

INCOG.

ODES AND ADDRESSES

TO

GREAT PEOPLE.

"Catching all the oddities, the whimsies, the absurdities, and the littlenesses of conscious greatness by the way."—*Citizen of the World.*

[*First published* 1825.]

ODE TO MR GRAHAM, THE AERONAUT.

"Up with me!—up with me into the sky!"
—WORDSWORTH: *On a Lark!*

I.

DEAR Graham, whilst the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
Their meaner flights pursue,
Let us cast off the foolish ties
That bind us to the earth, and rise
And take a bird's-eye view!—

II.

A few more whiffs of my cigar,
And then, in Fancy's airy car,
Have with thee for the skies:—
How oft this fragrant smoke upcurl'd
Hath borne me from this little world,
And all that in it lies!—

III.

Away!—away!—the bubble fills—
Farewell to earth and all its hills!—
We seem to cut the wind!—
So high we mount, so swift we go,
The chimney-tops are far below,
The Eagle's left behind!—

IV.

Ah me! my brain begins to swim!—
The world is growing rather dim;
The steeples and the trees—
My wife is getting very small!
I cannot see my babe at all!—
The Dollond, if you please!—

V.

Do, Graham, let me have a quiz.
Lord! what a Lilliput it is,
That little world of Mogg's!—
Are those the London Docks?—that channel
The mighty Thames?—a proper kennel
For that small Isle of Dogs!—

VI.

What is that seeming tea-urn there?
That fairy dome, St Paul's!—I swear,
Wren must have been a Wren!—
And that small stripe?—it cannot be
The City Road!—Good lack! to see
The little ways of men!

VII.

Little, indeed!—my eyeballs ache
To find a turnpike.—I must take
Their tolls upon my trust!—
And where is mortal labour gone?
Look, Graham, for a little stone
MacAdamized to dust!

VIII.

Look at the horses!—less than flies!—
Oh, what a waste it was of sighs
To wish to be a Mayor!
What is the honour?—none at all;
One's honour must be very small
For such a civic chair!—

IX.

And there's Guildhall!—'tis far aloof—
Methinks I fancy, thro' the roof,
Its little guardian Gogs,
Like penny dolls—a tiny show!—
Well,—I must say they're ruled below
By very little logs!—

X.

O Graham! how the upper air
Alters the standards of compare;
  One of our silken flags
Would cover London all about.
Nay then—let's even empty out
  Another brace of bags!

XI.

Now for a glass of bright champagne
Above the clouds!—Come, let us drain
  A bumper as we go!—
But hold! for God's sake do not cant
The cork away—unless you want
  To brain your friends below.

XII.

Think! what a mob of little men
Are crawling just within our ken,
  Like mites upon a cheese!—
Pshaw! how the foolish sight rebukes
Ambitious thoughts!—can there be *Dukes*
  Of *Gloster* such as these?

XIII.

Oh! what is glory?—what is fame?
Hark to the little mob's acclaim—
  'Tis nothing but a hum!—
A few near gnats would trump as loud
As all the shouting of a crowd
  That has so far to come!—

XIV.

Well—they are wise that choose the near,
A few small buzzards in the ear,
  To organs ages hence!—
Ah me! how distance touches all;
It makes the true look rather small,
  But murders poor pretence.

XV.

"The world recedes!—it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes—my ears
  With buzzing noises ring!"—
A fig for Southey's Laureate lore!—
What's Rogers here?—Who cares for Moore,
  That hears the Angels sing?—

XVI.

A fig for earth, and all its minions!—
We are above the world's opinions,
Graham! we'll have our own!—
Look what a vantage height we've got!—
Now——*do* you think Sir Walter Scott
Is such a Great Unknown?

XVII.

Speak up,—or hath he hid his name
To crawl thro' "subways" unto fame,
Like Williams of Cornhill?—
Speak up, my lad!—when men run small
We'll show what's little in them all,
Receive it how they will!—

XVIII.

Think now of Irving!—shall he preach
The princes down?—shall he impeach
The potent and the rich,
Merely on ethic stilts,—and I
Not moralise at two miles high,
The true didactic pitch?

XIX.

Come,—what d'ye think of Jeffrey, sir?
Is Gifford such a Gulliver
In Lilliput's Review,
That like Colossus he should stride
Certain small brazen inches wide
For poets to pass through?

XX.

Look down! the world is but a spot.
Now say—Is Blackwood's *low* or not,
For all the Scottish tone?
It shall not weigh us here—not where
The sandy burden's lost in air—
Our lading—where is't flown?

XXI.

Now,—like you Croly's verse indeed—
In heaven—where one cannot read
The "Warren" on a wall?
What think you here of that man's fame?
Tho' Jerdan magnified his name,
To me 'tis very small!

XXII.

And, truly, is there such a spell
In those three letters, L. E. L.,
To witch a world with song?
On clouds the Byron did not sit,
Yet dared on Shakespeare's head to spit,
And say the world was wrong!

XXIII.

And shall not we? Let's think aloud!
Thus being couch'd upon a cloud,
Graham, we'll have our eyes!
We felt the great when we were less,
But we'll retort on littleness
Now we are in the skies.

XXIV.

O Graham, Graham! how I blame
The bastard blush, the petty shame,
That used to fret me quite,—
The little sores I cover'd then!—
No sores on earth, nor sorrows when
The world is out of sight!

XXV.

My name is Tims.—I am the man
That North's unseen diminish'd clan
So scurvily abused!
I am the very P. A. Z.
The London's Lion's small pin's head
So often hath refused!

XXVI.

Campbell—(you cannot see him here)—
Hath scorn'd my *lays*:—do his appear
Such great eggs from the sky?
And Longman, and his lengthy Co.—
Long, only, in a little Row,—
Have thrust my poems by!

XXVII.

What else?—I'm poor, and much beset
With damn'd small duns—that is, in debt
Some grains of golden dust!
But only worth above is worth.—
What's all the credit of the earth?—
An inch of cloth on trust!

XXVIII.

What's Rothschild here, that wealthy man!
Nay, worlds of wealth?—Oh, if you can,
Spy out,—the *Golden Ball!*
Sure, as we rose all money sank:
What's gold or silver now?—the Bank
Is gone—the 'Change and all!

XXIX.

What's all the ground-rent of the globe?—
O Graham! it would worry Job
To hear its landlords prate!
But after this survey, I think
I'll ne'er be bullied more, nor shrink
From men of large estate!

XXX.

And less, still less, will I submit
To poor mean acres' worth of wit—
I that have heaven's span—
I that like Shakespeare's self may dream
Beyond the very clouds, and seem
An Universal Man!

XXXI.

O Graham! mark those gorgeous crowds!
Like Birds of Paradise the clouds
Are winging on the wind!
But what is grander than their range,
More lovely than their sunset change?—
The free creative mind!

XXXII.

Well! the Adult's School's in the air!
The greatest men are lesson'd there
As well as the Lessee!
Oh, could earth's Ellistons, thus small,
Behold the greatest stage of all,
How humbled they would be!

XXXIII.

"Oh, would some god the giftie gie 'em,
To see themselves as others see 'em,"
'Twould much abate their fuss!
If they could think that from the skies
They are as little in our eyes
As they can think of us!

XXXIV.

Of us! are *we* gone out of sight?
Lessen'd! diminish'd! vanish'd quite!
Lost to the tiny town!
Beyond the Eagle's ken—the grope
Of Dollond's longest telescope!
Graham! we're going down!

XXXV.

Ah me! I've touch'd a string that opes
The airy valve!—the gas elopes—
Down goes our bright balloon!—
Farewell the skies! the clouds!—I smell
The lower world! Graham, farewell,
Man of the silken moon!

XXXVI.

The earth is close! the City nears—
Like a burnt paper it appears,
Studded with tiny sparks!
Methinks I hear the distant rout
Of coaches rumbling all about—
We're close above the Parks!

XXXVII.

I hear the watchmen on their beats,
Hawking the hour about the streets.
Lord! what a cruel jar
It is upon the earth to light!
Well—there's the finish of our flight!
I've smoked my last cigar!

A FRIENDLY EPISTLE TO MRS FRY, IN NEWGATE.

"Sermons in stones."—*As You Like It.*
"Out! out! damned spot!"—*Macbeth.*

I.

I LIKE you, Mrs Fry! I like your name!
It speaks the very warmth you feel in pressing
In daily act round Charity's great flame—
I like the crisp Browne way you have of dressing,

Good Mrs Fry! I like the placid claim
You make to Christianity,—professing
Love, and good *works*—of course you buy of Barton,
Beside the young *fry's* bookseller, Friend Darton!

II.

I like, good Mrs Fry, your brethren mute—
Those serious, solemn gentlemen that sport—
I should have said, that *wear*, the sober suit
Shaped like a court dress—but for heaven's court.
I like your sisters too,—sweet Rachel's fruit—
Protestant nuns! I like their stiff support
Of virtue—and I like to see them clad
With such a difference—just like good from bad!

III.

I like the sober colours—not the wet;
Those gaudy manufactures of the rainbow—
Green, orange, crimson, purple, violet—
In which the fair, the flirting, and the vain go—
The others are a chaste, severer set,
In which the good, the pious, and the plain go:
They're moral *standards*, to know Christians by—
In short, they are your *colours*, Mrs Fry!

IV.

As for the naughty tinges of the prism—
Crimson's the cruel uniform of war—
Blue—hue of brimstone! minds no catechism;
And green is young and gay—not noted for
Goodness, or gravity, or quietism,
Till it is sadden'd down to tea-green, or
Olive—and purple's given to wine, I guess;
And yellow is a convict by its dress!

V.

They're all the devil's liveries, that men
And women wear in servitude to sin—
But how will they come off, poor motleys, when
Sin's wages are paid down, and they stand in
The Evil presence? You and I know then
How all the party colours will begin
To part—the *Pit*ite hues will sadden there,
Whereas the *Foxite* shades will all show fair!

VI.

Witness their goodly labours one by one!
Russet makes garments for the needy poor—
Dove-colour preaches love to all—and *dun*
Calls every day at Charity's street-door—
Brown studies Scripture, and bids woman shun
All gaudy furnishing—*olive* doth pour
Oil into wounds: and *drab* and *slate* supply
Scholar and book in Newgate, Mrs Fry!

VII.

Well! Heaven forbid that I should discommend
The gratis, charitable, jail-endeavour!
When all persuasions in your praises blend—
The Methodists' creed and cry are, *Fry* for ever!
No—I will be your friend—and, like a friend,
Point out your very worst defect—Nay, never
Start at that word!—But I *must* ask you why
You keep your school *in* Newgate, Mrs Fry?

VIII.

Too well I know the price our mother Eve
Paid for *her* schooling: but must all her daughters
Commit a petty larceny, and thieve—
Pay down a crime for "*entrance*" to your "*quarters*?"
Your classes may increase, but I must grieve
Over your pupils at their bread and waters!
Oh, tho' it cost you rent—(and rooms run high)!
Keep your school *out* of Newgate, Mrs Fry!

IX.

Oh, save the vulgar soul before it's spoil'd!
Set up your mounted sign *without* the gate—
And there inform the mind before 'tis soil'd!
'Tis sorry writing on a greasy slate!
Nay, if you would not have your labours foil'd,
Take it *inclining* towards a virtuous state,
Not prostrate and laid flat—else, woman meek!
The *upright* pencil will but hop and shriek!

X.

Ah, who can tell how hard it is to drain
The evil spirit from the heart it preys in,—
To bring sobriety to life again,
Choked with the vile Anacreontic raisin,—

To wash Black Betty when her black's ingrain,—
To stick a moral lacquer on Moll Brazen,
Of Suky Tawdry's habits to deprive her;
To tame the wildfowl-ways of Jenny Diver!

XI.

Ah, who can tell how hard it is to teach
Miss Nancy Dawson on her bed of straw—
To make Long Sal sew up the endless breach
She made in manners—to write Heaven's own law
On hearts of granite.—Nay, how hard to preach
In cells, that are not memory's—to draw
The moral thread, through the immoral eye
Of blunt Whitechapel natures, Mrs Fry!

XII.

In vain you teach them baby-work within:
'Tis but a clumsy botchery of crime;
'Tis but a tedious darning of old sin—
Come out yourself, and stitch up souls in time—
It is too late for scouring to begin
When virtue's ravell'd out, when all the prime
Is worn away, and nothing sound remains;
You'll fret the fabric out before the stains!

XIII.

I like your chocolate, good Mistress Fry!
I like your cookery in every way;
I like your Shrove-tide service and supply;
I like to hear your sweet *Pandeans* play;
I like the pity in your full-brimm'd eye;
I like your carriage, and your silken grey,
Your dove-like habits, and your silent preaching;
But I don't like your Newgatory teaching.

XIV.

Come out of Newgate, Mrs Fry! Repair
Abroad, and find your pupils in the streets.
Oh, come abroad into the wholesome air,
And take your moral place, before Sin seats
Her wicked self in the Professor's chair.
Suppose some morals raw! the true receipt's
To dress them in the pan, but do not try
To cook them in the fire, good Mrs Fry!

XV.

Put on your decent bonnet, and come out!
Good lack! the ancients did not set up schools
In jail—but at the *Porch!* hinting, no doubt,
That Vice should have a lesson in the rules
Before 'twas whipt by law.—Oh, come about,
Good Mrs Fry! and set up forms and stools
All down the Old Bailey, and through Newgate Street,
But not in Mr Wontner's proper seat!

XVI.

Teach Lady Barrymore, if, teaching, you
That peerless Peeress can absolve from dolour
Teach her it is not virtue to pursue
Ruin of blue, or any other colour;
Teach her it is not Virtue's crown to rue,
Month after month, the unpaid drunken dollar;
Teach her that "flooring Charleys" is a game
Unworthy one that bears a Christian name.

XVII.

Oh, come and teach our children—that aren't *ours*—
That Heaven's straight pathway is a narrow way,
Not Broad St Giles's, where fierce Sin devours
Children, like Time—or rather they both prey
On youth together—meanwhile Newgate lowers
Even like a black cloud at the close of day,
To shut them out from any more blue sky:
Think of these hopeless wretches, Mrs Fry!

XVIII.

You are not nice—go into their retreats,
And make them Quakers, if you will.—'Twere best
They wore straight collars, and their shirts sans *pleats*;
That they had hats *with* brims,—that they were drest
In garbs without *lappels*—than shame the streets
With so much raggedness.—You may invest
Much cash this way—but it will cost its price,
To give a good, round, real *cheque* to Vice!

XIX.

In brief,—Oh, teach the child its moral rote,
Not *in* the way from which it won't depart,—
But *out*—out—out! Oh, bid it walk remote!
And if the skies are closed against the smart,

Even let him wear the single-breasted coat,
For that ensureth singleness of heart.—
Do what you will, his every want supply,
Keep him—but *out* of Newgate, Mrs Fry!

ODE TO RICHARD MARTIN, ESQUIRE, M.P. FOR GALWAY.

I.

How many sing of **wars**,
Of Greek and Trojan **jars**—
The butcheries of men!
The Muse hath a "Perpetual **Ruby** Pen!"
Dabbling **with** heroes and the **blood they spill**
But no one sings the man
That, like a pelican,
Nourishes Pity with his tender ***Bill!***

II.

Thou Wilberforce of **hacks**!
Of whites as well as **blacks**,
Piebald and dapple gray,
Chestnut and bay—
No poet's eulogy thy **name adorns**!
But oxen, from the **fens**,
Sheep—in their pens,
Praise thee, and red cows **with their winding horns**!
Thou art sung on brutal **pipes**!
Drovers may curse thee,
Knackers asperse thee,
And sly M.P.s bestow their cruel wipes;
But the old horse neighs thee,
And zebras praise thee,
Asses, I mean—that have as many **stripes**!

III.

Hast thou not taught the Drover to forbear,
In Smithfield's muddy, murderous, vile environ,—
Staying his lifted bludgeon in the air!
Bullocks don't wear
Oxide of iron!
The cruel Jarvy thou has summon'd oft,
Enforcing mercy on the coarse Yahoo,
That thought his horse the *courser* of the two—
Whilst Swift smiled down aloft!—

Oh, worthy pair! for this, when ye inhabit
Bodies of birds—(if so the spirit shifts
From flesh to feather)—when the clown uplifts
His hand against the sparrow's nest, to *grab* it,—
He shall not harm the MARTINS and the *Swifts!*

IV.

Ah! when Dean Swift was *quick*, how he enhanced
The horse!—and humbled biped man like Plato!
But now he's dead, the charger is mischanced,
Gone backward in the world—and not advanced,—
Remember Cato!
Swift was the horse's champion—not the King's,
Whom Southey sings,
Mounted on Pegasus—would he were thrown!
He'll wear that ancient hackney to the bone,
Like a mere clothes-horse airing royal things!
Ah, well-a-day! the ancients did not use
Their steeds so cruelly!—let it debar men
From wanton rowelling and whip's abuse—
Look at the ancients' *Muse!*
Look at their *Carmen!*

V.

O Martin! how thine eye—
That one would think had put aside its lashes,—
That can't bear gashes
Thro' any horse's side, must ache to spy
That horrid window fronting Fetter Lane,—
For there's a nag the crows have pick'd for victual,
Or some man painted in a bloody vein—
Gods! is there no *Horse-spital!*
That such raw shows must sicken the humane!
Sure Mr Whittle
Loves thee but little,
To let that poor horse linger in his *pane!*

VI.

Oh, build a Brookes's Theatre for horses!
Oh, wipe away the national reproach—
And find a decent Vulture for their corses!
And in thy funeral track
Four sorry steeds shall follow in each coach!
Steeds that confess "the luxury of *wo!*"
True mourning steeds, in no extempore black,
And many a wretched hack
Shall sorrow for thee,—sore with kick and blow
And bloody gash—it is the Indian knack—

(Save that the savage is his own tormentor)—
Banting shall weep too in his sable scarf—
The biped woe the quadruped shall enter,
And Man and Horse go half and half,
As if their griefs met in a common *Centaur!*

ODE TO THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

"Oh, breathe not his name!"—MOORE.

I.

THOU Great Unknown!
I do not mean Eternity nor Death,
That vast incog.!
For I suppose thou hast a living breath,
Howbeit we know not from whose lungs 'tis blown,
Thou man of fog!
Parent of many children—child of none!
Nobody's son!
Nobody's daughter—but a parent still!
Still but an ostrich parent of a batch
Of orphan eggs,—left to the world to hatch.
Superlative Nil!
A vox and nothing more,—yet not Vauxhall;
A head in papers, yet without a curl!
Not the Invisible Girl!
No hand—but a handwriting on a wall—
A popular nonentity,
Still call'd the same,—without identity!
A lark, heard out of sight,—
A nothing shined upon,—invisibly bright,
"Dark with excess of light!"
Constable's literary John-a-nokes—
The real Scottish wizard—to no which,
Nobody—in a niche;
Every one's hoax!
Maybe Sir Walter Scott—
Perhaps not!
Why dost thou so conceal and puzzle curious folks?

II.

Thou,—whom the second-sighted never saw,
The Master Fiction of fictitious history!
Chief Nong tong paw!
No mister in the world—and yet all mystery!
The "tricksy spirit" of a Scotch Cock Lane—
A *novel* Junius, puzzling the world's brain—

A man of magic—yet no talisman!
A man of clair obscure—not him o' the moon!
A star—at noon;
A non-descriptus in a caravan;
A private—of no corps—a northern light
In a dark lantern,—Bogie in a crape—
A figure—but no shape;
A vizor—and no knight;
The real abstract hero of the age;
The staple Stranger of the stage;
A Some One made in every man's presumption,
Frankenstein's monster—but instinct with gumption:
Another strange state captive in the north,
Constable-guarded in an iron mask—
Still let me ask,
Hast thou no silver platter,
No door-plate, or no card—or some such matter,
To scrawl a name upon, and then cast forth?

III.

Thou Scottish Barmecide, feeding the hunger
Of Curiosity with airy gammon!
Thou mystery-monger,
Dealing it out like middle cut of salmon,
That people buy and can't make head or tail of it
(Howbeit that puzzle never hurts the sale of it);
Thou chief of authors mystic and abstractical,
That lay their proper bodies on the shelf—
Keeping thyself so truly to thyself,
Thou Zimmerman made practical!
Thou secret fountain of a Scottish style,
That, like the Nile,
Hideth its source wherever it is bred,
But still keeps disemboguing
(Not disembroguing)
Thro' such broad sandy mouths without a head!
Thou disembodied author—not yet dead,—
The whole world's literary Absentee!
Ah! wherefore hast thou fled,
Thou learned Nemo—wise to a degree,
Anonymous L. L. D.?

IV.

Thou nameless captain of the nameless gang
That do—and inquests cannot say who did it!
Wert thou at Mrs Donatty's death-pang?
Hast thou made gravy of Wear's watch—or hid it?
Hast thou a Blue-Beard chamber? Heaven forbid it!
I should be very loth to see thee hang!

I hope thou hast an alibi well plann'd,
An innocent, altho' an ink-black hand.
Tho' thou hast newly turn'd thy private bolt on
The curiosity of all invaders—
I hope thou art merely closeted with Colton,
Who knows a little of the *Holy Land*,
Writing thy next new novel—The Crusaders!

V.

Perhaps thou wert even born
To be Unknown.—Perhaps hung, some foggy morn,
At Captain Coram's charitable wicket,
Penn'd to a ticket
That Fate had made illegible, foreseeing
The future great unmentionable being.—
Perhaps thou hast ridden,
A scholar poor, on St Augustine's back,
Like Chatterton, and found a dusty pack
Of Rowley novels in an old chest hidden;
A little hoard of clever simulation,
That took the town—and Constable has bidden
Some hundred pounds for a continuation—
To keep and clothe thee in genteel starvation.

VI.

I liked thy Waverley—first of thy breeding;
I like its modest "sixty years ago,"
As if it was not meant for ages' reading.
I don't like Ivanhoe,
Tho' Dymoke does—it makes him think of clattering
In iron overalls before the king,
Secure from battering, to ladies flattering,
Tuning his challenge to the gauntlets' ring—
Oh, better far than all that anvil clang
It was to hear thee touch the famous string
Of Robin Hood's tough bow, and make it twang,
Rousing him up, all verdant, with his clan,
Like Sagittarian Pan!

VII.

I like Guy Mannering—but not that sham son
Of Brown.—I like that literary Sampson,
Nine-tenths a Dyer, with a smack of Porson.
I like Dirk Hatteraick, that rough sea Orson
That slew the Guager;
And Dandie Dinmont, like old Ursa Major;
And Merrilies, young Bertram's old defender,
That Scottish Witch of Endor,
That doom'd thy fame. She was the Witch, I take it,
To tell a great man's fortune—or to make it!

VIII.

I like thy Antiquary. With his fit on,
He makes me think of Mr Britton,
Who has—or had—within his garden wall,
A *miniature Stone Henge*, so very small
The sparrows find it difficult to sit on ;
And Dousterswivel, like Poyais' M'Gregor ;
And Edie Ochiltree, that old *Blue Beggar*,
Painted so cleverly
I think thou surely knowest Mrs Beverly !
I like thy Barber—him that fired the *Beacon*—
But that's a tender subject now to speak on !

IX.

I like long-arm'd Rob Roy.—His very charms
Fashion'd him for renown !—In sad sincerity,
The man that robs or writes must have long arms,
If he's to hand his deeds down to posterity !
Witness Miss Biffin's posthumous prosperity,
Her poor brown crumpled mummy (nothing more)
Bearing the name she bore,
A thing Time's tooth is tempted to destroy !
But Roys can never die—why else, in verity,
Is Paris echoing with "Vive le *Roy !*"
Aye, Rob shall live again, and deathless Di
Vernon, of course, shall often live again—
Whilst there's a stone in Newgate, or a chain,
Who can pass by
Nor feel the Thief's in prison and at hand ?
There be Old Bailey Jarvys on the stand !

X.

I like thy Landlord's Tales !—I like that Idol
Of love and Lammermoor—the blue-eyed maid
That led to church the mounted cavalcade,
And then pull'd up with such a bloody bridal !
Throwing equestrian Hymen on his haunches—
I like the family—not silver—branches
That hold the tapers
To light the serious Legend of Montrose.—
I like M'Aulay's second-sighted vapours,
As if he could not walk or talk alone,
Without the devil—or the Great Unknown,—
Dalgetty is the dearest of Ducrows !

XI.

I like St Leonard's Lily—drench'd with dew !
I like thy Vision of the Covenanters,
That bloody-minded Graham shot and slew.

I like the battle lost and won,
The hurlyburly's bravely done,
The warlike gallops and the warlike *cant*ers!
I like that girded chieftain of the Ranters,
Ready to preach down heathens, or to grapple,
With one eye on his sword,
And one upon the Word,—
How *he* would cram the Caledonian Chapel!
I like stern Claverhouse, though he doth dapple
His raven steed with blood of many a corse—
I like dear Mrs Headrigg, that unravels
Her texts of Scripture on a trotting horse—
She is so like Rae Wilson when he travels!

XII.

I like thy Kenilworth—but I'm not going
To take a Retrospective Re-Review
Of all thy dainty novels—merely showing
The old familiar faces of a few,
The question to renew,
How thou canst leave such deeds without a name,
Forego the unclaim'd dividends of fame,
Forego the smiles of literary houris—
Mid-Lothian's trump, and Fife's shrill note of praise,
And all the Carse of Gowrie's,
When thou might'st have thy statue in Cromarty—
Or see thy image on Italian trays,
Betwixt Queen Caroline and Buonaparté,
Be painted by the Titian of R.A.s,
Or vie in signboards with the Royal Guelph!
Perhaps have thy bust set cheek by jowl with Homer's,
Perhaps send out plaster proxies of thyself
To other Englands with Australian roamers—
Mayhap, in Literary Owhyhee
Displace the native wooden gods, or be
The China-Lar of a Canadian shelf!

XIII.

It is not modesty that bids thee hide—
She never wastes her blushes out of sight:
It is not to invite
The world's decision, for thy fame is tried;—
And thy fair deeds are scatter'd far and wide,
Even royal heads are with thy readers reckon'd,—
From men in trencher caps to trencher scholars
In crimson collars,
And learned serjeants in the Forty-second!
Whither by land or sea art thou not beckon'd?

Mayhap exported from the Frith of Forth,
Defying distance and its dim control;
  Perhaps read about Stromness, and reckon'd worth
A brace of Miltons for capacious soul—
  Perhaps studied in the whalers farther north,
And set above ten Shakespeares near the pole!

XIV.

Oh, when thou writest by Aladdin's lamp,
With such a giant genius at command,
      For ever at thy stamp,
To fill thy treasury from Fairy Land,
When haply thou might'st ask the pearly hand
Of some great British Vizier's eldest daughter,
      Tho' princes sought her,
And lead her in procession hymeneal,
Oh, why dost thou remain a Beau Ideal!
Why stay, a ghost, on the Lethean Wharf,
Enveloped in Scotch mist and gloomy fogs?
Why, but because thou art some puny Dwarf,
Some hopeless Imp, like Riquet with the Tuft,
Fearing, for all thy wit, to be rebuff'd
Or bullied by our great reviewing Gogs!

XV.

      What in this masquing age
Maketh Unknowns so many and so shy?
      What but the critic's page?
One hath a cast he hides from the world's eye;
Another hath a wen,—he won't show where;
      A third has sandy hair,
A hunch upon his back, or legs awry,—
Things for a vile reviewer to espy!
Another hath a mangel-wurzel nose,—
      Finally, this is dimpled,
  Like a pale crumpet face, or that is pimpled,—
Things for a monthly critic to expose:
Nay, what is thy own case—that, being small,
Thou choosest to be nobody at all!

XVI.

Well, thou art prudent, with such puny bones—
    E'en like Elshender, the mysterious elf,
    That shadowy revelation of thyself—
To build thee a small hut of haunted stones—
For certainly the first pernicious man
That ever saw thee, would quickly draw thee
In some vile literary caravan—

Shown for a shilling
Would be thy killing,
Think of Crachami's miserable span!
No tinier frame the tiny spark could dwell in
Than there it fell in—
But when she felt herself a show, she tried
To shrink from the world's eye, poor dwarf!—and died!

XVII.

Oh, since it was thy fortune to be born
A dwarf on some Scotch *Inch*, and then to flinch
From all the Gog-like jostle of great men,
Still with thy small crow pen
Amuse and charm thy lonely hours forlorn—
Still Scottish story daintily adorn;
Be still a shade—and when this age is fled,
When we poor sons and daughters of reality
Are in our graves forgotten and quite dead,
And Time destroys our mottoes of morality—
The lithographic hand of Old Mortality
Shall still restore thy emblem on the stone,
A featureless death's head,
And rob Oblivion even of the Unknown!

ODE TO JOSEPH GRIMALDI, SENIOR.

"This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit."
—*Twelfth Night.*

I.

JOSEPH! they say thou'st left the stage,
To toddle down the hill of life,
And taste the flannell'd ease of age,
Apart from pantomimic strife—
"Retired—(for Young would call it so)—
The world shut out"—in Pleasant Row!

II.

And hast thou really wash'd at last
From each white cheek the red half moon!
And all thy public Clownship cast,
To play the private Pantaloon?
All youth—all ages—yet to be
Shall have a heavy miss of thee!

III.

Thou didst not preach to make us wise—
Thou hadst no finger in our schooling—
Thou didst not "lure us to the skies"—
Thy simple, simple trade was—Fooling!
And yet, Heaven knows! we could—we can
Much "better spare a better man!"

IV.

Oh, had it pleased the gout to take
The reverend Croly from the stage,
Or Southey, for our quiet's sake,
Or Mr Fletcher, Cupid's sage,
Or, damme! namby-pamby Poole,—
Or any other clown or fool!

V.

Go, Dibdin—all that bear the name!
Go, Byeway Highway man! go! go!
Go, Skeffy—man of painted fame,
But leave thy partner, painted Joe!
I could bear Kirby on the wane,
Or Signor Paulo with a sprain!

VI.

Had Joseph Wilfred Parkins made
His grey hairs scarce in private peace—
Had Waithman sought a rural shade—
Or Cobbett ta'en a turnpike lease—
Or Lisle Bowles gone to *Baalam* Hill—
I think I could be cheerful still!

VII.

Had Medwin left off, to his praise,
Dead lion kicking, like—a friend!—
Had long, long Irving gone his ways,
To muse on death at *Ponder's End*—
Or Lady Morgan taken leave
Of Letters—still I might not grieve!

VIII.

But, Joseph—everybody's Jo!—
Is gone—and grieve I will and must!
As Hamlet did for Yorick, so
Will I for thee (though not yet dust),
And talk as he did when he miss'd
The kissing-crust that he had kiss'd!

IX.

Ah, where is now thy rolling head!
Thy winking, reeling, *drunken* eyes
(As old Catullus would have said),
Thy oven-mouth, that swallow'd pies—
Enormous hunger—monstrous drowth!—
Thy pockets greedy as thy mouth!

X.

Ah, where thy ears, so often cuff'd—
Thy funny, flapping, filching hands!—
Thy partridge body, always stuff'd
With waifs, and strays, and contrabands!—
Thy foot—like Berkeley's *Foote*—for why?
'Twas often made to wipe an eye!

XI.

Ah, where thy legs—that witty pair!
For "great wits jump"—and so did they!
Lord! how they leap'd in lamplight air!
Caper'd—and bounced—and strode away!—
That years should tame the legs—alack!
I've seen spring thro' an Almanack!

XII.

But bounds will have their bound—the shocks
Of Time will cramp the nimblest toes;
And those that frisk'd in silken clocks
May look to limp in fleecy hose—
One only—(Champion of the ring)
Could ever make his Winter,—Spring!

XIII.

And gout, that owns no odds between
The toe of Czar and toe of Clown,
Will visit—but I did not mean
To moralise, though I am grown
Thus sad,—Thy going seem'd to beat
A muffled drum for Fun's retreat!

XIV.

And, may be—'tis no time to smother
A sigh, when two prime wags of London
Are gone—thou, Joseph, one—the other,
A Joe!—"Sic transit gloria *Munden!*"
A third departure some insist on,—
Stage-apoplexy threatens Liston!—

XV.

Nay, then, let Sleeping Beauty sleep
With ancient "*Dozey*" to the dregs—
Let Mother Goose wear mourning deep,
And put a hatchment o'er her eggs!
Let Farley weep—for Magic's man
Is gone,—his Christmas Caliban!

XVI.

Let Kemble, Forbes, and Willet rain,
As tho' they walk'd behind thy bier,—
For since thou wilt not play again,
What matters,—if in heaven or here!—
Or in thy grave, or in thy bed!—
There's *Quick*,* might just as well be dead!

XVII.

Oh, how will thy departure cloud
The lamplight of the little breast!
The Christmas child will grieve aloud
To miss his broadest friend and best,—
Poor urchin! what avails to him
The cold New Monthly's *Ghost of Grimm*?

XVIII.

For who like thee could ever stride!
Some dozen paces to the mile!—
The motley, medley coach provide—
Or like Joe Frankenstein compile
The *vegetable man* complete!—
A proper *Covent Garden* feat!

XIX.

Oh, who like thee could ever drink,
Or eat, swill, swallow—bolt and choke!
Nod, weep, and hiccup—sneeze and wink!—
Thy very yawn was quite a joke!
Tho' Joseph, Junior, acts not ill,
"There's no Fool like the old Fool" still!

XX.

Joseph, farewell! dear funny Joe!
We met with mirth,—we part in pain!
For many a long, long year must go
Ere Fun can see thy like again—
For Nature does not keep great stores
Of perfect Clowns—that are not *Boors*!

* One of the old actors :—still a performer (but in private) of Old Rapid

AN ADDRESS TO THE STEAM-WASHING COMPANY.

" ARCHER. How many are there, Scrub?
SCRUB. Five and forty, sir."—*Beaux Stratagem.*
" For shame—let the linen alone!"—*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

MR SCRUB—Mr Slop—or whoever you be!
The Cock of Steam Laundries,—the head Patentee
Of Associate Cleansers,—chief founder and prime
Of the firm for the wholesale distilling of grime—
Copartners and dealers in linen's propriety—
That make washing public—and wash in society—
Oh, lend me your ear! if that ear can forego,
For a moment, the music that bubbles below,—
From your new Surrey Geisers,* all foaming and hot,—
That soft "*simmer's* sang" so endear'd to the Scot:
If your hands may stand still, or your steam without danger
If your suds will not cool, and a mere simple stranger,
Both to you and to washing, may put in a rub,—
Oh, wipe out your Amazon arms from the tub,—
And lend me your ear,—Let me modestly plead
For a race that your labours may soon supersede—
For a race that, now washing no living affords,
Like Grimaldi must leave their aquatic old boards,
Not with pence in their pockets to keep them at ease,
Not with bread in the funds, or investments of cheese,—
But to droop like sad willows that lived by a stream,
Which the sun has suck'd up into vapour and steam.
Ah! look at the laundress, before you begrudge
Her hard daily bread to that laudable drudge;
When chanticleer singeth his earliest matins,
She slips her amphibious feet in her pattens,
And beginneth her toil while the morn is still grey,
As if she was washing the night into day;
Not with sleeker or rosier fingers Aurora
Beginneth to scatter the dewdrops before her;
Not Venus, that rose from the billow so early,
Look'd down on the foam with a forehead more *pearly*†.
Her head is involved in an aërial mist,
And a bright-beaded bracelet encircles her wrist;
Her visage glows warm with the ardour of duty;
She's Industry's moral—she's all moral beauty!
Growing brighter and brighter at every rub—
Would any man ruin her?—No, Mr Scrub!

* Geisers—the boiling springs in Iceland.
† Query, *purly*?—Printer's Devil.

No man that is manly would work her mishap—
No man that is manly would covet her cap—
Nor her apron—her hose—nor her gown made of stuff—
Nor her gin—nor her tea—nor her wet pinch of snuff!
Alas! so *she* thought—but that slippery hope
Has betray'd her—as tho' she had trod on her soap!
And she, whose support, like the fishes that fly,
Was to have her fins wet, must now drop from her sky—
She whose living it was, and a part of her fare,
To be damp'd once a day, like the great white sea-bear,
With her hands like a sponge, and her head like a mop—
Quite a living absorbent that revell'd in slop—
She that paddled in water, must walk upon sand,
And sigh for her deeps like a turtle on land!

Lo, then, the poor laundress, all wretched she stands,
Instead of a counterpane wringing her hands!
All haggard and pinch'd, going down in life's vale,
With no faggot for burning, like Allan-a-dale!
No smoke from her flue—and no steam from her pane,
Where once she watch'd heaven, fearing God and the rain—
Or gazed o'er her bleachfield so fairly engross'd,
Till the lines wander'd idle from pillar to post!
Ah, where are the playful young pinners—ah, where
The harlequin quilts that cut capers in air—
The brisk waltzing stockings, the white and the black,
That danced on the tight-rope, or swung on the slack—
The light sylph-like garments, so tenderly pinn'd,
That blew into shape, and embodied the wind!
There was white on the grass, there was white on the spray—
Her garden, it look'd like a garden of May!
But now all is dark—not a shirt's on a shrub—
You've ruin'd her prospects in life, Mr Scrub!
You've ruin'd her custom—now families drop her—
From her silver reduced—nay, reduced from her *copper!*
The last of her washing is done at her eye,
One poor little kerchief that never gets dry!
From mere lack of linen she can't lay a cloth,
And boils neither barley nor alkaline broth;
But her children come round her as victuals grow scant,
And recall, with foul faces, the source of their want—
When she thinks of their poor little mouths to be fed,
And then thinks of her trade that is utterly dead,
And even its pearl-ashes laid in the grave—
Whilst her tub is a dry rotting, stave after stave,
And the greatest of Coopers, even he that they dub
Sir Astley, can't bind up her heart or her tub,—
Need you wonder she curses your bones, Mr Scrub!
Need you wonder, when steam has deprived her of bread
If she prays that the evil may visit *your* head—

Nay, scald all the heads of your Washing Committee,—
If she wishes you all the soot blacks of the city—
In short, not to mention all plagues without number,
If she wishes you all in the *Wash* at the Humber!

Ah! perhaps in some moment of drowth and despair,
When her linen got scarce, and her washing grew rare—
When the sum of her suds might be summ'd in a bowl,
And the rusty cold iron quite enter'd her soul—
When, perhaps, the last glance of her wandering eye
Had caught "the Cock Laundresses' Coach" going by,
On her lines that hung idle, to waste the fine weather,
And she thought of her wrongs and her rights both together,
In a lather of passion, that froth'd as it rose,
Too angry for grammar, too lofty for prose,
On her sheet—if a sheet were still left her—to write,
Some remonstrance like this then, perchance, saw the light:—

LETTER OF REMONSTRANCE FROM BRIDGET JONES

To the Noblemen and Gentlemen forming the Washing Committee.

It's a shame, so it is,—men can't Let alone
Jobs as is Woman's right to do—and go about there Own—
Theirs Reforms enuff Alreddy without your new schools
For washing to sit Up,—and push the Old Tubs from their stools!
But your just like the Raddicals,—for upsetting of the Sudds
When the world wagged well enuff—and Wommen washed your old dirty duds,
I'm Certain sure Enuff your Ann Sisters had no stream Ingins, that's Flat,—
But I Warrant your Four Fathers went as Tidy and gentlemanny for all that—
I suppose your the Family as lived in the Great Kittle
I see on Clapham Commun, some times a very considerable period back when I were little,
And they Said it went with Steem,—But that was a joke!
For I never see none come of it,—that's out of it—but only sum Smoak—
And for All your Power of Horses about your Ingins you never had but Two
In my time to draw you About to Fairs—and curse you, you know that's true!
And for All your fine Perspectuses,—howsomever you bewhich 'em,
Theirs as Pretty ones off Primerows Hill, as ever a one at Mitchum,

Thof I cant sea What Prospectives and washing has with one another to Do—
It aant as if a Bird'seye Hankicher can take a Birdshigh view!
But Thats your look out—I've not much to do with that—But pleas God to hold up fine,
Id show you caps and pinners and small things as lillywhit as Ever crosst the Line
Without going any Father off then Little Parodies Place,
And Thats more than you Can—and Ill say it behind your face—
But when Folks talks of washing, it ant for you too Speak,—
As kept Dockter Pattyson out of his Shirt for a Weak!
Thinks I, when I heard it—Well thear's a Pretty go!
That comes o' not marking of things or washing out the marks, and Huddling 'em up so!
Till Their frends comes and owns them, like drownded corpeses in a Vault,
But may Hap you havint Larn'd to spel—and That ant your Fault,
Only you ought to leafe the Linnins to them as has Larn'd,—
For if it warnt for Washing,—and whare Bills is concarnd
What's the Yuse, of all the world, for a Wommans Edication,
And Their Being maid Schollards of Sundays—fit for any Cityation.

Well, what I says is This—when every Kittle has its spout,
Theirs no nead for Companys to puff steam about!
To be sure its very Well, when Their ant enuff Wind
For blowing up Boats with,—but not to hurt human kind
Like that Pearkins with his Blunderbush, that's loaded with hot water,
Thof a Sherrif might know Better, than make things for slaughtter,
As if War warnt Cruel enuff—wherever it befalls,
Without shooting poor sogers, with sich scalding hot washing balls,—
But thats not so Bad as a Sett of Bear Faced Scrubbs
As joins their Sopes together, and sits up Stream rubbing Clubs,
For washing Dirt Cheap,—and eating other Peple's grubs!
Which is all verry Fine for you and your Patent Tea,
But I wonders How Poor Wommen is to get Their Bo-He!
They must drink Hunt wash (the only wash God nose there will be!)
And their Little drop of Somethings as they takes for their Goods,
When you and your Steam has ruined (G—d forgive mee) their lively Hoods,
Poor Women as was born to Washing in their youth!
And now must go and Larn other Buisnesses Four Sooth!
But if so be They leave their Lines what are they to go at—
They won't do for Angell's—nor any Trade like That,
Nor we cant Sow Babby Work,—for that's all Bespoke,—
For the Queakers in Bridle! and a vast of the confind Folk
Do their own of Themselves—even the bettermost of em—aye, and evn them of middling degrees—
Why God help you Babby Linen ant Bread and Cheese!
Nor we can't go a hammering the roads into Dust,
But we must all go and be Bankers,—and that's what we must!

God nose you ogbt to have more Concern for our Sects,
When you nose you have suck'd us and hang'd round our Mutherly necks,
And remembers what you Owes to Wommen Besides washing—
You ant, curse you, like Men to go a slushing and sloshing
In mob caps, and pattins, adoing of Females Labers
And prettily jear'd At you great Horse God Meril things, ant you now by you next door neighbours—
Lawk I thinks I see you with your Sleaves tuckt up
No more like Washing than is drownding of a Pupp—
And for all Your Fine Water Works going round and round
They'll scruntch your Bones some day—I'll be bound
And no more nor be a gudgement,—for it cant come to good
To sit up agin Providince, which your a doing,—nor not fit It should,
For man warnt maid for Wommens starvation,
Nor to do away Laundrisses as is Links of Creation—
And cant be dun without in any Country But a Hottinpot Nation.
Ah, I wish our Minister would take one of your Tubbs
And preach a Sermon in it, and give you some good rubs—
But I warrants you reads (for you cant spel we nose) nayther Bybills or Good Tracks,
Or youd no better than Taking the Close off one's Backs—
And let your neighbours oxin an Asses alone,—
And every Thing thats hern,—and give every one their Hone!

Well, its God for us All, and every Washer Wommen for herself,
And so you might, without shoving any on us off the shelf,
But if you warnt Noddis youd Let wommen abe
And pull off Your Pattins,—and leave the washing to we
That nose what's what—Or mark what I say,
Youl make a fine Kittle of fish of Your Close some day—
When the Aulder men wants Their Bibs and their ant nun at all,
And Crist mass cum—and never a Cloth to lay in Gild Hall,
Or send a damp shirt to his Worship the Mare
Till hes rumatiz Poor Man, and cant set uprite in his Chare—
Besides Miss-Matching Larned Ladys Hose, as is sent for you not to wash (for you dont wash) but to stew
And make Peples Stockins yeller as ogbt to be Blew
With a vast more like That,—and all along of Steam
Which warnt meand by Nater for any sich skeam—
But thats your Losses and youl have to make It Good,
And I cant say I'm Sorry afore God if you shoud,
For men mought Get their Bread a great many ways
Without taking ourn,—aye, and Moor to your Prays
If You Was even to Turn Dust Men a dry sifting Dirt,
But you oughtint to Hurt Them as never Did You no Hurt!

Yourn with Anymocity,

BRIDGET JONES.

ODE TO CAPTAIN PARRY.

"By the North Pole I do challenge thee!"—*Love's Labour Lost.*

I.

PARRY, my man! has thy brave leg
Yet struck its foot against the peg
On which the world is spun?
Or hast thou found No Thoroughfare
Writ by the hand of Nature there
Where man has never run?

II.

Hast thou yet traced the Great Unknown
Of channels in the Frozen Zone,
Or held at Icy Bay?
Hast thou still miss'd the proper track
For homeward Indiamen, that lack
A bracing by the way?

III.

Still hast thou wasted toil and trouble
On nothing but the North-Sea Bubble
Of geographic scholar?
Or found new ways for ships to shape,
Instead of winding round the Cape,
A short cut thro' the collar!

IV.

Hast found the way that sighs were sent to *
The Pole—tho' God knows whom they went to!
That track reveal'd to Pope—
Or if the Arctic waters sally,
Or terminate in some blind alley,
A chilly path to grope?

V.

Alas! tho' Ross, in love with snows,
Has painted them *couleur de rose*,
It is a dismal doom,
As Claudio saith, to Winter thrice,
"In regions of thick-ribbed ice"—
All bright,—and yet all gloom!

* "And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole."—*Eloisa to Abelard.*

VI.

'Tis well for Gheber souls, that sit
Before the fire and worship it
With pecks of Wallsend coals,
With feet upon the fender's front,
Roasting their corns—like Mr Hunt—
To speculate on poles.

VII.

'Tis easy for our Naval Board—
'Tis easy for our Civic Lord
Of London and of ease,
That lies in ninety feet of down,
With fur on his nocturnal gown,
To talk of Frozen Seas!

VIII.

'Tis fine for Monsieur Ude to sit,
And prate about the mundane spit,
And babble of *Cook's* track—
He'd roast the leather off his toes
Ere he would trudge thro' polar snows
To plant a British *Jack!*

IX.

Oh, not the proud licentious great,
That travel on a carpet-skate,
Can value toils like thine!
What 'tis to take a 'Hecla' range,
Through ice unknown to Mr Grange,
And alpine lumps of brine!

X.

But we, that mount the Hill o' Rhyme,
Can tell how hard it is to climb
The lofty slippery steep.
Ah! there are more Snow Hills than that
Which doth black Newgate, like a hat,
Upon its forehead, keep.

XI.

Perchance thou'rt now—while I am writing—
Feeling a bear's wet grinder biting
About thy frozen spine!
Or thou thyself art eating whale,
Oily, and underdone, and stale,
That, haply, cross'd thy line!

XII.

But I'll not dream such dreams of ill—
Rather will I believe thee still
  Safe cellar'd in the snow,—
Reciting many a gallant story
Of British kings and British glory,
  To crony Esquimaux—

XIII.

Cheering that dismal game where Night
Makes one slow move from black to white
  Thro' all the tedious year,—
Or smitten by some fond frost fair,
That comb'd out crystals from her hair,
  Wooing a seal-skin Dear!

XIV.

So much a long communion tends,
As Byron says, to make us friends
  With what we daily view—
God knows the daintiest taste may come
To love a nose that's like a plum
  In marble, cold and blue!

XV.

To dote on hair, an oily fleece!
As tho' it hung from Helen o' Greece:
  They say that love prevails
E'en in the veriest polar land—
And surely she may steal thy hand
  That used to steal thy nails!

XVI.

But ah! ere thou art fix'd to marry,
And take a polar Mrs Parry,
  Think of a six months' gloom—
Think of the wintry waste, and hers,
Each furnish'd with a dozen *furs*,
  Think of thine icy *dome!*

XVII.

Think of the children born to *blubber!*
Ah me! hast thou an India-rubber
  Inside!—to hold a meal
For months,—about a stone and half
Of whale, and part of a sea-calf—
  A fillet of salt veal!—

XVIII.

Some walrus ham—no trifle, but
A decent steak—a solid cut
Of seal—no wafer slice!
A reindeer's tongue—and drink beside!
Gallons of sperm—not rectified!
And pails of water-ice!

XIX.

Oh, canst thou fast and then feast thus?
Still come away, and teach to us
Those blessed alternations—
To-day to run our dinners fine,
To feed on air, and then to dine
With Civic Corporations—

XX.

To save th' Old Bailey daily shilling.
And then to take a half year's filling
In P. N.'s pious Row—
When ask'd to Hock and haunch o' ven'son,
Thro' something we have worn our pens on
For Longman and his Co.

XXI.

Oh, come, and tell us what the Pole is—
Whether it singular and sole is,
Or straight, or crooked bent,—
If very thick or very thin,—
Made of what wood—and if akin
To those there be in Kent?

XXII.

There's Combe, there's Spurzheim, and there's Gall,
Have talk'd of poles—yet, after all,
What has the public learn'd?
And Hunt's account must still defer,—
He sought the *poll* at Westminster—
And is not yet *return'd!*

XXIII.

Alvanley asks if whist, dear soul,
Is play'd in snow-towns near the Pole,
And how the fur-man deals?
And Eldon doubts if it be true
That icy Chancellors really do
Exist upon the *seals?*

XXIV.

Barrow, by well-fed office grates,
Talks of his own bechristen'd Straits,
And longs that he were there;
And Croker, in his cabriolet,
Sighs o'er his brown horse, at his Bay,
And pants to cross the *mer!*

XXV.

Oh, come away, and set us right,
And, haply, throw a northern light
On questions such as these:—
Whether, when this drown'd world was lost,
The surflux waves were lock'd in frost,
And turn'd to Icy Seas?

XXVI.

Is Ursa Major white or black?
Or do the Polar tribes attack
Their neighbours—and what for?
Whether they ever play at cuffs,
And then, if they take off their muffs
In pugilistic war?

XXVII.

Tell us, is *Winter* champion there,
As in our milder fighting air?
Say, what are *Chilly* loans?
What cures they have for rheums beside,
And if their hearts get ossified
From eating bread of bones?

XXVIII.

Whether they are such dwarfs—the quicker
To circulate the vital liquor,—*
And then, from head to heel—
How short the Methodists must choose
Their dumpy envoys not to lose
Their toes in spite of zeal?

XXIX.

Whether 'twill soften or sublime it
To preach of Hell in such a climate—
Whether may Wesley hope
To win their souls—or that old function
Of seals—with the extreme of unction—
Bespeaks them for the Pope?

* Buffon.

XXX.

Whether the lamps will e'er be "learned"
Where six months' "midnight oil" is burned,
  Or Letters must defer
With people that have never conn'd
An A, B, C, but live beyond
  The *Sound* of *Lancaster!*

XXXI.

Oh, come away at any rate—
Well hast thou earn'd a downier state
  With all thy hardy peers—
Good lack! thou must be glad to smell dock,
And rub thy feet with opodeldock,
  After such frosty years.

XXXII.

Mayhap, some gentle dame at last,
Smit by the perils thou hast pass'd,
  However coy before,
Shall bid thee now set up thy rest
In that *Brest Harbour*, Woman's breast,
  And tempt the Fates no more!

*ADDRESS TO MARIA DARLINGTON, ON HER RETURN TO THE STAGE.**

"It was Maria!——
And better fate did Maria deserve than to have her banns forbid——
She had, since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St Peter's once—and return'd back"——

See the whole story, in Sterne and the Newspapers

I.

THOU art come back again to the stage,
  Quite as blooming as when thou didst leave it;
And 'tis well for this fortunate age
  That thou didst not, by going off, grieve it!
It is pleasant to see thee again—
  Right pleasant to see thee, by Herclé,
Unmolested by pea-colour'd Hayne!
  And free from that thou-and-thee Berkeley!

II.

Thy sweet foot, my Foote, is as light
  (Not *my* Foote—I speak by correction)

* Written jointly with J. H. Reynolds.

As the snow on some mountain at night,
  Or the snow that has long on thy neck shone.
The Pit is in raptures to free thee,
  The Boxes impatient to greet thee,
The Galleries quite clamorous to see thee,
  And thy scenic relations to meet thee!

III.

Ah, where was thy sacred retreat?
  Maria! ah, where hast thou been,
With thy two little wandering Feet,
  Far away from all peace and pea-green?
Far away from Fitzhardinge the bold,
  Far away from himself and his lot!
I envy the place thou hast stroll'd,
  If a stroller thou art—which thou'rt not!

IV.

Sterne met thee, poor wandering thing,
  Methinks, at the close of the day—
When thy Billy had just slipp'd his string,
  And thy little dog quite gone astray—
He bade thee to sorrow no more—
  He wish'd thee to lull thy distress
In his bosom—he couldn't do more,
  And a Christian could hardly do less!

V.

Ah me! for thy small plaintive pipe
  I fear we must look at thine eye—
That eye—forced so often to wipe
  That the handkerchief never got dry!
Oh, sure 'tis a barbarous deed
  To give pain to the feminine mind—
But the wooer that left thee to bleed
  Was a creature more killing than kind!

VI.

The man that could tread on a worm
  Is a brute—and inhuman to boot;
But he merits a much harsher term
  That can wantonly tread on a Foote!
Soft mercy and gentleness blend
  To make up a Quaker—but he
That spurn'd thee could scarce be a *Friend*,
  Tho' he dealt in that Thou-ing of thee!

VII.

They that loved thee, Maria, have flown !
The friends of the midsummer hour !
But those friends now in anguish atone,
And mourn o'er thy desolate bower.
Friend Hayne, the Green Man, is quite out,
Yea, utterly out of his bias ;
And the faithful Fitzhardinge, no doubt,
Is counting his Ave Marias !

VIII.

Ah, where wast thou driven away,
To feast on thy desolate woe ?
We have witness'd thy weeping in play,
But none saw the earnest tears flow—
Perchance thou wert truly forlorn,—
Tho' none but the fairies could mark
Where they hung upon some Berkeley thorn,
Or the thistles in Burderop Park !

IX.

Ah, perhaps, when old age's white snow
Has silver'd the crown of Hayne's nob
For even the greenest will grow
As hoary as "White-headed Bob"—
He'll wish, in the days of his prime,
He had been rather kinder to one
He hath left to the malice of Time—
A woman—so weak and undone !

ODE TO W. KITCHENER, M.D.

AUTHOR OF THE COOK'S ORACLE ; OBSERVATIONS ON VOCAL MUSIC ; THE ART OF INVIGORATING AND PROLONGING LIFE ; PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS ON TELESCOPES, OPERA GLASSES, AND SPECTACLES ; THE HOUSEKEEPER'S LEDGER ; AND THE PLEASURE OF MAKING A WILL.

"I rule the roast, as Milton says !"—CALEB QUOTEM.

I.

HAIL ! multifarious man !
Thou Wondrous, Admirable Kitchen Crichton !
Born to enlighten
The laws of Optics, Peptics, Music, Cooking—
Master of the Piano—and the Pan—
As busy with the kitchen as the skies !

Now looking
At some rich stew thro' Galileo's eyes,—
Or boiling eggs—timed to a metronome—
As much at home
In spectacles as in mere isinglass—
In the art of frying brown—as a digression
On music and poetical expression,—
Whereas, how few of all our cooks, alas!
Could tell Calliope from "Calliopee!"
How few there be
Could leave the lowest for the highest stories
(Observatories),
And turn, like thee, Diana's calculator,
However *cook's* synonymous with *Kater!* *
Alas! still let me say,
How few could lay
The carving-knife beside the tuning-fork,
Like the proverbial *Jack* ready for any work!

II.

Oh, to behold thy features in thy book!
Thy proper head and shoulders in a plate,
How it would look!
With one raised eye watching the dial's date,
And one upon the roast, gently cast down—
Thy chops—done nicely brown—
The garnish'd brow—with "a few leaves of bay"—
The hair—"done Wiggy's way!"
And still one studious finger near thy brains,
As if thou wert just come
From editing some
New soup—or hashing Dibdin's cold remains!
Or, Orpheus-like,—fresh from thy dying strains
Of music,—Epping luxuries of sound,
As Milton says, "in many a bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,"
Whilst all thy tame stuff'd leopards listen'd round!

III.

Oh, rather thy whole proper length reveal,
Standing like Fortune,—on the jack—thy wheel.
(Thou art, like Fortune, full of chops and changes,
Thou hast a fillet too before thine eye!)
Scanning our kitchen, and our vocal ranges,
As tho' it were the same to sing or fry—
Nay, so it is—hear how Miss Paton's throat
Makes "fritters" of a note!

* Captain Kater, the Moon's Surveyor.

And is not reading near akin to feeding,
Or why should Oxford Sausages be fit
Receptacles for wit?
Or why should Cambridge put its little, smart,
Minced brains into a Tart?
Nay, then, thou wert but wise to frame receipts,
Book-treats,
Equally to instruct the Cook and cram her—
Receipts to be devour'd, as well as read,
The Culinary Art in gingerbread—
The Kitchen's *Eaten* Grammar!

IV.

Oh, very pleasant is thy motley page—
Ay, very pleasant in its chatty vein—
So—in a kitchen—would have talk'd Montaigne,
That merry Gascon, humourist, and sage!
Let slender minds with single themes engage,
Like Mr Bowles with his eternal Pope,—
Or Lovelass upon Wills,—Thou goest on
Plaiting ten topics, like Tate Wilkinson!
Thy brain is like a rich Kaleidoscope,
Stuff'd with a brilliant medley of odd bits,
And ever shifting on from change to change,
Saucepans—old Songs—Pills—Spectacles—and Spits!
Thy range is wider than a Rumford range!
Thy grasp a miracle!—till I recall
Th' indubitable cause of thy variety—
Thou art, of course, th' Epitome of all
That spying—frying—singing—mix'd Society
Of Scientific Friends, who used to meet
Welsh Rabbits—and thyself—in Warren Street!

V.

Oh, hast thou still those Conversazioni,
Where learned visitors discoursed—and fed?
There came Belzoni,
Fresh from the ashes of Egyptian dead—
And gentle Poki—and that Royal Pair,
Of whom thou didst declare—
"Thanks to the greatest *Cooke* we ever read—
They were—what *Sandwiches* should be—half *bred!*"
There famed M'Adam from his manual toil
Relax'd—and freely own'd he took thy hints
On "making *Broth* with *Flints*"—
There Parry came, and show'd thee polar oil
For melted butter—Combe with his medullary
Notions about the *Skullery*,

And Mr Poole, too partial to a broil—
There witty Rogers came, that punning elf!
Who used to swear thy book
Would really look
A *Delphic* "Oracle," if laid on *Delf*—
There, once a month, came Campbell, and discuss'd
His own—and thy own—"*Magazine* of *Taste*"—
There Wilberforce the Just
Came, in his old black suit, till once he traced
Thy sly advice to *Poachers* of Black Folks,
That "do not break their *yolks*,"—
Which huff'd him home, in grave disgust and haste!

VI.

There came John Clare, the poet, nor forbore
Thy *Patties*—thou wert hand-and-glove with Moore,
Who call'd thee "*Kitchen Addison*"—for why?
Thou givest rules for Health and Peptic Pills,
Forms for made dishes, and receipts for Wills,
"*Teaching us how to live and how to die!*"
There came thy Cousin-Cook, good Mrs Fry—
There Trench, the Thames Projector, first brought on
His sine *Quay* non,—
There Martin would drop in on Monday eves,
Or Fridays, from the pens, and raise his breath
'Gainst cattle days and death,—
Answer'd by Mellish, feeder of fat beeves,
Who swore that Frenchmen never could be eager
For fighting on soup-meagre—
"And yet (as thou would'st add), the French have seen
A Marshal *Tureen!*"

VII.

Great was thy Evening Cluster!—often graced
With Dolland—Burgess—and Sir Humphry Davy!
'Twas there M'Dermot first inclined to Taste,—
There Colburn learn'd the art of making paste
For puffs—and Accum analysed a gravy.
Colman—the Cutter of Coleman Street, 'tis said,
Came there,—and Parkins with his Ex-wise-head
(His claim to letters)—Kater, too, the Moon's
Crony,—and Graham, lofty on balloons,—
There Croly stalk'd with holy humour heated
(Who wrote a light-horse play, which Yates completed)—
And Lady Morgan, that grinding organ,
And Brasbridge telling anecdotes of spoons,—
Madame Valbrèque thrice honour'd thee and came

With great Rossini, his own bow and fiddle,—
And even Irving spared a night from fame,
And talk'd—till thou didst stop him in the middle,
To serve round *Tewah-diddle!* *

VIII.

Then all the guests rose up, and sigh'd good-bye!
So let them:—thou thyself art still a *Host!*
Dibdin—Cornaro—Newton—Mrs Fry!
Mrs Glasse, Mr Spec!—Lovelass—and Weber,
Matthews in Quotem—Moore's fire-worshipping Gheber—
Thrice-worthy worthy! seem by thee engross'd!
Howbeit the Peptic Cook still rules the roast,
Potent to hush all ventriloquial snarling,—
And ease the bosom pangs of indigestion!
Thou art, sans question,
The Corporation's love—its Doctor *Darling!*
Look at the Civic Palate—nay, the Bed
Which set dear Mrs Opie on supplying
"Illustrations of *Lying!*"
Ninety square feet of down from heel to head
It measured, and I dread
Was haunted by a terrible night *Mare,*
A monstrous burthen on the corporation!—
Look at the Bill of Fare, for one day's share,
Sea-turtles by the score—Oxen by droves,
Geese, turkeys, by the flock—fishes and loaves
Countless, as when the Lilliputian nation
Was making up the huge man-mountain's ration!

IX.

O worthy Doctor! surely thou hast driven
The squatting Demon from great Garratt's breast—
(His honour seems to rest!—)
And what is thy reward?—Hath London given
Thee public thanks for thy important service?
Alas! not even
The tokens it bestow'd on Howe and Jervis!—
Yet could I speak as Orators should speak
Before the worshipful the Common Council
(Utter my bold bad grammar and pronounce ill),
Thou should'st not miss thy Freedom, for a week
Richly engross'd on vellum:—Reason urges
That he who rules our cookery—that he
Who edits soups and gravies, ought to be
A *Citizen,* where sauce can make a *Burgess!*

* The Doctor's composition for a nightcap.

ODE TO H. BODKIN, ESQ.,

SECRETARY TO THE SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF MENDICITY.*

"This is your charge—you shall comprehend all vagrom men."
—*Much Ado About Nothing.*

I.

HAIL, King of Shreds and Patches, hail,
Disperser of the Poor!
Thou Dog in office, set to bark
All beggars from the door!

II.

Great overseer of overseers,
And Dealer in old rags!
Thy public duty never fails,
Thy ardour never flags!

III.

Oh, when I take my walks abroad,
How many Poor I *miss!*
Had Doctor Watts walk'd now-a-days
He would have written this!

IV.

So well thy Vagrant catchers prowl,
So clear thy caution keeps
The path—O Bodkin! sure thou hast
The eye that never sleeps!

V.

No Belisarius pleads for alms,
No Benbow, lacking legs;
The pious man in black is now
The only man that begs!

VI.

Street-Handels are disorganized,
Disbanded every band!—
The silent *scraper* at the door
Is scarce allow'd to stand!

* Written jointly with J. H. Reynolds.

VII.

The Sweeper brushes with his broom,
The Carstairs with his chalk
Retires,—the Cripple leaves his stand,
But cannot sell his walk.

VIII.

The old Wall-blind resigns the wall,
The Camels hide their humps,
The Witherington without a leg
Mayn't beg upon his stumps!

IX.

Poor Jack is gone, that used to doff
His batter'd tatter'd hat,
And show his dangling sleeve, alas!
There seem'd no arm in that!

X.

Oh! was it such a sin to air
His true blue naval rags,
Glory's own trophy, like St Paul's,
Hung round with holy flags?

XI.

Thou knowest best. I meditate,
My Bodkin—no offence!
Let us, henceforth, but nurse our pounds,
Thou dost protect our pence!

XII.

Well art thou pointed 'gainst the Poor,
For, when the Beggar Crew
Bring their petitions, thou art paid,
Of course, to "run them through."

XIII.

Of course thou art what Hamlet meant—
To wretches the last friend;
What ills can mortals have they can't
With a bare *Bodkin* end?

WHIMS AND ODDITIES.

(FIRST SERIES, 1826.)

"O Cicero! Cicero! if to pun be a crime, 'tis a crime I have learned of thee. O Bias! Bias! if to pun be a crime, by thy example I was biassed!"—SCRIBLERUS.

DEDICATION TO THE REVIEWERS.

What is a modern Poet's fate?
To write his thoughts upon a slate;—
The Critic spits on what is done,—
Gives it a wipe,—and all is gone.

Very deaf, indeed.

*MORAL REFLECTIONS ON THE CROSS OF ST PAUL'S.**

I.

THE man that pays his pence, and goes
Up to thy lofty cross, St Paul,
Looks over London's naked nose,

* London Magazine, 1822, vol. v. p. 404.

Women and men :
The world is all beneath his ken —
He sits above the *Ball.*
He seems on Mount Olympus' top,
Among the Gods, by Jupiter ! and lets drop
His eyes from the empyreal clouds
On mortal crowds.

II.

Seen from these skies,
How small those emmets in our eyes !
Some carry little sticks—and one
His eggs—to warm them in the sun :
Dear ! what a hustle,
And bustle !
And there's my aunt. I know her by her waist.
So long and thin,
And so pinch'd in,
Just in the pismire taste.

III.

Oh ! what are men ?—Beings so small,
That, should I fall
Upon their little heads, I must
Crush them by hundreds into dust !

IV.

And what is life and all its ages ?
There's seven stages !—
Turnham Green ! Chelsea ! Putney ! Fulham !
Brentford ! and Kew !
And Tooting, too !
And oh ! what very little nags to pull 'em.
Yet each would seem a horse indeed,
If here at Paul's tip-top we'd got 'em ;
Although, like Cinderella's breed,
They're mice at bottom.
Then let me not despise a horse,
Though he looks small from Paul's high cross !
Since he would be,—as near the sky,
—Fourteen hands high.

V.

What is this world with London in its lap ?
Mogg's Map.
The Thames that ebbs and flows in its broad channel ?
A *tidy* kennel.

The bridges stretching from its banks?
Stone planks.
Oh me! hence could I read an admonition
To mad Ambition!
But that he would not listen to my call,
Though I should stand upon the cross, and *ball!*

THE PRAYSE OF IGNORANCE:

AN EXTRACT FROM AN ORATION DELIVERED BEFORE THE MOST GRAVE AND LEARNED FACULTY OF PADUA, BY THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

NOW your Clowne knoweth none of the Booke-man's troubles, and his dayes be the longer; for he doth not vault upon the fierie Pegasus, but jumpes merrilye upon old Ball, who is a cart-horse, and singeth another man's song, which hath, it may be, thirty and six verses, and a burthen withal, and goes to a tune which no man knowes but himself. Alsoe, he wooes the ruddye Cicely, which is not a Muse, but as comely a maide of fleshe as needes be, and many daintye ballades are made of their loves, as may be read in our Poets their Pastoralls; only that therein he is called Damon, which standes for Roger, and Cicely, belike, is ycleped Sylvia, as belongs to their pastorall abodes. Where they lead soe happye life as to stir up envye in the towne's women, who would faine become Shepherdesses by hook and by crook, and get green gownes and lay down upon the sweet verdant grass. Oh, how pleasauntly they sit all the daye long under a shady tree, to hear the young lambes; but at night they listen to the plaintive Philomell, and the gallaunts doe make them chappelets; or, if it chance to be May, they goe a Mayinge, whilst the yonge buds smell sweetlye, and the littel birdes are whistlynge and hoppinge all about.

Then Roger and Cicely sit adowne under the white haw-thorne, and he makes love to her in a shepherd-like waye, in the midst of her flocke. She doth not minde sheepe's-eyes. Even like Cupid and Psyche, as they are set forthe by a cunning Flemishe Limner, as hath been my hap to behold in the Low Countrye, wherein Cupid, with his one hand, is a toyinge with the haires of his head; but, with the other, he handleth the fair neck of his mistresse, who sitteth discreetlye upon a flowerie bank, and lookes down as beseemes upon her shoon; for she is vain of her modestye. This I have seen at the Hague.

And Roger sayth, O Cicely, Cicely, how prettye you be; whereat she doth open her mouth, and smiles loudly; which, when he heares, he sayth again, Nay, but I doe love thee passing well, and with that lays a loud buss upon her cheek, which cannot blushe by reason of its perfect ruddynesse. Anon, he spreadeth in her lap the pink ribbands which he bought at the wake, for her busking, and alsoe a great cake of ginger brede, which causeth her heart to be in her mouthe. Then, quoth he, The little Robins have got their mates, and the prettye Finches be all paired, and why sholde not we? And, quoth she, as

he kisseth her, O Robin, Robin, you be such a sweet-billed bird, that I must needes crye "Aye." Wherefore, on the Sundaye, they go to the Parishe Churche, that they may be joyned into one, and be no more single. Whither they walk tenderlye upon their toes, as if they stepped all the waye upon egges. And Roger hath a brave bowpot at his bosom, which is full of Heart's Ease; but Cicely is decked with ribbands, a knot here, and a knot there, and her head is furnished after a daintye fashion, soe that she wishes, belike, that she was Roger, to see herselfe all round about,—and content her eyes upon her own devices. Whereas, Roger smells to his nosegaye; but his looks travel, as the crabbe goeth, which is side-wayes, towards Cicely; and he smiles sweetlye, to think how that he is going to be made a husbandman, and alsoe of the good cheere which there will be to eat that daye. Soe he walks up to the altar with a stout harte; and when the parson hath made an ende, he kisseth Cicely afreshe, and their markes are registered as man and wife in the church bokes.

After which, some threescore yeares, it may befall you to light on a grave-stone, and, on the wood thereof, to read as followeth:—

"Here I bee, Roger Rackstrawe, which did live at Dipmore Ende, of this Parishe—but now in this tomb.

> "Time was that I did sowe and plough,
> That lyes beneathe the furrowes now;
> But though Death sowes me with his graine,
> I knowe that I shall spring againe."

Now is not this a life to be envyde, which needeth so many men's paynes to paint its pleasures? For, saving the Law clerkes, it is set forth by all that write upon sheepe's skins, even the makers of pastoralls: wherein your Clowne is constantly a figure of Poetry,—being allwayes amongst the leaves. He is their Jack-i'-the-Green.—Wherefore I crye, for my owne part, Oh! that I were a Boore! Oh! that I were a Boore! that troubleth no man, and is troubled of none. Who is written, wherein he cannot read, and is mayde into Poetry, that yet is no Poet; for how sholde he make songs, that knoweth not King Cadmus his alphabet, to pricke them down withal?—

Seeing that he is nowayes learnede—nor hath never bitten of the Apple of Knowledge, which was but a sowre crabbe apple, whereby Adam his wisdom-teeth were set on edge. Wherefore, he is much more a happye man, saying unto his lusty yonge Dame, We twaine be one fleshe.—But the Poet sayth to his mate, Thou art skin of my skin, and bone of my bone; soe that this saying is not a paradoxe,—That the Boke Man is a Dunce in being Wise,—and the Clowne is wise in being a Dunce.

Miss Tree.

A VALENTINE.

I.

Oh ! cruel heart ! ere these posthumous papers
Have met thine eyes, I shall be out of breath ;
Those cruel eyes, like two funereal tapers,
Have only lighted me the way to death.
Perchance, thou wilt extinguish them in vapours,
When I am gone, and green grass covereth
Thy lover, lost ; but it will be in vain—
It will not bring the vital spark again.

II.

Ah ! when those eyes, like tapers, burn'd so blue,
It seem'd an omen that we must expect
The sprites of lovers : and it boded true,
For I am half a sprite—a ghost elect ;
Wherefore I write to thee this last adieu,
With my last pen—before that I effect
My exit from the stage ; just stopp'd before
The tombstone steps that lead us to Death's door.

III.

Full soon these living eyes, now liquid bright,
Will turn dead dull, and wear no radiance, save
They shed a dreary and inhuman light,
Illumed within by glow-worms of the grave:
These ruddy cheeks, so pleasant to the sight,
These lusty legs, and all the limbs I have,
Will keep Death's carnival, and, foul or fresh,
Must bid farewell, a long farewell to flesh!

IV.

Yea, and this very heart, that dies for thee,
As broken victuals to the worms will go;
And all the world will dine again but me—
For I shall have no stomach;—and I know,
When I am ghostly, thou wilt sprightly be
As now thou art: but will not tears of woe
Water thy spirits, with remorse adjunct,
When thou dost pause, and think of the defunct?

V.

And when thy soul is buried in a sleep,
In midnight solitude, and little dreaming
Of such a spectre—what, if I should creep
Within thy presence in such dismal seeming?
Thine eyes will stare themselves awake, and weep,
And thou wilt cross thyself with treble screaming,
And pray, with mingled penitence and dread,
That I were less alive—or not so dead.

VI.

Then will thy heart confess thee, and reprove
This wilful homicide which thou hast done:
And the sad epitaph of so much love
Will eat into thy heart, as if in stone:
And all the lovers that around thee move
Will read my fate, and tremble for their own;
And strike upon their heartless breasts, and sigh,
"Man, born of woman, must of woman die!"

VII.

Mine eyes grow dropsical—I can no more;
And what is written thou may'st scorn to read,
Shutting thy tearless eyes.—'Tis done—'tis o'er—
My hand is destined for another deed.
But one last word, wrung from its aching core,
And my lone heart in silentness will bleed;
Alas! it ought to take a life to tell
That one last word—that fare—fare—fare thee well!

LOVE.

O LOVE! what art thou, Love?—the ace of hearts,
Trumping earth's kings and queens, and all its suits;
A player, masquerading many parts
In life's odd carnival;—a boy that shoots,
From ladies' eyes, such mortal woundy darts;
A gardener, pulling heart's-ease up by the roots;
The Puck of Passion—partly false—part real—
A marriageable maiden's "beau ideal."

O Love! what art thou, Love?—a wicked thing,
Making green misses spoil their work at school;
A melancholy man, cross-gartering?
Grave, ripe-faced wisdom made an April fool?
A youngster tilting at a wedding-ring?
A sinner, sitting on a cuttie stool?
A Ferdinand de Something in a hovel,
Helping Matilda Rose to make a novel?

O Love! what art thou, Love?—one that is bad
With palpitations of the heart—like mine—
A poor bewilder'd maid, making so sad
A necklace of her garters—fell design!
A poet, gone unreasonably mad,
Ending his sonnets with a hempen line?
O Love!—but whither now? forgive me, pray;
I'm not the first that Love hath led astray.

"Rich and rare were the gems she wore."

'PLEASE TO RING THE BELLE."*

I.

I'LL tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore :—
Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door ;
So he call'd upon Lucy—'twas just ten o'clock—
Like a spruce single man, with a smart double knock.

II.

Now, a handmaid, whatever her fingers be at,
Will run like a puss when she hears a *rat*-tat :
So Lucy ran up—and in two seconds more
Had question'd the stranger, and answer'd the door.

III.

The meeting was bliss : but the parting was woe ;
For the moment will come when such comers must go ;
So she kiss'd him, and whisper'd—poor innocent thing—
"The next time you come, love, pray come with a ring."

* London Magazine, January 1822.

"The Cook's Oracle."

A RECIPE—FOR CIVILISATION.

THE following Poem—is from the Pen of DOCTOR KITCHENER!—the most heterogeneous of Authors, but at the same time—in the Sporting Latin of Mr Egan,—a real Homo-*genius*, or a Genius of a Man! In the Poem, his CULINARY ENTHUSIASM, as usual, *boils over!* and makes it seem written, as he describes himself (see The Cook's Oracle)—with the Spit in one hand!—and the Frying-Pan in the other,—while in the style of the rhymes it is Hudibrastic,——as if in the ingredients of Versification, he had been assisted by his BUTLER!

As a Head Cook, Optician—Physician, Music Master—Domestic Economist and Death-bed Attorney!—I have celebrated The Author elsewhere with approbation:—And cannot now place him upon the Table *as a Poet*,—— without still being his LAUDER, a phrase which those persons whose course of classical reading recalls the INFAMOUS FORGERY on *The Immortal Bard of Avon!*—will find easy to understand.

SURELY, those sages err who teach
That man is known from brutes by speech,
Which hardly severs man from woman,
But not th' inhuman from the human,—
Or else might parrots claim affinity,
And dogs be doctors by latinity,—
Not t' insist (as might be shown),
That beasts have gibberish of their own,

Which once was no dead tongue, though we
Since Æsop's days have lost the key;
Nor yet to hint dumb men,—and, still, not
Beasts that could gossip though they will not,
But play at dummy like the monkeys,
For fear mankind should make them flunkeys.
Neither can man be known by feature
Or form, because so like a creature,
That some grave men could never shape
Which is the aped and which the ape;
Nor by his gait, nor by his height,
Nor yet because he's black or white,
But *rational*,—for so we call
The only COOKING ANIMAL!
The only one who brings his bit
Of dinner to the pot or spit,
For where's the lion e'er was hasty
To put his venison in a pasty?
Ergo, by logic, we repute,
That he who cooks is not a brute,—
But Equus brutum est, which means,
If a horse had sense he'd boil his beans;
Nay, no one but a horse would forage
On naked oats instead of porridge,
Which proves, if brutes and Scotchmen vary,
The difference is culinary.
Further, as man is known by feeding
From brutes,—so men from men, in breeding,
Are still distinguish'd as they eat,
And raw in manner's raw in meat,—
Look at the polish'd nations, hight
The civilized—the most polite
Is that which bears the praise of nations
For dressing eggs two hundred fashions;
Whereas, at savage feeders look,—
The less refined the less they cook;
From Tartar grooms, that merely straddle
Across a steak and warm their saddle,
Down to the Abyssinian squaw,
That bolts her chops and collops raw,
And, like a wild beast, cares as little
To dress her person as her victual,—
For gowns, and gloves, and caps, and tippets,
Are beauty's sauces, spice, and sippets,
And not by shamble bodies put on,
But those who roast and boil their mutton;
So Eve and Adam wore no dresses
Because they lived on water-cresses,
And till they learn'd to cook their crudities,
Went blind as beetles to their nudities.
For niceness comes from th' inner side
(As an ox is drest before his hide),

And when the entrail loathes vulgarity
The outward man will soon cull rarity,
For 'tis th' effect of what we eat
To make a man look like his meat,
As insects show their food's complexions ;
Thus fopling's clothes are like confections.
But who, to feed a jaunty coxcomb,
Would have an Abyssinian ox come ?—
Or serve a dish of fricassees,
To clodpoles in a coat of frieze ?
Whereas a black would call for buffalo
Alive—and, no doubt, eat the offal too.
Now (this premised) it follows then
That certain culinary men
Should first go forth with pans and spits
To bring the heathens to their wits
(For all wise Scotchmen of our century
Know that first steps are alimentary ;
And, as we have proved, flesh pots and saucepans
Must pave the way for Wilberforce plans) :
But Bunyan err'd to think the near gate
To take man's soul was battering Ear gate,
When reason should have work'd her course
As men of war do—when their force
Can't take a town by open courage,
They steal an entry with its forage.
What reverend bishop, for example,
Could preach horn'd Apis from his temple ?
Whereas a cook would soon unseat him.
And make his own churchwardens eat him.
Not Irving could convert those vermin
Th' Anthropophages by a sermon ;
Whereas your Osborne,* in a trice,
Would "take a shin of beef and spice,"—
And raise them such a savoury smother,
No Negro would devour his brother,
But turn his stomach round as loth
As Persians, to the old black broth,—
For knowledge oftenest makes an entry,
As well as true love, through the pantry,
Where beaux that came at first for feeding
Grow gallant men and get good breeding ;—
Exempli gratia—in the West,
Ship-traders say there swims a nest
Lined with black natives, like a rookery,
But coarse as carrion crows at cookery.—
This race, though now call'd O. Y. E. men
(To show they are more than A. B. C. men),

* Cook to the late Sir Joseph Banks.

Was once so ignorant of our knacks
They laid their mats upon their backs,
And grew their quartern loaves for luncheon
On trees that baked them in the sunshine.
As for their bodies, they were coated
(For painted things are so denoted);
But, the naked truth is, stark primevals,
That said their prayers to timber devils,
Allow'd polygamy—dwelt in wigwams,—
And, when they meant a feast, ate big yams.—

"Son of the sleepless."

And why?—because their savage nook
Had ne'er been visited by Cook,—
And so they fared till our great chief
Brought them, not Methodists, but beef
In tubs,—and taught them how to live,
Knowing it was too soon to give,
Just then, a homily on their sins
(For cooking ends ere grace begins),
Or hand his tracts to the untractable
Till they could keep a more exact table—
For Nature has her proper courses,
And wild men must be back'd like horses,
Which, jockeys know, are never fit
For riding till they've had a bit

I' the mouth ; but then, with proper tackle,
You may trot them to a tabernacle;
Ergo (I say) he first made changes
In the heathen modes by kitchen ranges,
And taught the king's cook, by convincing
Process, that chewing was not mincing,
And in her black fist thrust a bundle
Of tracts abridged from Glasse and Rundell,
Where, ere she had read beyond Welsh rabbits,
She saw the spareness of her habits,
And round her loins put on a striped
Towel, where fingers might be wiped,
And then her breast clothed like her ribs
(For aprons lead of course to bibs),
And, by the time she had got a meat-
Screen, veil'd her back, too, from the heat ;
As for her gravies and her sauces
(Though they reform'd the royal fauces),
Her forcements and ragoûts,—I praise not,
Because the legend further says not,
Except, she kept each Christian high-day,
And once upon a fat good Fry-day
Ran short of logs, and told the Pagan
That turn'd the spit, to chop up Dagon !

"Tell me, my heart, can this be Love?"

ON THE POPULAR CUPID.

THE figure above was copied, by permission, from a lady's Valentine. To the common apprehension it represents only a miracle of stall-feeding—a babe-Lambert—a caravan-prodigy of grossness,—but, in the romantic mythology, it is the image of the Divinity of Love.

In sober verity,—does such an incubus oppress the female bosom? Can such a monster of obesity be coeval with the gossamer natures of Sylph and Fairy in the juvenile faith? Is this he—the buoyant Camdeo,—that, in the mind's eye of the poetess, drifts adown the Ganges in a lotos—

> "Pillow'd in a lotos flower
> Gather'd in a summer hour,
> Floats he o'er the mountain wave,
> Which would be a tall ship's grave?"

Is this personage the disproportionate partner for whom Pastorella sigheth,—in the smallest of cots? Does the platonic Amanda (who is all soul) refer, in her discourses on Love, to this palpable being, who is all body? Or does Belinda, indeed, believe that such a substantial Sagittarius lies ambushed in her perilous blue eye?

It is in the legend that a girl of Provence was smitten once, and died, by the marble Apollo: but did impassioned damsel ever dote,

and wither, beside the pedestal of this preposterous effigy? or rather, is not the unseemly emblem accountable for the coyness and proverbial reluctance of maidens to the approaches of Love?

I can believe in his dwelling alone in the heart—seeing that he must occupy it to repletion;—in his constancy, because he looks sedentary and not apt to roam. That he is given to melt—from his great pinguitude. That he burneth with a flame, for so all fat burneth—and hath languishings—like other bodies of his tonnage. That he sighs—from his size.

I dispute not his kneeling at ladies' feet—since it is the posture of elephants,—nor his promise that the homage shall remain eternal. I doubt not of his dying,—being of a corpulent habit, and a short neck.—Of his blindness—with that inflated pig's cheek. But for his lodging in Belinda's blue eye, my whole faith is heretic—*for she hath never a city in it.*

"The Last Man."

THE LAST MAN.

'TWAS in the year two thousand and one,
A pleasant morning of May,
I sat on the gallows-tree, all alone,
A chaunting a merry lay,—
To think how the pest had spared my life,
To sing with the larks that day!

When up the heath came a jolly knave,
Like a scarecrow, all in rags:
It made me crow to see his old duds
All abroad in the wind, like flags:—
So up he came to the timber's foot
And pitch'd down his greasy bags.

Good Lord! how blythe the old beggar was!
At pulling out his scraps,—
The very sight of his broken orts
Made a work in his wrinkled chaps:
"Come down," says he, "you Newgate bird,
And have a taste of my snaps!"——

Then down the rope, like a tar from the mast,
I slided, and by him stood;
But I wish'd myself on the gallows again
When I smelt that beggar's food—
A foul beef-bone and a mouldy crust;
"Oh!" quoth he, "the heavens are good!"

Then after this grace he cast him down:
Says I, "You'll get sweeter air
A pace or two off, on the windward side,"
For the felons' bones lay there.
But he only laugh'd at the empty skulls,
And offer'd them part of his fare.

"I never harm'd *them*, and they won't harm me!
Let the proud and the rich be cravens!"
I did not like that strange beggar-man,
He look'd so up at the heavens.
Anon he shook out his empty old poke;
"There's the crumbs," saith he, "for the ravens!"

It made me angry to see his face,
It had such a jesting look;
But while I made up my mind to speak,
A small case-bottle he took:
Quoth he, "Though I gather the green watercress,
My drink is not of the brook!"

Full manners-like he tender'd the dram;
Oh, it came of a dainty cask!
But, whenever it came to his turn to pull,
"Your leave, good sir, I must ask;
But I always wipe the brim with my sleeve,
When a hangman sups at my flask!"

And then he laugh'd so loudly and long,
The churl was quite out of breath;
I thought the very Old One was come
To mock me before my death,
And wish'd I had buried the dead men's bones
That were lying about the heath!

But the beggar gave me a jolly clap—
"Come, let us pledge each other,
For all the wide world is dead beside,
And we are brother and brother—
I've a yearning for thee in my heart,
As if we had come of one mother.

"I've a yearning for thee in my heart
That almost makes me weep,
For as I pass'd from town to town
The folks were all stone-asleep,—
But when I saw thee sitting aloft,
It made me both laugh and leap!"

Now a curse (I thought) be on his love,
And a curse upon his mirth,—
An' it were not for that beggar-man
I'd be the King of the earth,—
But I promised myself an hour should come
To make him rue his birth!

So down we sat and boused again
Till the sun was in mid-sky,
When, just when the gentle west wind came,
We hearken'd a dismal cry;
"Up, up, on the tree," quoth the beggar-man,
"Till those horrible dogs go by!"

And, lo! from the forest's far-off skirts
They came all yelling for gore,
A hundred hounds pursuing at once,
And a panting hart before,
Till he sunk adown at the gallows' foot,
And there his haunches they tore!

His haunches they tore, without a horn
To tell when the chase was done;
And there was not a single scarlet coat
To flaunt it in the sun!
I turn'd, and look'd at the beggar-man,
And his tears dropt one by one!

And with curses sore he chid at the hounds,
Till the last dropt out of sight;
Anon, saith he, "Let's down again,
And ramble for our delight,
For the world's all free, and we may choose
A right cozie barn for to-night!"

With that, he set up his staff on end,
And it fell with the point due west;
So we fared that way to a city great,
Where the folks had died of the pest—
It was fine to enter in house and hall,
Wherever it liked me best!

For the porters all were stiff and cold,
And could not lift their heads;
And when he came where their masters lay,
The rats leapt out of the beds;
The grandest palaces in the land
Were as free as workhouse sheds.

But the beggar-man made a mumping face,
And knock'd at every gate:
It made me curse to hear how he whined,
So our fellowship turn'd to hate,
And I bade him walk the world by himself,
For I scorn'd so humble a mate!

So *he* turn'd right, and *I* turn'd left,
As if we had never met;
And I chose a fair stone house for myself,
For the city was all to let;
And for three brave holydays drank my fill
Of the choicest that I could get.

And because my jerkin was coarse and worn,
I got me a properer vest;
It was purple velvet, stitch'd o'er with gold,
And a shining star at the breast!—
'Twas enough to fetch old Joan from her grave
To see me so purely drest!

But Joan was dead and under the mould,
And every buxom lass;
In vain I watch'd, at the window pane,
For a Christian soul to pass!
But sheep and kine wander'd up the street,
And browsed on the new-come grass.

When lo ! I spied the old beggar-man,
And lustily he did sing !
His rags were lapp'd in a scarlet cloak,
And a crown he had like a King ;
So he stepp'd right up before my gate,
And danced me a saucy fling !

Heaven mend us all !—but, within my mind,
I had kill'd him then and there ;
To see him lording so braggart-like
That was born to his beggar's fare,
And how he had stolen the royal crown
His betters were meant to wear.

But God forbid that a thief should die
Without his share of the laws !
So I nimbly whipt my tackle out,
And soon tied up his claws,—
I was judge, myself, and jury, and all,
And solemnly tried the case.

But the beggar-man would not plead, but cried
Like a babe without its corals,
For he knew how hard it is apt to go
When the law and a thief have quarrels,—
There was not a Christian soul alive
To speak a word for his morals.

Oh, how gaily I doff'd my costly gear,
And put on my work-day clothes ;
I was tired of such a long Sunday life,
And never was one of the sloths ;
But the beggar-man grumbled a weary deal,
And made many crooked mouths.

So I haul'd him off to the gallows' foot,
And blinded him in his bags ;
'Twas a weary job to heave him up,
For a doom'd man always lags ;
But by ten of the clock he was off his legs
In the wind, and airing his rags !

So there he hung, and there I stood,
The LAST MAN left alive,
To have my own will of all the earth :
Quoth I, "Now I shall thrive !"
But when was ever honey made
With one bee in a hive ?

My conscience began to gnaw my heart
Before the day was done,
For other men's lives had all gone out,
Like candles in the sun!—
But it seem'd as if I had broke, at last,
A thousand necks in one!

So I went and cut his body down
To bury it decentlie;—
God send there were any good soul alive
To do the like by me!
But the wild dogs came with terrible speed,
And bay'd me up the tree!

My sight was like a drunkard's sight,
And my head began to swim,
To see their jaws all white with foam,
Like the ravenous ocean brim;—
But when the wild dogs trotted away,
Their jaws were bloody and grim!

Their jaws were bloody and grim, good Lord!
But the beggar-man, where was he?—
There was nought of him but some ribbons of rags
Below the gallows' tree!—
I know the Devil, when I am dead,
Will send his hounds for me!

I've buried my babies one by one,
And dug the deep hole for Joan,
And cover'd the faces of kith and kin,
And felt the old churchyard stone
Go cold to my heart full many a time,
But I never felt so lone!

For the lion and Adam were company,
And the tiger him beguiled;
But the simple kine are foes to my life,
And the household brutes are wild.
If the veriest cur would lick my hand,
I could love it like a child!

And the beggar-man's ghost besets my dreams,
At night, to make me madder,—
And my wretched conscience, within my breast,
Is like a stinging adder;—
I sigh when I pass the gallows' foot,
And look at the rope and ladder!—

For hanging looks sweet,—but, alas ! in vain
My desperate fancy begs,—
I must turn my cup of sorrows quite up,
And drink it to the dregs,—
For there's not another man alive
In the world to pull my legs !

"Pigmy and Crane."

Christmas Pantomime.

THE BALLAD OF "SALLY BROWN, AND BEN THE CARPENTER."

I HAVE never been vainer of any verses than of my part in the following Ballad. Dr Watts, amongst evangelical nurses, has an enviable renown—and Campbell's Ballads enjoy a snug genteel popularity. "Sally Brown" has been favoured, perhaps, with as wide a patronage as the Moral Songs, though its circle may not have been of so select a class as the friends of "Hohenlinden." But I do not desire to see it amongst what are called Elegant Extracts. The lamented Emery, drest as Tom Tug, sang it at his last mortal Benefit at Covent Garden;—and, ever since, it has been a great favourite with the watermen of Thames, who time their oars to it, as the wherry-men of Venice time theirs to the lines of Tasso. With the watermen, it went naturally to Vauxhall:—and, over land, to Sadler's Wells. The Guards, not the mail coach, but the Life Guards,—picked it out from a fluttering hundred of others—all going to one air—against the dead wall at Knightsbridge. Cheap Printers of Shoe Lane and Cow-cross, (all pirates!) disputed about the Copyright, and published their own editions,—and, in the meantime, the Authors, to have made bread of their song (it was poor old Homer's hard ancient case!) must have sung it about the streets. Such is the lot of Literature! the profits of "Sally Brown" were divided by the Ballad Mongers:—it has cost, but has never brought me, a halfpenny.

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

AN OLD BALLAD.*

YOUNG Ben he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetch'd a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew;
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The Boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head,
He'll be as good as me;
For when your swain is in our boat,
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She roused, and found she only was
A coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone?"
She cried, and wept outright:
"Then I will to the water side,
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her,
"Now, young woman," said he,
"If you weep on so, you will make
Eye-water in the sea."

"Alas! they've taken my beau Ben
To sail with old Benbow;"
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she'd said Gee woe!

* Printed in the London Magazine (1822), vol. v. p. 203.

Says he, "They've only taken him
To the Tender-ship, you see;"
"The Tender-ship," cried Sally Brown,
"What a hard-ship that must be!

"Oh! would I were a mermaid now,
For then I'd follow him;
But oh!—I'm not a fish-woman,
And so I cannot swim.

"Alas! I was not born beneath
The Virgin and the Scales,
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sail'd to many a place
That's underneath the world;
But in two years the ship came home,
And all her sails were furl'd.

But when he call'd on Sally Brown,
To see how she went on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian name was John.

"O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown!
How could you serve me so?
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow!"

Then reading on his 'bacco-box,
He heaved a bitter sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing "All's Well,"
But could not though he tried;
His head was turn'd, and so he chew'd
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happen'd in his birth,
At forty-odd befell:
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton toll'd the bell.

"O my bonnie, bonnie Bet!"

BACKING THE FAVOURITE.

OH a pistol, or a knife!
For I'm weary of my life,—
My cup has nothing sweet left to flavour it;
My estate is out at nurse,
And my heart is like my purse,—
And all through backing of the Favourite!

At dear O'Neil's first start,
I sported all my heart,—
Oh, Becher, he never marr'd a braver hit!
For he cross'd her in her race,
And made her lose her place,
And there was an end of that Favourite!

Anon, to mend my chance,
For the Goddess of the Dance*
I pined, and told my enslaver it!—
But she wedded in a canter,
And made me a Levanter,
In foreign lands to sigh for the Favourite!

* The late favourite of the King's Theatre, who left the *pas seul* of life, for a perpetual *Ball*. Is not that her effigy now commonly borne about by the Italian image vendors—an ethereal form holding a wreath with both hands above her head—and her husband, in emblem, beneath her foot?

Then next Miss M. A. Tree
I adored, so sweetly she
  Could warble like a nightingale and quaver it,—
But she left that course of life
To be Mr Bradshaw's wife,
  And all the world lost on the Favourite !

But out of sorrow's surf
Soon I leap'd upon the turf,
  Where fortune loves to wanton it and waver it ;—
But standing on the pet,
" O my bonnie, bonnie Bet ! "
  Black and yellow pull'd short up with the Favourite !

Thus flung by all the crack,
I resolved to cut the pack,—
  The second-raters seem'd then a safer hit !
So I laid my little odds
Against Memnon ! O ye Gods !
  Am I always to be floor'd by the Favourite !

" Oh, that this too too solid flesh would melt ! "

A COMPLAINT AGAINST GREATNESS.

I AM an unfortunate creature, the most wretched of all that groan under the burden of the flesh. I am fainting, as they say of kings, under my oppressive greatness. A miserable Atlas, I sink under the world of—myself.

But the curious will here ask me for my name. I am, then, or they say I am, "The Reverend Mr Farmer, a four-years' old Durham Ox, fed by himself, upon oil-cake and mangel-wurzel:" but I resemble that worthy agricultural Vicar only in my fat living. In plain truth, I am an unhappy candidate for the show at Sadler's—not "the Wells," but the Repository. They tell me I am to bear the bell (as if I had not enough to bear already!) by my surpassing tonnage—and, doubtless, the pzize-emblem will be proportioned to my uneasy merits. With a great Tom of Lincoln about my neck—alas! what will it comfort me to have been "commended by the judges?"

Wearisome and painful was my pilgrim-like progress to this place, by short and tremulous steppings, like the digit's march upon a dial. My owner, jealous of my fat, procured a crippled drover, with a withered limb, for my conductor; but even *he* hurried me beyond my breath. The drawling hearse left me labouring behind; the ponderous fly-waggon passed me like a bird upon the road, so tediously slow is my pace. It just sufficeth, O ye thrice-happy Oysters! that have no locomotive faculty at all, to distinguish that I am not at rest. Wherever the grass grew by the wayside, how it tempted my natural longings—the cool brook flowed at my very foot, but this short thick neck forbade me to eat or drink: nothing but my redundant dewlap is likely ever to graze on the ground!

If stalls and troughs were not extant, I must perish. Nature has given to the Elephant a long flexible tube, or trunk, so that he can feed his mouth, as it were, by his nose; but is man able to furnish me with such an implement? Or would he not still withhold it, lest I should prefer the green herb, my natural delicious diet, and reject his rank, unsavoury condiments? What beast, with free will, but would repair to the sweet meadow for its pasture: and yet how grossly is he labelled and libelled? Your bovine servant, in the catalogue, is a "Durham Ox, *fed by himself* (as if he had any election), upon oilcake."

I wonder what rapacious Cook, with an eye to her insatiable grease-pot and kitchen perquisites, gave the hint of this system of stall-feeding! What unctuous Hull Merchant, or candle-loving Muscovite, made this grossness a desideratum? If mine were, indeed, like the fat of the tender sucking-pig, that delicate gluten! there would be reason for its unbounded promotion; but to see the prize steak, loaded with that rank yellow abomination (the lamplighters know its relish), might wean a man from carnivorous habits for ever. Verily, it is an abuse of the Christmas holly, the emblem of Old English and wholesome cheer, to plant it upon such blubber. A gentlemanly entrail must be driven to extreme straits, indeed (Davis's Straits), to feel any yearnings for such a meal; and yet I am told that an assembly of gentry, with all the celebrations of full bumpers and a blazing chimney-pot, have honoured the broiled slices of a prize bullock, a dishful of stringy fibres, an animal cabbage-net, and that rank even hath been satisfied with its rankness.

Will the honourable club, whose aim it is thus to make the beastly nature more beastly, consider of this matter? Will the humane, when they provide against the torments of cats and dogs, take no notice of our condition? Nature, to the whales, and creatures of their cor-

pulence, has assigned the cool deeps ; but we have no such refuge in our meltings. At least, let the stall-feeder confine his system to the uncleanly swine which chews not the cud ; for let the worthy members conceive on the palate of imagination, the abominable returns of the refuse-linseed in our after ruminations. Oh, let us not suffer in vain ! It may seem presumption in a brute to question the human wisdom ; but, truly, I can perceive no beneficial ends, worthy to be set off against our sufferings. There must be, methinks, a nearer way of augmenting the perquisites of the kitchen-wench and the fire-man,—of killing frogs,—than by exciting them. at the expense of us poor blown-up oxen, to a mortal inflation.

"All's well that ends well."

THE MERMAID OF MARGATE.

"Alas ! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with a siren."—HUDIBRAS.

ON Margate beach, where the sick one roams,
And the sentimental reads ;
Where the maiden flirts, and the widow comes—
Like the ocean—to cast her weeds ;

Where urchins wander to pick up shells,
And the Cit to spy at the ships,—
Like the water gala at Sadler's Wells,—
And the Chandler for watery dips ;—

There's a maiden sits by the ocean brim,
As lovely and fair as Sin!
But woe, deep water and woe to him,
That she snareth like Peter Fin!

Her head is crown'd with pretty sea-wares,
And her locks are golden and loose:
And seek to her feet, like other folks' heirs,
To stand, of course, in her shoes!

And all day long she combeth them well,
With a sea-shark's prickly jaw;
And her mouth is just like a rose-lipp'd shell,
The fairest that man e'er saw!

And the Fishmonger, humble as love may be,
Hath planted his seat by her side;
"Good even, fair maid! Is thy lover at sea,
To make thee so watch the tide?"

She turn'd about with her pearly brows,
And clasp'd him by the hand;
"Come, love, with me; I've a bonny house
On the golden Goodwin Sand."

And then she gave him a siren kiss,
No honeycomb e'er was sweeter:
Poor wretch! how little he dreamt for this
That Peter should be salt-Peter!

And away with her prize to the wave she leapt,
Not walking, as damsels do,
With toe and heel, as she ought to have stept,
But she hopp'd like a Kangaroo!

One plunge, and then the victim was blind,
Whilst they gallop'd across the tide;
At last, on the bank he waked in his mind,
And the Beauty was by his side.

One half on the sand, and half in the sea,
But his hair all began to stiffen;
For when he look'd where her feet should be,
She had no more feet than Miss Biffen!

But a scaly tail, of a dolphin's growth,
In the dabbling brine did soak:
At last she open'd her pearly mouth,
Like an oyster, and thus she spoke:

"You crimp'd my father, who was a skate,—
And my sister you sold—a maid;
So here remain for a fishery fate,
For lost you are, and betray'd!"

And away she went, with a seagull's scream,
And a splash of her saucy tail;
In a moment he lost the silvery gleam
That shone on her splendid mail!

The sun went down with a blood-red flame,
And the sky grew cloudy and black,
And the tumbling billows like leap-frog came,
Each over the other's back!

Ah me! it had been a beautiful scene,
With a safe terra-firma round;
But the green water-hillocks all seem'd to him
Like those in a churchyard ground;

And Christians love in the turf to lie,
Not in watery graves to be;
Nay, the very fishes will sooner die
On the land than in the sea.

And whilst he stood, the watery strife
Encroach'd on every hand,
And the ground decreased,—his moments of life
Seem'd measured, like Time's, by sand;

And still the waters foam'd in, like ale,
In front and on either flank;
He knew that Goodwin and Co. must fail,
There was such a run on the bank.

A little more, and a little more,
The surges came tumbling in;
He sang the evening hymn twice o'er,
And thought of every sin!

Each flounder and plaice lay cold at his heart,
As cold as his marble slab;
And he thought he felt, in every part,
The pincers of scalded crab!

The squealing lobsters that he had boil'd,
And the little potted shrimps,
All the horny prawns he had ever spoil'd,
Gnaw'd into his soul, like imps!

And the billows were wandering to and fro,
  And the glorious sun was sunk,
And Day, getting black in the face, as though
  Of the night-shade she had drunk!

Had there been but a smuggler's cargo adrift,
  One tub, or keg, to be seen,
It might have given his spirits a lift,
  Or an *anker* where *Hope* might lean!

But there was not a box or a beam afloat,
  To raft him from that sad place;
Not a skiff, not a yawl, or a mackerel-boat,
  Nor a smack upon Neptune's face.

At last, his lingering hopes to buoy,
  He saw a sail and a mast,
And call'd "Ahoy!"—but it was not a hoy,
  And so the vessel went past.

And with saucy wing that flapp'd in his face,
  The wild bird about him flew,
With a shrilly scream, that twitted his case,
  "Why, thou art a sea-gull too!"

And lo! the tide was over his feet;
  Oh! his heart began to freeze,
And slowly to pulse:—in another beat
  The wave was up to his knees!

He was deafen'd amidst the mountain-tops,
  And the salt spray blinded his eyes,
And wash'd away the other salt drops
  That grief had caused to arise:—

But just as his body was all afloat,
  And the surges above him broke,
He was saved from the hungry deep by a boat
  Of Deal—(but builded of oak).

The skipper gave him a dram, as he lay,
  And chafed his shivering skin:
And the Angel return'd that was flying away
  With the spirit of Peter Fin!

"My son, sir."

MY SON, SIR.

IT happened, the other evening, that, intending to call at L—— Street, I arrived a few minutes before Hyson; when W * * *, seated beside the Urn, his eyes shaded by his hand, was catechising his learned prodigy, the Master Hopeful, as if for a tea-table degree. It was a whimsical contrast between the fretful, pouting visage of the urchin, having his gums rubbed so painfully, to bring forward his wisdom-tooth—and the parental visage, sage, solemn, and satisfied, and appealing ever and anon, by a dramatic side-look, to the circle of smirking auditors.

W * * * was fond of this kind of display, eternally stirring up the child for exhibition with his troublesome long pole,—besides lecturing him through the diurnal vacations so tediously, that the poor urchin was fain,—for the sake of a little play,—to get into school again.

I hate all forcing-frames for the young intellect,—and the *Locke* system, which after all is but a *Canal* system for raising the babe-mind to unnatural levels. I pity the poor child that is learned in alpha beta, but ignorant of top and taw; and was never so maliciously gratified as when, in spite of all his promptings and leading questions, I beheld W * * * reddening, even to the conscious tips of his tingling ears, at the boy's untimely inaptitude. Why could he not rest contented, when the poor imp had answered him already, "What was a Roman Emperor?"—without requiring an interpretation of *the Logos*?

" As it fell upon a day."

"AS IT FELL UPON A DAY."

I WONDER that W——, the Ami des Enfans, has never written a sonnet, or ballad, on a girl that had broken her pitcher. There are in the subject the poignant heart's anguish for sympathy and description;—and the brittleness of jars and joys, with the abrupt loss of the watery fruits—(the *pumpkins* as it were)—of her labours, for a moral. In such childish accidents there is a world of woe;—the fall of earthenware is to babes as, to elder contemplations, the Fall of Man.

I have often been tempted myself to indite a didactic ode to that urchin in Hogarth with the ruined pie-dish. What a lusty anguish is wringing him—so that all for pity he could die;—and then there is the instantaneous falling on of the beggar-girl to lick up the fragments—expressively hinting how universally want and hunger are abounding in this miserable world,—and ready gaping at every turn, for such windfalls and stray godsends. But, hark!—what a shrill, feline cry startleth the wide Aldgate!

Oh! what's befallen Bessy Brown,
  She stands so squalling in the street?
She's let her pitcher tumble down,
  And all the water's at her feet!

The little schoolboys stood about,
  And laugh'd to see her pumping, pumping:
Now with a curtsey to the spout,
  And then upon her tiptoes jumping.

Long time she waited for her neighbours
  To have their turns:—but she must lose
The watery wages of her labours,—
  Except a little in her shoes!

Without a voice to tell her tale,
  And ugly transport in her face;
All like a jugless nightingale,
  She thinks of her bereaved case.

At last she sobs—she cries—she screams!—
  And pours her flood of sorrows out,
From eyes and mouth, in mingled streams,
  Just like the lion on the spout.

For well poor Bessy knows her mother
  Must lose her tea, for water's lack,
That Sukey burns—and baby-brother
  Must be dry-rubb'd with huck-a-back!

A FAIRY TALE.

On Hounslow Heath, and close beside the road.
As western travellers may oft have seen,
A little house some years ago there stood,
  A minikin abode;
And built like Mr Birkbeck's, all of wood:
The walls of white, the window shutters green,—
Four wheels it hath at North, South, East, and West
  (Though now at rest),
On which it used to wander to and fro,
Because its master ne'er maintain'd a rider,
  Like those who trade in Paternoster Row;
But made his business travel for itself,
  Till he had made his pelf,
And then retired—if one may call it so,
  Of a roadsider.

Perchance, the very race and constant riot
Of stages, long and short, which thereby ran,
Made him more relish the repose and quiet
Of his now sedentary caravan;
Perchance, he loved the ground because 'twas common,
And so he might impale a strip of soil
That furnish'd, by his toil,
Some dusty greens, for him and his old woman;—
And five tall hollyhocks, in dingy flower,
Howbeit, the thoroughfare did no ways spoil
His peace, unless, in some unlucky hour,
A stray horse came and gobbled up his bower!

But tired of always looking at the coaches,
The same to come,—when they had seen them one day!
And used to brisker life, both man and wife
Began to suffer N U E's approaches,
And feel retirement like a long wet Sunday,—
So, having had some quarters of school breeding,
They turn'd themselves like other folks, to reading;
But setting out where others nigh have done,
And being ripen'd in the seventh stage,
The childhood of old age,
Began, as other children have begun,—
Not with the pastorals of Mr Pope,
Or Bard of Hope,
Or Paley ethical, or learned Porson,—
But spelt, on Sabbaths, in St Mark, or John.
And then relax'd themselves with Whittington,
Or Valentine and Orson—
But chiefly fairy tales they loved to con,
And being easily melted in their dotage,
Slobber'd,—and kept
Reading,—and wept
Over the White Cat, in their wooden cottage.

Thus reading on—the longer
They read, of course, their childish faith grew stronger
In Gnomes, and Hags, and Elves, and Giants grim,—
If talking Trees and Birds reveal'd to him,
She saw the flight of Fairyland's fly-waggons,
And magic fishes swim
In puddle ponds, and took old crows for dragons.—
Both were quite drunk from the enchanted flagons;
When as it fell upon a summer's day,
As the old man sat a feeding
On the old babe-reading,
Beside his open street-and-parlour door,
A hideous roar
Proclaim'd a drove of beasts was coming by the way.

Long-horn'd, and short, of many a different breed,
Tall, tawny brutes, from famous Lincoln-levels
Or Durham feed;
With some of those unquiet black dwarf devils
From nether side of Tweed,
Or Firth of Forth;
Looking half wild with joy to leave the North,—
With dusty hides, all mobbing on together,—
When,—whether from a fly's malicious comment
Upon his tender flank, from which he shrank;
Or whether
Only in some enthusiastic moment,—
However, one brown monster, in a frisk,
Giving his tail a perpendicular whisk,
Kick'd out a passage through the beastly rabble;
And after a pas seul,—or, if you will, a
Horn-pipe before the Basket-maker's villa,
Leapt o'er the tiny pale,—
Back'd his beef-steaks against the wooden gable,
And thrust his brawny bell-rope of a tail
Right o'er the page,
Wherein the sage
Just then was spelling some romantic fable.

The old man, half a scholar, half a dunce,
Could not peruse,—who could?—two tales at once;
And being huff'd
At what he knew was none of Riquet's Tuft,
Bang'd-to the door,
But most unluckily enclosed a morsel
Of the intruding tail, and all the tassel:—
The monster gave a roar,
And bolting off with speed increased by pain,
The little house became a coach once more,
And, like Macheath, "took to the road" again!

Just then, by Fortune's whimsical decree,
The ancient woman stooping with her crupper
Towards sweet home, or where sweet home should be,
Was getting up some household herbs for supper;
Thoughtful of Cinderella in the tale,
And quaintly wondering if magic shifts
Could o'er a common pumpkin so prevail,
To turn it to a coach;—what pretty gifts
Might come of cabbages and curly kale:
Meanwhile she never heard her old man's wail,
Nor turn'd, till home had turn'd a corner, quite
Gone out of sight!

At last, conceive her, rising from the ground,
Weary of sitting on her russet clothing;
And looking round
Where rest was to be found,
There was no house—no villa there—no nothing!
No house!
The change was quite amazing;
It made her senses stagger for a minute,
The riddle's explication seem'd to harden;
But soon her superannuated *nous*
Explain'd the horrid mystery;—and raising
Her hand to heaven, with the cabbage in it,
On which she meant to sup,—
"Well! this *is* Fairy Work! I'll bet a farden,
Little Prince Silverwings has ketch'd me up,
And set me down in some one else's garden!"

The Spoiled Child.

THE SPOILED CHILD.

MY Aunt Shakerly was of an enormous bulk. I have not done justice to her hugeness in my sketch, for my timid pencil declined to hazard a sweep at her real dimensions.—There is a vastness in the outline, of even moderate proportions, till the mass is

rounded off by shadows, that makes the hand hesitate, and apt to stint the figure of its proper breadth: how, then, should I have ventured to trace, like mapping in a Continent, the surpassing boundaries of my Aunt Shakerly!

What a visage was hers!—the cheeks, a pair of hemispheres:—her neck literally swallowed up by a supplementary chin. Her arm, cased in a tight sleeve, was as the bolster,—her body like the feather bed of Ware. The waist, which, in other trunks, is an isthmus, was in hers only the middle zone of a continuous tract of flesh:—her ankles overlapped her shoes.

With such a figure, it may be supposed that her habits were sedentary.—When she did walk, the Tower Quay, for the sake of the fresh river-breeze, was her favourite resort. But never, in all her waterside promenades, was she hailed by the uplifted finger of the Waterman. With looks purposely averted he declined, tacitly, such a Fairlopian Fair.—The Hackney-coach driver, whilst she halted over against him, mustering up all her scanty puffings for an exclamation, drove off to the nether pavement, and pleaded a prior call. The chairman, in answer to her signals—had just broken his poles.—Thus, her goings were cramped within a narrow circle: many thoroughfares, besides, being strange to her and inaccessible, such as Thames Street, through the narrow pavements;—others, like the Hill of Holborn,—from their impracticable steepness. How she was finally to master a more serious ascension (the sensible incumbrance of the flesh clinging to her even in her spiritual aspirations), was a matter of her serious despondency—a picture of Jacob's Ladder, by Sir F. Bourgeois, confirming her, that the celestial staircase was without a landing.

For a person of her elephantine proportions, my Aunt was of a kindly nature—for I confess a prejudice against such Giantesses. She was cheerful, and eminently charitable to the poor,—although she did not condescend to a personal visitation of their very limited abodes. If she had a fault, it was in her conduct towards children—not spoiling them by often repeated indulgences, and untimely severities, the common practice of bad mothers;—it was by a shorter course that the latent and hereditary virtues of the infant Shakerly were blasted in the bud.

Oh, my tender cousin * * *! (for thou wert yet unbaptized). Oh! would thou had'st been,—my little babe-cousin,—of a savager mother born!—For then, having thee comfortably swaddled, upon a backboard, with a hole in it, she would have hung thee up, out of harm's way, above the mantel-shelf, or behind the kitchen door—whereas, thy parent was no savage, and so, having her hands full of other matters, she laid thee down, helpless, upon the parlour chair!—

In the meantime, the *Herald* came.—Next to an easy seat, my Aunt dearly loved a police newspaper;—when she had once plunged into its columns, the most vital question obtained from her only a random answer;—the world and the roasting-jack stood equally still.—So, without a second thought, she dropped herself on the nursing chair. One little smothered cry—my cousin's last breath—found its way into the upper air,—but the still small voice of the reporter engrossed the maternal ear.

My Aunt never skimmed a newspaper, according to some people's practice. She was as solid a reader as a sitter, and did not get up, therefore, till she had gone through the "Herald" from end to end. When she did rise,—which was suddenly,—the earth quaked—the windows rattled—the ewers splashed over—the crockery fell from the shelf—and the cat and rats ran out together, as they are said to do from a falling house.

"Heyday!" said my uncle, above-stairs, as he staggered from the concussion—and, with the usual curiosity, he referred to his pocket-book for the Royal Birthday. But the almanac not accounting for the explosion, he ran down the stairs, at the heels of the housemaid, and there lay my Aunt, stretched on the parlour-floor, in a fit. At the very first glimpse, he explained the matter to his own satisfaction, in three words—

"Ah—the apoplexy!"

Now the housemaid had done her part to secure him against this error, by holding up the dead child; but as she turned the body *edge-ways*, he did not perceive it. When he did see it——but I must draw a curtain over the parental agony—

* * * * *

About an hour after the catastrophe, an inquisitive she-neighbour called in, and asked if we should not have the Coroner to sit on the body:—but my uncle replied, "There was no need."—"But in cases, Mr Shakerly, where the death is not natural."—"My dear Madam," interrupted my uncle, "it was a natural death enough."

THE FALL OF THE DEER.

[FROM AN OLD MS.]

NOW the loud Crye is up, and harke!
The barkye Trees give back the Bark;
The House Wife heares the merrie rout,
And runnes,—and lets the beere run out,
Leaving her Babes to weepe,—for why?
She likes to heare the Deer Dogges crye,
And see the wild Stag how he stretches
The naturall Buck-skin of his Breeches,
Running like one of Human kind
Dogged by fleet Bailiffes close behind—
As if he had not payde his Bill
For Ven'son, or was owing still
For his two Hornes, and soe did get
Over his Head and Ears in Debt;—
Wherefore he strives to paye his Waye
With his long Legges the while he maye:—
But he is chased, like Silver Dish,
As well as anye Hart [may] wish.

Except that one whose Heart doth beat
So faste it hasteneth his Feet ;—
And runninge soe, he holdeth Death,
Four feet from him,—till his Breath
Faileth, and slacking Pace at last,
From runninge slow he standeth faste,
With hornie Bayonettes at baye
To baying Dogges around, and they
Pushing him sore, he pusheth sore,
And goreth them that seek his Gore,—
Whatever Dogge his Horne doth rive
Is dead—as sure as he's alive !
Soe that courageous Hart doth fight
With Fate, and calleth up his might,
And standeth stout that he maye fall
Bravelye, and be avenged of all,
Nor like a Craven yield his Breath
Under the Jawes of Dogges and Death !

Master Graham.

DECEMBER AND MAY.

" Crabbed Age and Youth cannot live together."—SHAKESPEARE.

SAID Nestor to his pretty wife, quite sorrowful one day,
" Why, dearest, will you shed in pearls those lovely eyes away?
You ought to be more fortified."—" Ah, brute, be quiet, do!
I know I'm not so fortyfied, nor fiftyfied, as you!

" Oh, men are vile deceivers all, as I have ever heard;
You'd die for me, you swore, and I—I took you at your word.
I was a tradesman's widow then—a pretty change I've made;
To live and die the wife of one, a widower by trade!"

" Come, come, my dear, these flighty airs declare, in sober truth,
You want as much in age, indeed, as I can want in youth;
Besides, you said you liked old men, though now at me you huff."
" Why, yes," she said, " and so I do—but you're not old enough!"

" Come, come, my dear, let's make it up, and have a quiet hive;
I'll be the best of men,—I mean,—I'll be the best *alive!*
Your grieving so will kill me, for it cuts me to the core."
" I thank you, sir, for telling me—for now I'll grieve the more!"

A WINTER NOSEGAY.

OH, wither'd winter Blossoms,
Dowager-flowers,—the December vanity,
In antiquated visages and bosoms.—
What are ye plann'd for,
Unless to stand for
Emblems, and peevish morals of humanity?

There is my Quaker Aunt,
A Paper-Flower,—with a formal border
No breeze could e'er disorder,
Pouting at that old beau—the Winter Cherry,
A pucker'd berry;
And Box, like a tough-lived annuitant,—
Verdant alway—
From quarter-day even to quarter-day;
And poor old Honesty, as thin as want,—
Well named, God wot,
Under the baptism of the water-pot,—
The very apparition of a plant!
And why
Dost hold thy head so high,
Old Winter-Daisy?—
Because thy virtue never was infirm,
Howe'er thy stalk be crazy?

That never wanton fly, or blighting worm,
Made holes in thy most perfect indentation ?
'Tis likely that sour leaf,
To garden thief,
Forcepp'd or wing'd, was never a temptation ;—
Well,—still uphold thy wintry reputation ;
Still shalt thou frown upon all lovers' trial :
And when, like Grecian maids, young maids of ours
Converse with flowers,
Then thou shalt be the token of denial.

Away ! dull weeds,
Born without beneficial use or needs !
Fit only to deck out cold winding-sheets ;
And then not for the milkmaid's funeral-bloom,
Or fair Fidele's tomb———
To tantalize,—vile cheats !
Some prodigal bee, with hope of after-sweets,
Frigid, and rigid,
As if ye never knew
One drop of dew,
Or the warm sun resplendent ;
Indifferent of culture and of care,
Giving no sweets back to the fostering air,
Churlishly independent—
I hate ye, of all breeds ;
Yea, all that live so selfishly—to self,
And not by interchange of kindly deeds—
Hence !—from my shelf !

A Winter Nosegay.

EQUESTRIAN COURTSHIP.

IT was a young maiden went forth to ride,
And there was a wooer to pace by her side;
His horse was so little, and hers so high,
He thought his Angel was up in the sky.

His love was great, though his wit was small;
He bade her ride easy—and that was all.
The very horses began to neigh,—
Because their betters had nought to say.

They rode by elm, and they rode by oak,
They rode by a churchyard, and then he spoke:—
"My pretty maiden, if you'll agree,
You shall always amble through life with me."

The damsel answer'd him never a word,
But kick'd the grey mare, and away she spurr'd.
The wooer still follow'd behind the jade,
And enjoy'd—like a wooer—the dust she made.

They rode through moss, and they rode through more,—
The gallant behind and the lass before:—
At last they came to a miry place,
And there the sad wooer gave up the chase.

Quoth he, "If my nag was better to ride,
I'd follow her over the world so wide.
Oh, it is not my love that begins to fail,
But I've lost the last glimpse of the grey mare's tail!"

"She is far from the land."

"*SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.*"

IT has been my fortune, or misfortune, sometimes to witness the distresses of females upon shipboard;—that is, in such fresh-victual passages as to Ramsgate—or to Leith. How they can contemplate or execute those longer voyages, beyond Good Hope's Cape,—even with the implied inducements of matrimony,—is one of my standard wonders. There is a natural shrinking—a cat-like antipathy,—to water, in the lady-constitution,—(as the false Argonaut well remembered when he shook off Ariadne)—that seems to forbid such sea-adventures. Betwixt a younger daughter, in Hampshire for example,—and a Judge's son of Calcutta, there is, apparently, a great gulf fixed.

How have I felt, and shuddered, for a timid, shrinking, anxious female, full of tremblings as an aspen,—about to set her first foot upon the stage!—but it can be nothing to a maiden's debût on the deck of an East Indiaman.

Handkerchiefs waving—not in welcome, but in farewell; crowded boxes—not filled with living Beauty and Fashion—but departing luggage. Not the mere noisy Gods of the gallery to encounter,—but those, more boisterous, of the wind and wave. And then, all before her,—the great salt-water Pit!

As I write this, the figure of Miss Oliver rises up before me,—just as she looked on her first introduction, by the 'Neptune,' to the Ocean. It was her first voyage,—and she made sure would be her last. Her storms commenced at Gravesend,—her sea began much higher up. She had qualms at Blackwall. At the Nore, she came to themountain-billows of her imagination; for however the ocean may disappoint the

expectation, from the land,—on shipboard, to the uninitiated, it hath all its terrors. The sailor's capful of wind was to her a North-wester. Every splash of a wave shocked her, as if each brought its torpedo. The loose cordage did not tremble and thrill more to the wind than her nerves. At every tack of the vessel—on all-fours, for she would not trust to her own feet and the outstretched hand of courtesy—she scrambled up to the higher side. Her back ached with straining against the bulwark, to preserve her own and the ship's perpendicular: —her eyes glanced right, left, above, beneath, before, behind—with all the alacrity of alarm. She had not organs enough of sight or hearing to keep watch against all her imagined perils: her ignorance of nautical matters, in the meantime, causing her to mistake the real sea-dangers for subjects of self-congratulation. It delighted her to understand that there was barely three fathoms of water between the vessel and the ground;—her notion had been that the whole sea was bottomless. When the ship struck upon a sand, and was left there high and dry by the tide, her pleasure was, of course, complete. "We could walk about," she said, "and pick up shells." I believe, she would have been as well contented if our 'Neptune' had been pedestalled upon a rock,—deep water and sea-room were the only subjects of her dread. When the vessel, therefore, got afloat again, the old terrors of the landswoman returned upon her with the former force. All possible marine difficulties and disasters were huddled, like an auction medley in one lot, into her apprehension:—

Cables entangling her,
Shipspars for mangling her,
Ropes sure of strangling her,
Blocks over-dangling her,
Tiller to batter her,
Topmast to shatter her,
Tobacco to spatter her;
Boreas blustering,
Boatswain quite flustering,
Thunder-clouds mustering
To blast her with sulphur—
If the deep don't engulf her;
Sometimes fear's scrutiny
Pries out a mutiny,
Sniffs conflagration,
Or hints at starvation:—
All the sea-dangers,
Buccaneers, rangers,
Pirates and Sallee-men,
Algerine galleymen,
Tornadoes and typhons,
And horrible syphons,
And submarine travels
Through roaring sea-navels;
Everything wrong enough,
Long-boat not long enough,
Vessel not strong enough;

Pitch marring frippery,
The deck very slippery,
And the cabin—built sloping,
The Captain a-toping,
And the Mate a blasphemer,
That names his Redeemer,—
With inward uneasiness;
The cook known by greasiness,
The victuals beslubber'd,
Her bed—in a cupboard;
Things of strange christening,
Snatch'd in her listening,
Blue lights and red lights
And mention of dead-lights,
And shrouds made a theme of—
Things horrid to dream of,—
And *buoys* in the water
To fear all exhort her;

"Come o'er the sea."

Her friend no Leander,
Herself no sea-gander,
And ne'er a cork jacket
On board of the packet;
The breeze still a stiffening,
The trumpet quite deafening;
Thoughts of repentance,
And doomsday and sentence;
Everything sinister,
Not a church minister,—
Pilot a blunderer,
Coral reefs under her,
Ready to sunder her;
Trunks tipsy-topsy,
The ship in a dropsy:

Waves oversurging her,
Syrens a-dirgeing her ;
Sharks all expecting her,
Sword-fish dissecting her,
Crabs with their hand-vices
Punishing land vices ;
Sea-dogs and unicorns,
Things with no puny horns,
Mermen carnivorous—
"Good Lord deliver us !"

The rest of the vogage was occupied,—excepting one bright interval, —with the sea-malady and sea-horrors. We were off Flamborough Head. A heavy swell, the consequence of some recent storm to the eastward, was rolling right before the wind upon the land :—and once under the shadow of the bluff promontory, we should lose all the advantage of a saving westerly breeze. Even the seamen looked anxious : but the passengers (save one) were in despair. They were already bones of contention, in their own misgivings, to the myriads of cormorants and waterfowl inhabiting that stupendous cliff. Miss Oliver alone was sanguine :—she was all nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles ;—her cheeriness increased in proportion with our dreariness. Even the dismal pitching of the vessel could not disturb her unseasonable levity ;—it was like a lightening before death—but, at length, the mystery was explained. She had springs of comfort that we knew not of. Not brandy,—for that we shared in common ; nor supplications,—for those we had all applied to ; but her ears, being jealously vigilant of whatever passed between the mariners, she had overheard from the captain—and it had all the sound to her of a comfortable promise—that "if the wind held, we should certainly *go on shore.*"

FANCIES ON A TEA-CUP.

I LOVE to pore upon old china, and to speculate, from the images, on Cathay. I can fancy that the Chinese manners betray themselves, like the drunkard's, in their cups.

How quaintly pranked and patterned is their vessel !—exquisitely outlandish, yet not barbarian. How daintily transparent ! It should be no vulgar earth that produces that superlative ware, nor does it so seem in the enamelled landscape.

There are beautiful birds ; there, rich flowers and gorgeous butterflies,—and a delicate clime, if we may credit the porcelain. There be also horrible monsters, dragons, with us obsolete, and reckoned fabulous ; the main breed, doubtless, having followed Fohi (our Noah) in his wanderings thither from the Mount Ararat. But how does that impeach the loveliness of Cathay ? There are such creatures even in Fairyland.

I long often to loiter in those romantic Paradises—studded with pretty temples—holiday pleasure grounds—the true Tea-Gardens. I like those meandering waters, and the abounding little islands.

And here is a Chinese nursemaid, Ho-Fi, chiding a fretful little Pekin child. The urchin hath just such another toy, at the end of a string, as might be purchased at our own Mr Dunnett's. It argues an

Pere la Chaise.

advanced state of civilisation where the children have many playthings; and the Chinese infants, witness their flying-fishes and whirligigs, sold by the stray natives about our streets, are far gone in such juvenile luxuries.

But here is a better token.—The Chinese are a polite people; for they do not make household, much less husbandry, drudges of their wives. You may read the women's fortune in their tea-cups. In nine cases out of ten, the female is busy only in the ladylike toils of the toilette. Lo! here, how sedulously the blooming Hy-son is pencilling the mortal arches, and curving the cross-bows of her eyebrows. A musical instrument, her secondary engagement, is at her almost invisible feet. Are such little extremities likely to be tasked with laborious offices? Marry, in kicking they must be ludicrously impotent; but then she hath a formidable growth of nails.

By her side, the obsequious Hum is pouring his soft flatteries into her ear. When she walketh abroad (here it is on another sample), he shadeth her at two miles off with his umbrella. It is like an allegory of love triumphing over space. The lady is walking upon one of those frequent petty islets, on a plain, as if of porcelain, without any herbage, only a solitary flower springs up, seemingly by enchantment, at her fairylike foot. The watery space between the lovers is aptly

left as a blank, excepting her adorable shadow, which is tending towards her slave.

How reverentially is yon urchin presenting his flowers to the Grey-beard! So honourably is age considered in China! There would be some sense *there* in birthday celebrations.

Here, in another compartment, is a solitary scholar, apparently studying the elaborate didactics of Con-Fuse-Ye.

The Chinese have, verily, the advantage of us upon earthenware! They trace themselves as lovers, contemplatists, philosophers;—whereas, to judge from our jugs and mugs, we are nothing but sheepish piping shepherds and fox-hunters.

THE STAG-EYED LADY.

A MOORISH TALE.*

Scheherazade immediately began the following story :—

ALI BEN ALI (did you never read
His wondrous acts that chronicles relate,—
How there was one in pity might exceed
The sack of Troy?)—magnificent he sate
Upon the throne of greatness—great indeed!
For those that he had under him were great—
The horse he rode on, shod with silver nails,
Was a Bashaw—Bashaws have horses' tails.

Ali was cruel—a most cruel one!
'Tis rumour'd he had strangled his own mother—
Howbeit such deeds of darkness he had done,
'Tis thought he would have slain his elder brother
And sister too—but happily that none
Did live within *harm's* length of one another,
Else he had sent the Sun in all its blaze
To endless night, and shorten'd the Moon's days.

Despotic power, that mars a weak man's wit,
And makes a bad man absolutely bad,
Made Ali wicked to a fault :—'tis fit
Monarchs should have some check-strings; but he had
No curb upon his will—no, not a *bit*—
Wherefore he did not reign well—and full glad
His slaves had been to hang him—but they falter'd,
And let him live unhang'd—and still unalter'd,

* London Magazine, 1822, vol. v. p. 422.

Until he got a sage bush of a beard,
Wherein an Attic owl might roost—a trail
Of bristly hair—that, honour'd and unshear'd,
Grew downward like old women and cow's tail,
Being a sign of age—some grey appear'd,
Mingling with duskier brown its warnings pale ;
But yet not so poetic as when Time
Comes like Jack Frost, and whitens it in rime.

Ben Ali took the hint, and much did vex
His royal bosom that he had no son,
No living child of the more noble sex,
To stand in his Morocco shoes—not one
To make a negro-pollard—or tread necks
When he was gone—doom'd, when his days were done,
To leave the very city of his fame
Without an Ali to keep up his name.

Therefore he chose a lady for his love,
Singling from out the herd one stag-eyed dear ;
So call'd, because her lustrous eyes, above
All eyes, were dark, and timorous, and clear ;
Then, through his Muftis piously he strove,
And drumm'd with proxy-prayers Mohammed's ear,
Knowing a boy for certain must come of it,
Or else he was not praying to his *Profit.*

Beer will grow *mothery*, and ladies fair
Will grow like beer ; so did that stag-eyed dame :
Ben Ali hoping for a son and heir,
Buoy'd up his hopes, and even chose a name
Of mighty hero that his child should bear ;
He made so certain ere his chicken came :
But oh ! all worldly wit is little worth,
Nor knoweth what to-morrow will bring forth !

To-morrow came, and with to-morrow's sun
A little daughter to this world of sins,—
Miss-fortunes never come alone—so one
Brought on another, like a pair of twins !
Twins ! female twins !—it was enough to stun
Their little wits and scare them from their skins
To hear their father stamp, and curse and swear,
Pulling his beard because he had no heir.

Then strove their stag-eyed mother to calm down
This his paternal rage, and thus addrest :
"O ! Most Serene ! why dost thou stamp and frown,
And box the compass of thy royal chest ?

Ah ! thou wilt mar that portly trunk, I own
I love to gaze on !—Pr'ythee, thou hadst best
Pocket thy fists. Nay, love, if you so thin
Your beard, you'll want a wig upon your chin ! "

But not her words, nor e'en her tears, could slack
The quicklime of his rage, that hotter grew ;
He call'd his slaves to bring an ample sack,
Wherein a woman might be *poked*—a few
Dark grimly men felt pity and look'd black
At this sad order ; but their slaveships knew,
When any dared demur, his sword so bending
Cut off the " head and front of their offending."

For Ali had a sword, much like himself,
A crooked blade, guilty of human gore—
The trophies it had lopp'd from many an elf
Were stuck at his *head*-quarters by the score—
Nor yet in peace he laid it on the shelf,
But jested with it, and his wit cut sore ;
So that (as they of Public Houses speak)
He often did his dozen *butts* a week.

Therefore his slaves, with most obedient fear,
Came with the sack the lady to enclose ;
In vain from her stag-eyes " the big round tears
Coursed one another down her innocent nose ;"
In vain her tongue wept sorrow in their ears ;
Though there were some felt willing to oppose,
Yet when their heads came in their heads, that minute,
Though 'twas a piteous *case*, they put her in it.

And when the sack was tied, some two or three
Of these black undertakers slowly brought her
To a kind of Moorish Serpentine ; for she
Was doom'd to have *a winding-sheet of water.*
Then farewell, earth—farewell to the green tree—
Farewell, the sun—the moon—each little daughter !
She's shot from off the shoulders of a black,
Like a bag of Wall's-End from a coalman's back.

The waters oped, and the wide sack full-fill'd
All that the waters oped, as down it fell ;
Then closed the wave, and then the surface rill'd
A ring above her, like a water knell ;
A moment more, and all its face was still'd,
And not a guilty heave was left to tell
That underneath its calm and blue transparence
A dame lay drowned in her sack, like Clarence.

But Heaven beheld, and awful witness bore;
The moon in black eclipse deceased that night,
Like Desdemona smother'd by the Moor;
The lady's natal star with pale affright
Fainted and fell—and what were stars before,
Turn'd comets as the tale was brought to light;
And all look'd downward on the fatal wave,
And made their own reflections on her grave.

Next night, a head—a little lady head,
Push'd through the waters a most glassy face,
With weedy tresses, thrown apart and spread,
Comb'd by live ivory, to show the space
Of a pale forehead, and two eyes that shed
A soft blue mist, breathing a bloomy grace
Over their sleepy lids—and so she raised
Her *aqua*line nose above the stream, and gazed.

She oped her lips—lips of a gentle blush,
So pale, it seem'd near drowned to a white,—
She oped her lips, and forth there sprang a gush
Of music bubbling through the surface light;
The leaves are motionless, the breezes hush
To listen to the air—and through the night
There come these words of a most plaintive ditty,
Sobbing as would break all hearts with pity:—

THE WATER-PERI'S SONG.

Farewell, farewell, to my mother's own daughter,
The child that she wet-nursed is lapp'd in the wave;
The *Mussul*man coming to fish in this water,
Adds a tear to the flood that weeps over her grave.

This sack is her coffin, this water's her bier,
This greyish *bath* cloak is her funeral pall;
And, stranger, O stranger! this song that you hear
Is her epitaph, elegy, dirges, and all!

Farewell, farewell, to the child of Al Hassan,
My mother's own daughter—the last of her race—
She's a corpse, the poor body! and lies in this basin,
And sleeps in the water that washes her face.

"My banks they are furnished."

WALTON REDIVIVUS.

A NEW-RIVER ECLOGUE.

"**My old New** River has presented no extraordinary novelties lately. **But** there Hope sits, day after day, speculating on traditionary gudgeons. I think she hath taken the Fisheries. I now know the reasons why our forefathers were denominated East and West Angles. Yet is there no lack of spawn, for I wash my hands in fishets that come through the pump, every morning, thick as motelings—little things that perish untimely, and never taste the brook."

—*From a Letter of C. Lamb.*

[Piscator is fishing, near the Sir Hugh Middleton's Head, without either basket or can. Viator cometh up to him, with an angling rod and a bottle.]

Via. GOOD morrow, Master Piscator. Is there any sport afloat?

Pis. I have not been here time enough to answer for it. It is barely two hours agone since I put in.

Via. The fishes are shyer in this stream than in any water that I know.

Pis. I have fished here a whole Whitsuntide through without a nibble. But then the weather was not so excellent as to-day. This nice shower will set the gudgeons all agape.

Via. I am impatient to begin.

Pis. Do you fish with gut?

Via. No—I bait with gentles.

Pis. It is a good taking bait: though my question referred to the nature of your line. Let me see your tackle. Why this is no line, but a ship's cable. It is six-twist. There is nothing in this water but you may pull out with a single hair.

Via. What! are there no dace, nor perch?

Pis. I doubt not but there have been such fish here in former ages. But now-a-days there is nothing of that size. They are gone extinct, like the mammoths.

Via. There was always such a fishing at 'em. Where there was one Angler in former times, there is now a hundred.

Pis. A murrain on 'em!—A New-River fish now-a-days cannot take his common swimming exercise without hitching on a hook.

Via. It is the natural course of things for man's populousness to terminate other breeds. As the proverb says, "The more Scotchmen the fewer herrings." It is curious to consider the family of whales growing thinner according to the propagation of parish lamps.

Pis. Ay, and, withal, how the race of man, who is a terrestrial animal, should have been in the greatest jeopardy of extinction by the element of water; whereas the whales, living in the ocean, are most liable to be burnt out.

Via. It is a pleasant speculation. But how is this?—I thought to have brought my gentles comfortably in an old snuff-box, and they are all stark dead!

Pis. The odour hath killed them. There is nothing more mortal than tobacco to all kinds of vermin. Wherefore, a new box will be indispensable, though, for my own practice, I prefer my waistcoat pockets for their carriage. Pray mark this:—and in the meantime I will lend you some worms.

Via. I am much beholden: and when you come to Long Acre, I will faithfully repay you. But, look you, my tackle is still amiss. My float will not swim.

Pis. It is no miracle—for here is at least a good ounce of swan-shots upon your line. It is over-charged with lead.

Via. I confess, I am only used to killing sparrows, and such small fowls, out of the back-casement. But my ignorance shall make me the more thankful for your help and instruction.

Pis. There! the fault is amended. And now, observe,—you must watch your cork very narrowly, without even an eye wink another way;—for, otherwise, you may overlook the only nibble throughout the day.

Via. I have a bite already!—my float is going up and down like a ship at sea.

Pis. No. It is only that house-maid dipping in her bucket, which causes the agitation you perceive. 'Tis a shame so to interrupt the honest Angler's diversion. It would be but a judgment of God, now, if the jade should fall in!

Via. But I would have her only drowned for some brief twenty minutes or so—and then restored again by the surgeons. And yet I have doubts of the lawfulness of that dragging of souls back again,

that have taken their formal leaves. In my conscience, it seems like flying against the laws of predestination.

Pis. It is a doubtful point;—for, on the other hand, I have heard of some that were revived into life by the doctors, and came afterwards to be hanged.

Via. Marry! 'tis pity such knaves' lungs were ever puff'd up again! It was good tobacco-smoke ill-wasted! Oh, how pleasant, now, is this angling, which furnishes us with matter for such agreeable discourse! Surely, it is well called a contemplative recreation, for I never had half so many thoughts in my head before!

Pis. I am glad you relish it so well.

Piscator.

Via. I will take a summer lodging hereabouts, to be near the stream. How pleasant is this solitude! There are but fourteen a-fishing here:—and of those but few men.

Pis. And we shall be still more lonely on the other side of the City Road.—Come, let's across. Nay, we'll put in our lines lower down. There was a butcher's wife dragged for, at this bridge, in the last week.

Via. Have you, indeed, any qualms of that kind?

Pis. No—but, hereabouts, 'tis likely the gudgeons will be gorged. Now, we are far enough. Yonder is the row of Colebroke. What a balmy wholesome gust is blowing over to us from the cow-lair!

Via. For my part, I smell nothing but dead kittens—for here lies a whole brood in soak. Would you believe it,—to my phantasy, the nine days' blindness of these creatures smacks somewhat of a type of the human pre-existence. Methinks I have had myself such a mysterious being before I beheld the light. My dreams hint at it. A sort of world before eyesight.

Pis. I have some dim sympathy with your meaning. At the Creation, there was such a kind of blind-man's-buff work. The atoms jostled together, before there was a revealing sun. But are we not fishing too deep?

Via. I am afeard on't! Would we had a plummet! We shall catch weeds.

Pis. It would be well to fish thus at the bottom, if we were fishing for flounders in the sea. But there, you must have forty fathom, or so, of stout line; and then, with your fish at the end, it will be the boy's old pastime carried into another element. I assure you, 'tis like swimming a kite!

Via. It should be pretty sport—but hush! My cork has just made a bob. It is diving under the water!—Holla!—I have catch'd a fish!

Pis. Is it a great one?

Via. Purely, a huge one! Shall I put it into the bottle?

Pis. It will be well,—and let there be a good measure of water, too, lest he scorch against the glass.

Via. How slippery and shining it is!—Ah, he is gone!

Pis. You are not used to the handling of a New-River fish;—and, indeed, very few be. But hath he altogether escaped?

Via. No; I have his chin here, which I was obliged to tear off, to get away my hook.

Pis. Well, let him go;—it would be labour wasted to seek for him amongst this rank herbage. 'Tis the commonest of Anglers' crosses.

Via. I am comforted to consider he did not fall into the water again, as he was without a mouth, and might have pined for years. Do you think there is any cruelty in our art?

Pis. As for other methods of taking fish, I cannot say: but I think none in the hooking of them.—For, to look at the gills of a fish, with those manifold red leaves, like a housewife's needle-book, they are admirably adapted to our purpose; and manifestly intended by Nature to stick our steel in.

Via. I am glad to have the question so comfortably resolved,—for, in truth, I have had some misgivings. Now, look how dark the water grows! There is another shower towards.

Pis. Let it come down, and welcome. I have only my working-day clothes on. Sunday coats spoil holidays. Let everything hang loose, and time too will sit easy.

Via. I like your philosophy. In this world, we are the fools of restraint. We starch our ruffs till they cut us under the ear.

Pis. How pleasant it would be to discuss these sentiments over a tankard of ale! I have a simple bashfulness against going into a public tavern, but I think we could dodge into the Castle, without being much seen.

Via. And I have a sort of shuddering about me, that is willing to

go more frankly in. Let us put up, then. By my halidom! here is a little dead fish hanging at my hook:—and yet I never felt him bite.

Pis. 'Tis only a little week-old gudgeon, and he had not strength enough to stir the cork. However, we may say boldly that we have caught a fish.

Via. Nay, I have another here in my bottle. He was sleeping on his back at the top of the water, and I got him out nimbly with the hollow of my hand.

Pis. We have caught a brace then;—besides the great one that was lost amongst the grass. I am glad on't; for we can bestow them upon some poor hungry person in our way home. It is passable good sport for the place.

Via. I am satisfied it must be called so. But the next time I come hither, I shall bring a reel with me, and a ready-made minnow, for I am certain there must be some marvellous huge pikes here; they always make a scarcity of other fish. However, I have been bravely entertained, and, at the first holiday, I will come to it again.

"Love me, love my dog."

"*LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG,*"

SEEMS, at first sight, an unreasonable demand. May I profess no tenderness for Belinda without vowing an attachment to Shock? Must I feel an equal warmth towards my bosom friend and his greyhound? Some country gentlemen keep a pack of dogs. Am I ex-

pected to divide my personal regard for my Lord D—— amongst all his celebrated fox-hounds?

I may be constitutionally averse to the whole canine species: I have been bitten, perhaps, in my infancy by a mastiff, or pinned by a bull-dog. There are harrowing tales on record of hydrophobia, of human barkings, and inhuman smotherings: a dog may be my bugbear. Again, there are differences in taste. One man may like to have his hand licked all over by a grateful spaniel; but I would not have *my* extremity served so—even by the human tongue.

But the proverb, so arrogant and absolute in spirit, becomes harmless in its common application. The terms are seldom enforced, except by persons that a gentleman is not likely to embrace in his affection—rat-catchers, butchers, andbull-baiters, tinkers and blind

"Poor-tray Charman."

mendicants, beldames and witches. A slaughterman's tulip-eared puppy is as liable to engage one's liking as his chuckle-headed master. When a courtier makes friends with a drover, he will not be likely to object to a sheep-dog as a third party in the alliance.

"Love me," says Mother Sawyer, "love my dog."

Who careth to dote on either a witch or her familiar? The proverb thus loses half of its oppression: in other cases, it may become a pleasant fiction, an agreeable convention. I forget what pretty Countess it was who made a confession of her tenderness for a certain sea-captain by her abundant caresses of his Esquimaux wolf-dog. The shame of the avowal became milder (as the virulence of the small-pox

is abated after passing through the constitution of a cow), by its transmission through the animal.

In like manner, a formal young Quaker and Quakeress, perfect strangers to each other, and who might otherwise have sat mum-chance together for many hours, fell suddenly to romping, merely through the maiden's playfulness with Obadiah's terrier. The dog broke the ice of formality, and, as a third party, took off the painful awkwardness of self-introduction.

Sir Ulic Mackilligut, when he wished to break handsomely with Mistress Tabitha Bramble, kicked her cur. The dog broke the force of the affront, and the knight's gallantry was spared the reproach of a direct confession of disgust towards the spinster; as the lady took the aversion to herself only as the brute's ally.

My stepmother Hubbard and myself were not on visiting terms for many years; not, we flattered ourselves, through any hatred or uncharitableness, disgraceful between relations, but from a constitutional antipathy on the one side, and a doting affection on the other—to a dog. My breach of duty and decent respect was softened down into my dread of hydrophobia: my second-hand parent even persuaded herself that I was jealous of her regard for Bijou. It was a comfortable self-delusion on both sides. But the scapegoat died, and then, having no reasonable reason to excuse my visits, we came to an open rupture. There was no hope of another favourite. My stepmother had no general affection for the race, but only for that particular cur. It was one of those incongruous attachments, not accountable to reason, but seemingly predestined by fate. The dog was no keepsake—no favourite of a dear deceased friend. Ugly as the brute was, she loved him for his own sake,—not for any fondness and fidelity, for he was the most ungrateful dog, under kindness, that I ever knew,—not for his vigilance, for he was never wakeful. He was not useful, like a turnspit; nor accomplished, for he could not dance. He had not personal beauty even to make him a welcome object; and yet, if my relation had been requested to display her jewels, she would have pointed to the dog, and have answered, in the very spirit of Cornelia, —"There is my Bijou."

Conceive, reader, under this endearing title, a hideous dwarf-mongrel, half pug and half terrier, with a face like a frog's; his goggle-eyes squeezing out of his head; a body like a barrel-churn, on four short bandy legs,—as if, in his puppyhood, he had been ill-nursed,—terminating in a tail like a rabbit's. There is only one sound in nature similar to his barking. To hear his voice, you would have looked, not for a dog, but for a duck. He was fat and scant of breath. It might have been said that he was stuffed alive. But his loving mistress, in mournful anticipation of his death, kept a handsome glass-case to hold his mummy. She intended, like Queen Constance, to "stuff out his vacant garment with his form;"—to have him ever before her, "in his habit as he lived;"—but that hope was never realised.

In those days there were dog-stealers, as well as slave-dealers,—the kidnapping of the canine, as of the Negro victim, being attributable to his skin.

One evening Bijou disappeared. A fruitless search was made for him at all his accustomed haunts; but at daybreak the next morning, stripped naked of his skin, with a mock paper frill, and the stump of a tobacco-pipe stuck in his nether jaw, he was discovered, set upright against a post!

My stepmother's grief was ungovernable. Tears, which she had not wasted on her deceased step-children, were shed then. In her first transport, a reward of £100 was offered for the apprehension of the murderers, but in vain.

The remains of Bijou, such as they were, she caused to be deposited under the lawn.

I forget what popular poet was gratified with ten guineas for writing his epitaph; but it was in the measure of the "Pleasures of Hope."

"Oh, list unto my tale of woe!"

REMONSTRATORY ODE,

FROM THE ELEPHANT AT EXETER CHANGE, TO MR MATHEWS, AT THE ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

"See with what courteous action,
He beckons you to a more removed ground."—*Hamlet.*

[WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.]

I.

OH, Mr Mathews! Sir!
(If a plain elephant may speak his mind,
And that I have a mind to speak I find
By my inward stir),
I long have thought, and wish'd to say, that we
Mar our well-merited prosperity
By being such near neighbours,
My keeper now hath lent me pen and ink,
Shoved in my truss of lunch, and tub of drink,
And left me to my labours.

The whole menagerie is in repose,
The Coatamundi is in his Sunday clothes,
Watching the Lynx's most unnatural doze;
The Panther is asleep and the Macaw;
The Lion is engaged on something raw;
The White Bear cools his chin
'Gainst the wet tin;
And the confined old Monkey's in the straw.
All the nine little Lionets are lying
Slumbering in milk, and sighing;
Miss Cross is sipping ox-tail soup,
In her front coop,
So here's the happy mid-day moment;—yes,
I seize it, Mr Mathews, to address
A word or two
To you
On the subject of the ruin which must come
By both being in the Strand, and both at home
On the same nights; two treats
So very near each other,
As, oh my brother!
To play old gooseberry with both receipts.

II.

When you begin
Your summer fun, three times a week, at eight,
And carriages roll up, and cits roll in,
I feel a change in Exeter 'Change's change,
And, dash my trunk! I hate
To ring my bell, when you ring yours, and go
With a diminish'd glory through *my* show!
It is most strange;
But crowds that meant to see me eat a stack,
And sip a water-butt or so, and crack
A root of mangel-wurzel with my foot,
Eat little children's fruit,
Pick from the floor small coins,
And then turn slowly round and show my India-rubber loins:
'Tis strange—most strange, but true,
That these same crowds seek *you!*
Pass *my* abode, and pay at *your* next door!
It makes me roar
With anguish when I think of this; I go
With sad severity my nightly rounds
Before one poor front row,
My fatal funny foe!
And when I stoop, as duty bids, I sigh
And feel that, while poor elephantine I
Pick up a sixpence, you pick up the pounds!

III.

Could you not go?
Could you not take the Cobourg or the Surrey?
Or Sadler's Wells,—(I am not in a hurry,
I never am!) for the next season?—oh!
Woe! woe! woe!
To both of us, if we remain; for not
In silence will I bear my alter'd lot,
To have you merry, sir, at my expense;
No man of any sense,
No true great person (and we both are great
In our own ways) would tempt another's fate.
I would myself depart
In Mr Cross's cart;

"How happy could I be with either!"

But, like Othello, "am not easily moved."
There's a nice house in Tottenham Court, they say,
Fit for a single gentleman's small play;
And more conveniently near your home:
You'll easily go and come.
Or get a room in the City—in some street—
Coachmaker's Hall, or the Paul's Head,
Cateaton Street;
Any large place, in short, in which to get your bread;
But do not stay, and get
Me into the Gazette!

IV.

Ah! The Gazette;
I press my forehead with my trunk, and wet
My tender cheek with elephantine tears,
Shed of a walnut size
From my wise eyes,

To think of ruin after prosperous years.
What a dread case would be
For me—large me!
To meet at Basinghall Street, the first and seventh
And the eleventh!
To undergo (D——n!)
My last examination!
To cringe, and to surrender,
Like a criminal offender,
All my effects—my bell-pull, and my bell,
My bolt, my stock of hay, my new deal cell.
To *post* my ivory, sir!
And have some curious commissioner
Very irreverently search my trunk;
'Sdeath! I should die
With rage, to find a tiger in possession
Of my abode; up to his yellow knees
In my old straw; and my profound profession
Entrusted to two beasts of assignees!

V.

The truth is simply this,—if you *will* stay
Under my very nose,
Filling your rows
Just at my feeding-time, to see *your* play,
My mind's made up,
No more at nine I sup,
Except on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, Sundays;

"Take, oh take those lips away!"

From eight to eleven,
As I hope for heaven,
On Thursdays, and on Saturdays, and Mondays,
I'll squeak and roar, and grunt without cessation,
And utterly confound your recitation.
And mark me! all my friends of the furry snout
Shall join a chorus shout;

We will be heard—we'll spoil
Your wicked ruination toil.
Insolvency must ensue
To you, sir, you ;
Unless you move your opposition shop,
And let me stop.

VI.

I have no more to say :—I do not write
In anger, but in sorrow ; I must look,
However, to my interests every night,
And they detest your " Memorandum-book."
If we could join our forces—I should like it ;
You do the dialogue, and I the songs.
A voice to me belongs
(The Editors of the Globe and Traveller ring
With praises of it, when I hourly sing
God save the King).
If such a bargain could be schemed, I'd strike it !
I think, too, I could do the Welch old man
In the Youthful Days, if dress'd upon your plan ;
And the attorney in your Paris trip,—
I'm large about the hip !
Now think of this !—for we cannot go on
As next-door rivals, that my mind declares.
I must be penniless, or you be gone !
We must live separate, or else have shares.
I am a friend or foe
As you take this ;
Let me your profitable hubbub miss,
Or be it " Mathews, Elephant, and Co. !"

A NEW LIFE-PRESERVER.

" Of hair-breadth 'scapes."—*Othello.*

I HAVE read somewhere of a traveller, who carried with him a brace of pistols, a carbine, a cutlass, a dagger, and an umbrella, but was indebted for his preservation to the umbrella : it grappled with a bush when he was rolling over a precipice. In like manner, my friend W——, though armed with a sword, rifle, and hunting-knife, owed his existence—to his wig !

He was specimen-hunting (for W—— is a first-rate naturalist) somewhere in the backwoods of America, when, happening to light upon a dense covert, there sprang out upon him,—not a panther or catamountain,—but, with terrible whoop and yell, a wild Indian,—one of a tribe then hostile to our settlers. W——'s gun was mastered in a twinkling, himself stretched on the earth, the barbarous knife, destined to make him balder than Granby's celebrated Marquis, leaped eagerly from its sheath.

Conceive the horrible weapon making its preliminary flourishes and circumgyrations: the savage features, made savager by paint and ruddle, working themselves up to a demoniacal crisis of triumphant malignity; his red right hand clutching the shearing-knife; his left, the frizzled top-knot; and then, the artificial scalp coming off in the Mohawk grasp!

W—— says, the Indian catchpole was, for some moments, motionless with surprise; recovering, at last, he dragged his captive along, through brake and jungle, to the encampment. A peculiar whoop soon brought the whole horde to the spot. The Indian addressed them with vehement gestures, in the course of which W—— was again thrown down, the knife again performed its circuits, and the whole transaction was pantomimically described. All Indian sedateness and restraint were overcome. The assembly made every demonstration of wonder; and the wig was fitted on, rightly, and askew, and hind part before, by a hundred pair of red hands. Captain Gulliver's glove was not a greater puzzle to the Houhyhnms. From the men it passed to the squaws; and from them, down to the least of the urchins; W——'s head, in the meantime, frying in a midsummer sun. At length, the phenomenon returned into the hands of the chief—a venerable greybeard: he examined it afresh, very attentively, and, after a long deliberation, maintained with true Indian silence and gravity, made a speech in his own tongue, that procured for the anxious trembling captive very unexpected honours. In fact, the whole tribe of women and warriors danced round him, with such unequivocal marks of homage, that even W—— comprehended that he was not intended for sacrifice. He was then carried in triumph to their wigwams, his body daubed with their body colours of the most honourable patterns; and he was given to understand, that he might choose any of their marriageable maidens for a squaw. Availing himself of this privilege, and so becoming, by degrees, more a proficient in their language, he learned the cause of this extraordinary respect.—It was considered, that he had been a great warrior; that he had, by mischance of war, been overcome and tufted; but that, whether by valour or stratagem, each equally estimable amongst the savages, he had recovered his liberty and his scalp.

As long as W—— kept his own counsel, he was safe; but trusting his Indian Delilah with the secret of his locks, it soon got wind amongst the squaws, and from them became known to the warriors and chiefs. A solemn sitting was held at midnight, by the chiefs, to consider the propriety of knocking the poor wig-owner on the head; but he had received a timely hint of their intention, and, when the tomahawks sought for him, he was far on his way, with his Life-preserver, towards a British settlement.

A Dream.

A DREAM.

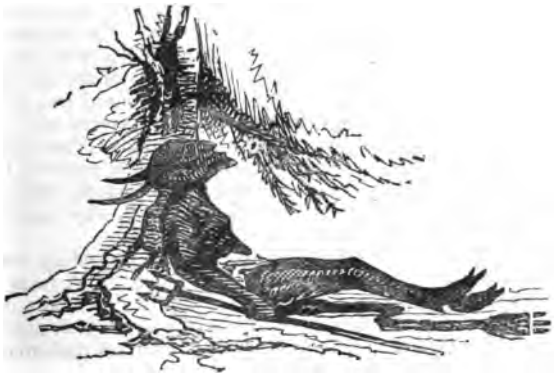
IN the figure above—(a medley of human faces, wherein certain features belong in common to different visages, the eyebrow of one, for instance, forming the mouth of another)—I have tried to typify a common characteristic of dreams, namely, the entanglement of divers ideas, to the waking mind distinct or incongruous, but, by the confusion of sleep, inseparably ravelled up, and knotted into Gordian intricacies. For, as the equivocal feature, in the emblem, belongs indifferently to either countenance, but is appropriated by the head that happens to be presently the object of contemplation; so, in a dream, two separate notions will mutually involve some convertible incident, that becomes, by turns, a symptom of both in general, or of either in particular. Thus are begotten the most extravagant associations of thoughts and images, —unnatural connexions, like those marriages of forbidden relationships, where mothers become cousins to their own sons or daughters, and quite as bewildering as such genealogical embarrassments.

I had a dismal dream once, of this nature, that will serve well for an illustration, and which originated in the failure of my first, and last, attempt as a dramatic writer. Many of my readers, if I were to name the piece in question, would remember its signal condemnation. As soon as the Tragedy of my Tragedy was completed, I got into a coach and rode home. My nerves were quivering with shame and mortification. I tried to compose myself over "Paradise Lost," but it failed to soothe me. I flung myself into bed, and at length slept; but the disaster of the night still haunted my dreams; I was again in the accursed theatre, but with a difference. It was a compound of the

Drury Lane building and Pandemonium. There were the old shining green pillars on either side of the stage, but, above, a sublimer dome than ever overhung mortal playhouse. The wonted familiars were in keeping of the fore-spoken seats, but the first companies they admitted were new and strange to the place. The first and second tiers,

"With dreadful faces throng'd, and fiery arms,"

showed like those purgatorial circles sung of by the ancient Florentine. Satan was in the stage-box. The pit, dismally associated with its bottomless namesake, was peopled with fiends. Mehu scowled from the critics' seat. Belial, flushed with wine, led on with shout and catcall the uproar of the one-shilling infernals. My hair stood upright with dread and horror; I had an appalling sense that more than my dramatic welfare was at stake:—that it was to be not a purely literary ordeal. An alarming figure, sometimes a newspaper reporter, sometimes a devil, so prevaricating are the communications of sleep, was sitting, with his note-book, at my side. My play began. As it proceeded, sounds indescribable arose from the infernal auditory, increasing till the end of the first act. The familiar cry, of "Choose any oranges!" was then intermingled with the murmurings of demons The tumult



"Oh, breathe not his name?"

grew with the progress of the play. The last act passed in dumb show, the horned monsters bellowing, throughout, like the wild bulls of Bashan. Prongs and flesh-hooks showered upon the stage. Mrs Siddons—the human nature thus jumbling with the diabolical—was struck by a brimstone ball. Her lofty brother, robed in imperial purple, came forward towards the orchestra, to remonstrate, and was received like the Arch-devil in the Poem:

"He hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn."

He bowed to the sense of the house, and withdrew. My doom was sealed; the recording devil noted down my sentence. A suffocating vapour, now smelling of sulphur, and now of gas, issued from the unquenchable stage-lamps. The flames of the Catalonian Castle, burning in the back scene, in compliance with the catastrophe of the piece, blazed up with horrible import. My flesh crept all over me. I thought of the everlasting torments, and at the next moment of the morrow's paragraphs. I shrank at once from the comments of the *Morning Post*, and the hot marl of Malebolge. The sins of authorship had confounded themselves, inextricably, with the mortal sins of the law. I could not disentangle my own from my play's perdition. I was damned: but whether spiritually or dramatically the twilight intelligence of a dream was not clear enough to determine.

Another sample, wherein the preliminaries of the dream involved one portion, and implicitly forbade the other half of the conclusion, was more whimsical. It occurred when I was on the eve of marriage, a season when, if lovers sleep sparingly, they dream profusely. A very brief slumber sufficed to carry me in the night-coach to Bognor. It had been concerted, between Honoria and myself, that we should pass the honeymoon at some such place upon the coast. The purpose of my solitary journey was to procure an appropriate dwelling, and which, we had agreed, should be a little pleasant house, with an indispensable look-out upon the sea. I chose one, accordingly; a pretty villa, with bow-windows, and a prospect delightfully marine. The ocean murmur sounded incessantly from the beach. A decent elderly body, in decayed sables, undertook, on her part, to promote the comforts of the occupants by every suitable attention, and, as she assured me, at a very reasonable rate. So far, the nocturnal faculty had served me truly. A day-dream could not have proceeded more orderly: but alas! just here, when the dwelling was selected, the sea-view secured, the rent agreed upon, when everything was plausible, consistent, and rational, the incoherent fancy crept in and confounded all,—by marrying me to the old woman of the house!

A large proportion of my dreams have, like the preceding, an origin, more or less remote, in some actual occurrence. But from all my observations and experience, the popular notion is a mistaken one, that our dreams take their subject and colour from the business or meditations of the day. It is true that sleep frequently gives back real images and actions, like a mirror; but the reflection returns at a longer interval. It extracts from pages of some standing, like the *Retrospective Review*. The mind, released from its connexion with external associations, flies off, gladly, to novel speculations. The soul does not carry its tasks out of school. The novel, read upon the pillow, is of no more influence than the bride-cake laid beneath it. The charms of Di Vernon have faded with me into a vision of Dr Faustus; the bridal dance and festivities, into a chase by a mad bullock.

The sleeper, like the felon at the putting on of the night-cap, is about to be turned off from the affairs of this world. The material scaffold sinks under him; he drops—as it is expressively called—asleep; and the spirit is transported, we know not whither!

I should like to know that, by any earnest application of thought,

we could impress its subject upon the midnight blank. It would be worth a day's devotion to Milton,—"from morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve,"—to obtain but one glorious vision from the "Paradise Lost;" to Spenser, to purchase but one magical reflection—a Fata Morgana—of the "Faery Queen!" I have heard it affirmed, indeed, by a gentleman, an especial advocate of early rising, that he could procure whatever dream he wished; but I disbelieve it, or he would pass far more hours than he does in bed. If it were possible, by any process, to bespeak the night's entertainment, the theatres, for me, might close their uninviting doors. Who would care to sit at the miserable stage parodies of "Lear," "Hamlet," and "Othello;" to say nothing of the "Tempest," or the "Midsummer Night's Phantasy,"—that could command the representation of either of those noble dramas, with all the sublime personations, the magnificent scenery, and awful reality of a dream?

For horrible fancies merely, nightmares and incubi, there is a recipe extant, that is currently attributed to the late Mr Fuseli. I

"My nature is subdued to what it works in."

mean, a supper of raw pork; but, as I never slept after it, I cannot speak as to the effect.

Opium I have never tried, and, therefore, have never experienced such magnificent visions as are described by its eloquent historian. I have never been buried for ages under pyramids; and yet, methinks, have suffered agonies as intense as *his* could be from the commonplace inflictions. For example, a night spent in the counting of interminable numbers—an inquisitorial penance—everlasting tedium—the mind's treadmill!

Another writer, in recording his horrible dreams, describes himself to have been sometimes an animal pursued by hounds; sometimes a bird, torn in pieces by eagles. They are flat contradictions of my Theory of Dreams. Such Ovidian Metamorphoses never yet entered

into my experience. I never translate myself. I must know the taste of rape and hempseed, and have cleansed my gizzard with small gravel, before even fancy can turn me into a bird. I must have another nowl upon my shoulders, ere I can feel a longing for "a bottle of chopt hay, or your good dried oats." My own habits and prejudices, all the symptoms of my identity, cling to me in my dreams. It never happened to me to fancy myself a child or a woman, dwarf or giant, stone-blind, or deprived of any senses.

And here, the latter part of the sentence reminds me of an interesting question on this subject, that has greatly puzzled me, and of which I should be glad to obtain a satisfactory solution, viz., How does a blind man dream?—I mean a person with the opaque crystal from his birth. He is defective in that very faculty which, of all others, is most active in those night-passages, thence emphatically called Visions. He has had no acquaintance with external images, and has, therefore, none of those transparent pictures that, like the slides of a magic-lantern, pass before the mind's eye, and are projected by the inward spiritual light upon the utter blank. His imagination must be like an imperfect kaleidoscope, totally unfurnished with those parti-coloured fragments whereof the complete instrument makes such interminable combinations. It is difficult to conceive such a man's dream.

Is it a still benighted wandering—a pitch-dark night progress, made known to him by the consciousness of the remaining senses? Is he still pulled through the universal blank, by an invisible power as it were, at the nether end of the string?—regaled, sometimes, with celestial voluntaries and unknown mysterious fragrances, answering to our more romantic flights; at other times, with homely voices and more familiar odours; here, of rank-smelling cheeses; there, of pungent pickles or aromatic drugs, hinting his progress through a metropolitan street? Does he over again enjoy the grateful roundness of those substantial droppings from the invisible passenger,—palpable deposits of an abstract benevolence,—or, in his nightmares, suffer anew those painful concussions and corporeal buffetings, from that (to him) obscure evil principle, the Parish Beadle?

This question I am happily enabled to resolve, through the information of the oldest of those blind Tobits that stand in fresco against Bunhill Wall—the same who made that notable comparison of scarlet to the sound of a trumpet. As I understood him, harmony, with the gravel-blind, is prismatic as well as chromatic. To use his own illustration, a wall-eyed man has a *palette* in his ear, as well as in his mouth. Some stone-blinds, indeed, dull dogs, without any *ear* for colour, profess to distinguish the different hues and shades by the touch, but *that*, he said, was a slovenly uncertain method, and in the chief article of paintings not allowed to be exercised.

On my expressing some natural surprise at the aptitude of his celebrated comparison,—a miraculous close likening, to my mind, of the known to the unknown,—he told me the instance was nothing, for the least discriminative among them could distinguish the scarlet colour of the mail-guards' liveries, by the sound of their horns: but there were others, so acute their faculty! that they could tell the very

features and complexion of their relatives and familiars, by the mere tone of their voices. I was much gratified with this explanation; for I confess, hitherto, I was always extremely puzzled by that narrative in the *Tatler*, of a young gentleman's behaviour after the operation of couching, and especially at the wonderful promptness with which he distinguished his father from his mother,—his mistress from her maid. But it appears that the blind are not so blind as they have been esteemed in the vulgar notion. What they cannot get one way they obtain in another: they, in fact, realise what the author of Hudibras has ridiculed as a fiction, for they set up

"Communities of senses,
To chop and change intelligences.
As Rosicrucian Virtuosis
Can *see with ears*—and hear with noses."

Spring and Fall.

THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

I.

ALACK! 'tis melancholy theme to think
How Learning doth in rugged states abide,
And, like her bashful owl, obscurely blink
In pensive glooms and corners, scarcely spied;
Not, as in Founders' Halls and domes of pride,
Served with grave homage, like a tragic queen,
But with one lonely priest compell'd to hide,
In midst of foggy moors and mosses green,
In that clay cabbin hight the College of Kilreen!

II.

This College looketh South and West alsoe,
Because it hath a cast in windows twain;
Crazy and crack'd they be, and wind doth blow
Thorough transparent holes in every pane,
Which Dan, with many paines, makes whole again
With nether garments, which his thrift doth teach
To stand for glass, like pronouns, and when rain
Stormeth, he puts, "once more unto the breach,"
Outside and in, though broke, yet so he mendeth each.

III.

And in the midst a little door there is,
Whereon a board that doth congratulate
With painted letters, red as blood I wis,
Thus written,
"CHILDREN TAKEN IN TO BATE:"
And oft, indeed, the inward of that gate,
Most ventriloque, doth utter tender squeak,
And moans of infants that bemoan their fate,
In midst of sounds of Latin, French, and Greek,
Which, all i' the Irish tongue, he teacheth them to speak.

IV.

For some are meant to right illegal wrongs,
And some for Doctors of Divinitie,
Whom he doth teach to murder the dead tongues,
And soe win academical degree:
But some are bred for service of the sea,
Howbeit, their store of learning is but small.
For mickle waste he counteth it would be
To stock a head with bookish wares at all,
Only to be knock'd off by ruthless cannon-ball.

V.

Six babes he sways—some little and some big,
Divided into classes six;—alsoe,
He keeps a parlour boarder of a pig,
That in the College fareth to and fro,
And picketh up the urchins' crumbs below,—
And eke the learned rudiments they scan,
And thus his A, B, C, doth wisely know,—
Hereafter to be shown in caravan,
And raise the wonderment of many a learned man.

VI.

Alsoe, he schools some tame familiar fowls,
Whereof, above his head, some two or three

Sit darkly squatting, like Minerva's owls,
But on the branches of no living tree,
And overlook the learned family;
While, sometimes, Partlet, from her gloomy perch,
Drops feather on the nose of Dominie,
Meanwhile, with serious eye, he makes research
In leaves of that sour tree of knowledge—now a birch.

VII.

No chair he hath, the awful Pedagogue,
Such as would magisterial hams imbed,
But sitteth lowly on a beechen log,
Secure in high authority and dread:
Large as a dome, for learning, seems his head,
And, like Apollo's, all beset with rays,
Because his locks are so unkempt and red,
And stand abroad in many several ways:—
No laurel crown he wears, howbeit his cap is baize

VIII.

And, underneath, a pair of shaggy brows
O'erhang as many eyes of gizzard hue,
That inward giblet of a fowl, which shows
A mongrel tint, that is ne brown ne blue;
His nose,—it is a coral to the view;
Well nourish'd with Pierian Potheen,—
For much he loves his native mountain dew;—
But to depict the dye would lack, I ween,
A bottle-red, in terms, as well as bottle-green.

IX

As for his coat, 'tis such a jerkin short
As Spenser had, ere he composed his Tales;
But underneath he hath no vest, nor aught,
So that the wind his airy breast assails;
Below, he wears the nether garb of males,
Of crimson plush, but non-plush'd at the knee;—
Thence further down the native red prevails,
Of his own naked fleecy hosierie:—
Two sandals, without soles, complete his cap-a-pee.

X.

Nathless, for dignity, he now doth lap
His function in a magisterial gown,
That shows more countries in it than a map,—
Blue tinct. and red, and green, and russet brown,

Besides some blots, standing for country-town;
And eke some rents, for streams and rivers wide;
But, sometimes, bashful when he looks adown,
He turns the garment of the other side,
Hopeful that so the holes may never be espied!

XI.

And soe he sits amidst the little pack,
That look for shady or for sunny noon
Within his visage, like an almanac,—
His quiet smile foretelling gracious boon:
But when his mouth droops down, like rainy moon,
With horrid chill each little heart unwarms,
Knowing that infant showers will follow soon,
And with forebodings of near wrath and storms
They sit, like timid hares, all trembling on their forms.

XII.

Ah! luckless wight, who cannot then repeat
"Corduroy Colloquy,"—or "Ki, Kæ, Kod,"—
Full soon his tears shall make his turfy seat
More sodden, though already made of sod,
For Dan shall whip him with the word of God,—
Severe by rule, and not by nature mild,
He never spoils the child and spares the rod,
But spoils the rod and never spares the child,
And soe with holy rule deems he is reconciled.

XIII.

But, surely, the just sky will never wink
At men who take delight in childish throe,
And stripe the nether-urchin like a pink
Or tender hyacinth, inscribed with woe;
Such bloody Pedagogues, when they shall know,
By useless birches, that forlorn recess,
Which is no holiday, in Pit below,
Will hell not seem design'd for their distress,—
A melancholy place that is all bottomlesse?

XIV.

Yet would the Muse not chide the wholesome use
Of needful discipline, in due degree.
Devoid of sway, what wrongs will time produce,
Whene'er the twig untrain'd grows up a tree!
This shall a Carder, that a Whiteboy be,
Ferocious leaders of atrocious bands,
And Learning's help be used for infamie
By lawless clerks, that, with their bloody hands,
In murder'd English write Rock's murderous commands.

XV.

But ah! what shrilly cry doth now alarm
The sooty fowls that dozed upon the beam,
All sudden fluttering from the brandish'd arm,
And cackling chorus with the human scream?
Meanwhile, the scourge plies that unkindly seam
In Phelim's brogues, which bares his naked skin,
Like traitor gap in warlike fort, I deem,
That falsely lets the fierce besieger in;
Nor seeks the Pedagogue by other course to win.

XVI.

No parent dear he hath to heed his cries;—
Alas! his parent dear is far aloof,
And deep in Seven-Dial cellar lies,
Kill'd by kind cudgel-play, or gin of proof,

"All in the downs."

Or climbeth, catwise, on some London roof,
Singing, perchance, a lay of Erin's Isle,
Or, whilst he labours, weaves a fancy-woof,
Dreaming he sees his home,—his Phelim smile;
Ah me! that luckless imp, who weepeth all the while!

XVII.

Ah! who can paint that hard and heavy time,
When first the scholar lists in Learning's train,
And mounts her rugged steep, enforced to climb.
Like sooty imp, by sharp posterior pain

From bloody twig, and eke that Indian cane,
Wherein, alas! no sugar'd juices dwell;
For this, the while one stripling's sluices drain,
Another weepeth over chilblains fell,
Always upon the heel, yet never to be well!

XVIII.

Anon a third, for his delicious root,
Late ravish'd from his tooth by elder chit—
So soon is human violence afoot,
So hardly is the harmless biter bit!
Meanwhile, the tyrant, with untimely wit
And mouthing face, deride's the small one's moan,
Who, all lamenting for his loss, doth sit;—
Alack! mischance comes seldomtimes alone,
But aye the worried dog must rue more curs than one.

XIX.

For lo! the Pedagogue, with sudden drub,
Smites his scald-head, that is already sore,—
Superfluous wound,—such is Misfortune's rub!
Who straight makes answer with redoubled roar,
And sheds salt tears twice faster than before,
That still with backward fist he strives to dry;
Washing, with brackish moisture, o'er and o'er,
His muddy cheek, that grows more foul thereby,
Till all his rainy face looks grim as rainy sky,

XX.

So Dan, by dint of noise, obtains a peace,
And, with his natural untender knack,
By new distress bids former grievance cease,
Like tears dried up with rugged huckaback,
That sets the mournful visage all awrack.
Yet soon the childish countenance will shine,
Even as thorough storms the soonest slack;
For grief and beef in adverse ways incline—
This keeps, and that decays, when duly soak'd in brine

XXI.

Now all is hush'd, and with a look profound,
The Dominie lays ope the learned page;
(So be it call'd) although he doth expound
Without a book, both Greek and Latin sage;
Now telleth he of Rome's rude infant age,
How Romulus was bred in savage wood,
By wet-nurse wolf, devoid of wolfish rage;
And laid foundation-stone of walls of mud,
But water'd it, alas! with warm fraternal blood.

XXII.

Anon, he turns to that Homeric war,
How Troy was sieged like Londonderry town;
And stout Achilles at his jaunting-car
Dragg'd mighty Hector with a bloody crown;
And eke the bard that sung of their renown,
In garb of Greece, most beggar-like and torn,
He paints, with colley, wandering up and down,
Because, at once, in seven cities born,
And so of parish rights was all his days forlorn.

XXIII.

Anon, through old mythology he goes,
Of gods defunct, and all their pedigrees;
But shuns their scandalous amours, and shows
How Plato wise, and clear-eyed Socrates,

"Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life."

Confess'd not to those heathen hes and shes;
But through the clouds of the Olympic cope
Beheld St Peter, with his holy keys,
And own'd their love was naught, and bow'd to Pope,
Whilst all their purblind race in Pagan mist did grope!

XXIV.

From such quaint themes he turns, at last, aside,
To new philosophies, that still are green,

And shows what railroads have been track'd to guide
The wheels of great political machine;
If English corn should go abroad, I ween,
And gold be made of gold, or paper sheet;
How many pigs be born to each spalpeen;
And, ah! how man shall thrive beyond his meat,—
With twenty souls alive to one square sod of peat!

XXV.

Here he makes end; and all the fry of youth,
That stood around with serious look intense,
Close up again their gaping eyes and mouth,
Which they had open'd to his eloquence,
As if their hearing were a threefold sense.
But now the current of his words is done,
And whether any fruits shall spring from thence,
In future time, with any mother's son,
It is a thing, God wot! that can be told by none.

XXVI.

Now by the creeping shadows of the noon,
The hour is come to lay aside their lore;
The cheerful Pedagogue perceives it soon,
And cries, "Begone!" unto the imps,—and four
Snatch their two hats, and struggle for the door,
Like ardent spirits vented from a cask,
All blithe and boisterous,—but leave two more,
With Reading made Uneasy for a task,
To weep, whilst all their mates in merry sunshine bask.

XXVII.

Like sportive Elfins, on the verdant sod,
With tender moss so sleekly overgrown,
That doth not hurt, but kiss, the sole unshod—
So soothly kind is Erin to her own!
And one at Hare and Hound plays all alone,—
For Phelim's gone to tend his step-dame's cow;
Ah! Phelim's step-dame is a canker'd crone!
Whilst other twain play at an Irish row,
And, with shillelah small, break one another's brow!

XXVIII.

But careful Dominie, with ceaseless thrift,
Now changeth ferula for rural hoe;
But, first of all, with tender hand doth shift
His college gown, because of solar glow,

And hangs it on a bush, to scare the crow:
Meanwhile, he plants in earth the dappled bean,
Or trains the young potatoes all a-row,
Or plucks the fragrant leek for pottage green,
With that crisp curly herb, call'd Kale in Aberdeen.

XXIX.

And so he wisely spends the fruitful hours,
Link'd each to each by labour, like a bee;
Or rules in Learning's hall, or trims her bowers;—
Would there were many more such wights as he,
To sway each capital academie
Of Cam and Isis; for, alack! at each
There dwells, I wot, some dronish Dominie,
That does no garden work, nor yet doth teach,
But wears a floury head, and talks in flowery speech!

Pandeans.

THE SEA-SPELL.

"*Cauld, cauld,* he lies beneath the deep."—*Old Scotch Ballad.*

I.

IT was a jolly mariner,
The tallest man of three,—
He loosed his sail against the wind,
And turn'd his boat to sea:
The ink-black sky told every eye
A storm was soon to be!

II.

But still that jolly mariner
Took in no reef at all,
For, in his pouch, confidingly,
He wore a baby's caul;
A thing, as gossip nurses know,
That always brings a squall!

III.

His hat was new, or newly glazed,
Shone brightly in the sun;
His jacket, like a mariner's,
True blue as e'er was spun;
His ample trousers, like Saint Paul,
Bore forty stripes save one.

IV.

And now the fretting foaming tide
He steer'd away to cross;
The bounding pinnace play'd a game
Of dreary pitch and toss—
A game that, on the good dry land,
Is apt to bring a loss!

V.

Good Heaven befriend that little boat,
And guide her on her way!
A boat, they say, has canvas wings,
But cannot fly away,
Though, like a merry singing bird,
She sits upon the spray!

VI.

Still east by east the little boat
With tawny sail kept beating:
Now out of sight between two waves,
Now o'er th' horizon fleeting:
Like greedy swine that feed on mast,
The waves her mast seem'd eating!

VII.

The sullen sky grew black above,
The wave as black beneath;
Each roaring billow show'd full soon
A white and foamy wreath,
Like angry dogs, that snarl at first,
And then display their teeth.

VIII.

The boatman look'd against the wind,
The mast began to creak,
The wave, per saltum, came and dried,
In salt, upon his cheek!
The pointed wave against him rear'd,
As if it own'd a pique!

IX.

Nor rushing wind, nor gushing wave,
That boatman could alarm,

"De Gustibus non est disputandum."

But still he stood away to sea,
And trusted in his charm;
He thought by purchase he was safe,
And arm'd against all harm!

X.

Now thick and fast and far aslant
The stormy rain came pouring;
He heard upon the sandy bank
The distant breakers roaring—
A groaning intermitting sound,
Like Gog and Magog snoring!

XI.

The seafowl shriek'd around the mast,
Ahead the grampus tumbled,
And far off, from a copper cloud,
The hollow thunder rumbled ;
It would have quail'd another heart,
But his was never humbled.

XII.

For why? he had that infant's caul ;
And wherefore should he dread?—
Alas ! alas ! he little thought,
Before the ebb-tide sped,
That, like that infant, he should die,
And with a watery head !

XIII.

The rushing brine flow'd in apace ;
His boat had ne'er a deck ;
Fate seem'd to call him on, and he
Attended to her beck ;
And so he went, still trusting on,
Though reckless—to his wreck !

XIV.

For as he left his helm, to heave
The ballast bags a-weather,
Three monstrous seas came roaring on,
Like lions leagued together.
The two first waves the little boat
Swam over like a feather.—

XV.

The two first waves were past and gone,
And sinking in her wake ;
The hugest still came leaping on,
And hissing like a snake.
Now helm a-lee ! for through the midst,
The monster he must take !

XVI.

Ah me ! it was a dreary mount !
Its base as black as night,
Its top of pale and livid green,
Its crest of awful white,
Like Neptune with a leprosy,—
And so it rear'd upright !

XVII.

With quaking sails the little boat
Climb'd up the foaming heap;
With quaking sails it paused awhile,
At balance on the steep;
Then rushing down the nether slope,
Plunged with a dizzy sweep!

XVIII.

Look how a horse, made mad with fear,
Disdains his careful guide;
So now the headlong headstrong boat,
Unmanaged, turns aside,
And straight presents her reeling flank
Against the swelling tide!

XIX.

The gusty wind assaults the sail;
Her ballast lies a-lee!
The windward sheet is taut and stiff!
Oh! the 'Lively'—where is she?
Her capsized keel is in the foam,
Her pennon's in the sea!

XX.

The wild gull, sailing overhead,
Three times beheld emerge
The head of that bold mariner,
And then she scream'd his dirge!
For he had sunk within his grave,
Lapp'd in a shroud of surge!

XXI.

The ensuing wave, with horrid foam,
Rush'd o'er and cover'd all,—
The jolly boatman's drowning scream
Was smother'd by the squall:
Heaven never heard his cry, nor did
The ocean heed his *caul!*

"A man's a man for a' that."

FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms!

Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg
And the Forty-Second Foot!"

The army-surgeons made him limbs:
Said he, "They're only pegs:
But there's as wooden members quite,
As represent my legs!"

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray;
So he went to pay her his devours,
When he'd devour'd his pay!

But when he call'd on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off!

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform!"

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave!

"Before you had those timber toes
Your love I did allow;
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now!"

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call, I left my legs
In Badajoz's *breaches!*"

"Why, then," said she, "you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feats of arms!"

"Oh, false and fickle Nelly Gray!
I know why you refuse:—
Though I've no feet, some other man
Is standing in my shoes!

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But, now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death;—alas!
You will not be my *Nell!*"

Now when he went from Nelly Gray
His heart so heavy got,
And life was such a burthen grown,
It made him take a knot!

So round his melancholy neck
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line!

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off,—of course,
He soon was off his legs!

And there he hung, till he was dead
As any nail in town,—
For though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down!

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died—
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
With a *stake* in his inside!

The Bard of Hope

FANCY PORTRAITS.

MANY authors preface their works with a portrait, and it saves the reader a deal of speculation. The world loves to know something of the features of its favourites;—it likes the Geniuses to appear bodily, as well as the Genii. We may estimate the liveliness of this curiosity by the abundance of portraits, masks, busts, china and plaster casts, that are extant, of great or would-be great people. As soon as a gentleman has proved, in print, that he really has a head, a score of artists begin to brush at it. The literary lions have no peace to their manes. Sir Walter is eternally sitting like Theseus to some painter or other; and the late Lord Byron threw out more heads before he died than Hydra. The first novel of Mr Galt had barely been announced in the second edition, when he was requested

to allow himself to be taken "in one minute;"—Mr Geoffrey Crayon was no sooner known to be Mr Washington Irving, than he was waited upon with a sheet of paper and a pair of scissors.

The whole world, in fact, is one Lavater:—it likes to find its prejudices confirmed by the Hooke nose of the author of "Sayings and Doings"—or the lines and angles in the honest face of Izaak Walton. It is gratified in dwelling on the repulsive features of a Newgate ordinary; and would be disappointed to miss the seraphic expression on the author of the "Angel of the World." The Old Bailey jurymen are physiognomists to a fault; and if a rope can transform a malefactor into an Adonis, a hard gallows face as often brings the malefactor to the rope. A low forehead is enough to bring down its head to the dust. A well-favoured man meets with good countenance; but when

Mr Crable.

people are plain and hard-featured (like the poor, for instance), we grind their faces; an expression, I am convinced, that refers to physiognomical theory.

For my part, I confess a sympathy with the common failing. I take likings and dislikings, as some play music,—at sight. The polar attractions and repulsions insisted on by the phrenologist, affect me not; but I am not proof against a pleasant or villainous set of features. Sometimes, I own, I am led by the nose (not my own, but that of the other party)—in my prepossessions.

My curiosity does not object to the disproportionate number of portraits in the annual exhibition,—nor grudge the expense of engraving a gentleman's head and shoulders. Like Judith, and the daughter of Herodias, I have a taste for a head in a plate, and accede cheerfully to the charge of the charger. A book without a portrait of the author is worse than anonymous. As in a churchyard, you may look on any number of ribs and shin-bones as so many sticks merely, without interest; but if there should chance to be a skull near hand, it claims

the relics at once,—so it is with the author's headpiece in front of his pages. The portrait claims the work. The "Arcadia," for instance, I know is none of mine—it belongs to that young fair gentleman in armour with a ruff!

So necessary it is for me to have an outward visible sign of the inward spiritual poet or philosopher, that in default of an authentic

Mr Bowles.

resemblance, I cannot help forging for him an effigy in my mind's eye,—a Fancy Portrait. A few examples of contemporaries I have sketched down, but my collection is far from complete.

How have I longed to glimpse, in fancy, the Great Unknown!—the Roc of Literature!—but he keeps his head, like Ben Lomond, enveloped in a cloud. How have I sighed for a beau ideal of the author of "Christabel" and the "Ancient Marinere!"—but I have been mocked with a dozen images confusing each other, and indistinct as

The Author of "Broad Grins."

water is in water. My only clear revelation was a pair of Hessian boots highly polished, or what the ingenious Mr Warren would denominate his "Aids to Reflection!"

I was more certain of the figure, at least, of Dr Kitchener, though I had a misgiving about his features, which made me have

recourse to a substitute for his head. Moore's profile struck me over a bottle after dinner, and the countenance of Mr Bowles occurred to me, as in a mirror,—by a tea-table suggestion; Colman's at the same service;—and Mr Crabbe entered my mind's eye with the supper. But the Bard of Hope—the Laureate of promise and expectation,—occurred to me at no meal-time. We all know how Hope feeds her own.

I had a lively image of the celebrated Denon in a midnight dream, and made out the full length of the juvenile Graham from a hint of Mr Hilton's.

At a future season, I hope to complete my gallery of Fancy Portraits.

Anacreon, Junior.

WHIMS AND ODDITIES.

(SECOND SERIES, 1827.)

"What Demon hath possessed thee, that thou wilt never forsake that impertinent custom of punning?"—SCRIBLERUS.

PREFACE.

IN the absence of better fiddles, I have ventured to come forward again with my little kit of fancies. I trust it will not be found an unworthy sequel to my first performance; indeed, I have done my best, in the New Series, innocently to imitate a practice that prevails abroad in duelling—I mean, that of the seconds giving satisfaction.

The kind indulgence that welcomed my volume heretofore, prevents me from reiterating the same apologies. The public have learned by this time, from my rude designs, that I am no great artist, and from my text, that I am no great author, but humbly equivocating, batlike, between the two kinds;—though proud to partake in any characteristic of either. As for the first particular, my hope persuades me that my illustrations cannot have degenerated, so ably as I have been seconded by Mr Edward Willis, who, like the humane Walter, has befriended my offspring in the Wood.

In the literary part I have to plead guilty, as usual, to some verbal misdemeanours; for which I must leave my defence to Dean Swift, and the other great European and Oriental Pundits. Let me suggest, however, that a pun is somewhat like a cherry: though there may be

a slight outward indication of partition—of duplicity of meaning—yet no gentleman need make two bites at it against his own pleasure. To accommodate certain readers, notwithstanding, I have refrained from putting the majority in italics. It is not every one, I am aware, that can Toler-ate a pun like my Lord Norbury.

BIANCA'S DREAM.

A VENETIAN STORY.

I.

BIANCA !—fair Bianca !—who could dwell
With safety on her dark and hazel gaze,
Nor find there lurk'd in it a witching spell,
Fatal to balmy nights and blessed days?
The peaceful breath that made the bosom swell,
She turn'd to gas, and set it in a blaze ;
Each eye of hers had Love's Eupyrion in it,
That he could light his link at in a minute.

II.

So that, wherever in her charms she shone,
A thousand breasts were kindled into flame ;
Maidens who cursed her looks forgot their own,
And beaux were turn'd to flambeaux where she came ;
All hearts indeed were conquer'd but her own,
Which none could ever temper down or tame :
In short, to take our haberdasher's hints,
She might have written over it,—"from Flint's."

III.

She was, in truth, the wonder of her sex,
At least in Venice—where, with eyes of brown,
Tenderly languid, ladies seldom vex
An amorous gentle with a needless frown ;
Where gondolas convey guitars by pecks,
And Love at casements climbeth up and down,
Whom, for his tricks and custom in that kind,
Some have consider'd a Venetian blind.

IV.

Howbeit, this difference was quickly taught,
Amongst more youths who had this cruel jailor,
To hapless Julio—all in vain he sought
With each new moon his hatter and his tailor ;
In vain the richest padusoy he bought,
And went in bran new beaver to assail her—
As if to show that Love had made him *smart*
All over—and not merely round his heart.

V.

In vain he labour'd thro' the sylvan park
  Bianca haunted in—that where she came,
Her learned eyes in wandering might mark
  The twisted cipher of her maiden name,
Wholesomely going thro' a course of bark:
  No one was touch'd or troubled by his flame,
Except the dryads, those old maids that grow
In trees,—like wooden dolls in embryo.

VI.

In vain complaining elegies he writ,
  And taught his tuneful instrument to grieve,
And sang in quavers how his heart was split,
  Constant beneath her lattice with each eve;
She mock'd his wooing with her wicked wit,
  And slash'd his suit so that it match'd his sleeve,
Till he grew silent at the vesper star,
And, quite despairing, hamstring'd his guitar.

VII.

Bianca's heart was coldly frosted o'er
  With snows unmelting—an eternal sheet;
But his was red within him, like the core
  Of old Vesuvius, with perpetual heat;
And oft he long'd internally to pour
  His flames and glowing lava at her feet;
But when his burnings he began to spout,
She stopp'd his mouth, and put the *crater* out.

VIII.

Meanwhile he wasted in the eyes of men,
  So thin, he seem'd a sort of skeleton-key
Suspended at Death's door—so pale—and then
  He turn'd as nervous as an aspen-tree;
The life of man is threescore years and ten,
  But he was perishing at twenty-three;
For people truly said, as grief grew stronger,
"It could not shorten his poor life—much longer."

IX.

For why—he neither slept, nor drank, nor fed,
  Nor relish'd any kind of mirth below;
Fire in his heart, and frenzy in his head,
  Love had become his universal foe,

Salt in his sugar—nightmare in his bed.
At last, no wonder wretched Julio,
A sorrow-ridden thing, in utter dearth
Of hope—made up his mind to cut her girth!

X.

For hapless lovers always died of old,
Sooner than chew reflection's bitter cud;
So Thisbe stuck herself, what time 'tis told
The tender-hearted mulberries wept blood;
And so poor Sappho, when her boy was cold,
Drown'd her salt tear-drops in a salter flood,—
Their fame still breathing, tho' their breath be past,
For those old *suitors* lived beyond their last.

XI.

So Julio went to drown, when life was dull,
But took his corks, and merely had a bath;
And once he pull'd a trigger at his skull,
But merely broke a window in his wrath;
And once, his hopeless being to annul,
He tied a packthread to a beam of lath,
A line so ample, 'twas a query whether
'Twas meant to be a halter or a tether.

XII.

Smile not in scorn, that Julio did not thrust
His sorrows thro'—'tis horrible to die!
And come down with our little all of dust,
That dun of all the duns to satisfy:
To leave life's pleasant city as we must,
In Death's most dreary spunging-house to lie,
Where even all our personals must go
To pay the debt of Nature that we owe!

XIII.

So Julio lived:—'twas nothing but a pet
He took at life—a momentary spite;
Besides, he hoped that time would some day get
The better of love's flame, however bright;
A thing that time has never compass'd yet,
For love, we know, is an immortal light;
Like that old fire, that, quite beyond a doubt,
Was always in,—for none have found it out.

XIV.

Meanwhile, Bianca dream'd—'twas once when Night
Along the darken'd plain began to creep,

Like a young Hottentot, whose eyes are bright,
Altho' in skin as sooty as a sweep:
The flowers had shut their eyes—the zephyr light
Was gone, for it had rock'd the leaves to sleep;
And all the little birds had laid their heads
Under their wings—sleeping in feather beds.

XV.

Lone in her chamber sate the dark-eyed maid,
By easy stages jaunting thro' her prayers,
But listening sidelong to a serenade,
That robb'd the saints a little of their shares:
For Julio underneath the lattice play'd
His Deh Vieni, and such amorous airs,
Born only underneath Italian skies,
Where every fiddle has a Bridge of Sighs.

XVI.

Sweet was the tune—the words were even sweeter—
Praising her eyes, her lips, her nose, her hair,
With all the common tropes wherewith in metre
The hackney poets overcharge their fair.
Her shape was like Diana's, but completer;
Her brow with Grecian Helen's might compare:
Cupid, alas! was cruel Sagittarius,
Julio—the weeping water-man Aquarius.

XVII.

Now, after listing to such laudings rare—
'Twas very natural indeed to go—
What if she did postpone one little prayer
To ask her mirror, "if it was not so?"
'Twas a large mirror, none the worse for wear,
Reflecting her at once from top to toe:
And there she gazed upon that glossy track,
That show'd her front face tho' it "gave her back."

XVIII.

And long her lovely eyes were held in thrall,
By that dear page where first the woman reads:
That Julio was no flatterer, none at all,
She told herself—and then she told her beads;
Meanwhile, the nerves insensibly let fall
Two curtains fairer than the lily breeds;
For Sleep had crept and kiss'd her unawares,
Just at the half-way milestone of her prayers.

XIX.

Then like a drooping rose so bended she,
Till her bow'd head upon her hand reposed;
But still she plainly saw, or seem'd to see,
That fair reflexion, tho' her eyes were closed,
A beauty bright as it was wont to be,
A portrait Fancy painted while she dozed:
'Tis very natural, some people say,
To dream of what we dwell on in the day.

XX.

Still shone her face—yet not, alas! the same,
But 'gan some dreary touches to assume,
And sadder thoughts, with sadder changes came—
Her eyes resign'd their light, her lips their bloom,
Her teeth fell out, her tresses did the same,
Her cheeks were tinged with bile, her eyes with rheum:
There was a throbbing at her heart within,
For, oh! there was a shooting in her chin.

XXI.

And lo! upon her sad, desponding brow,
The cruel trenches of besieging age,
With seams, but most unseemly, 'gan to show
Her place was booking for the seventh stage;
And where her raven tresses used to flow,
Some locks that Time had left her in his rage,
And some mock ringlets, made her forehead shady,
A compound (like our Psalms) of tête and braidy.

XXII.

Then for her shape—alas! how Saturn wrecks,
And bends, and corkscrews all the frame about,
Doubles the hams, and crooks the straightest necks,
Draws in the nape, and pushes forth the snout,
Makes backs and stomachs concave or convex;
Witness those pensioners call'd In and Out,
Who all day watching first and second rater,
Quaintly unbend themselves—but grow no straighter.

XXIII.

So Time with fair Bianca dealt, and made
Her shape a bow, that once was like an arrow;
His iron hand upon her spine he laid,
And twisted all awry her "winsome marrow."

In truth it was a change !—she had obey'd
The holy Pope before her chest grew narrow,
But spectacles and palsy seem'd to make her
Something between a Glassite and a Quaker.

In an Out Pensioners.

XXIV.

Her grief and gall meanwhile were quite extreme,
And she had ample reason for her trouble ;
For what sad maiden can endure to seem
Set in for singleness, tho' growing double.
The fancy madden'd her ; but now the dream,
Grown thin by getting bigger, like a bubble,
Burst,—but still left some fragments of its size,
That, like the soapsuds, smarted in her eyes.

XXV.

And here—just here—as she began to heed
The real world, her clock chimed out its score ;
A clock it was of the Venetian breed,
That cried the hour from one to twenty-four ;
The works moreover standing in some need
Of workmanship, it struck some dozens more ;
A warning voice that clench'd Bianca's fears,
Such strokes referring doubtless to her years.

XXVI.

At fifteen chimes she was but half a nun,
By twenty she had quite renounced the veil;
She thought of Julio just at twenty-one,
And thirty made her very sad and pale.
To paint that ruin where her charms would run;
At forty all the maid began to fail,
And thought no higher, as the late dream cross'd her,
Of single blessedness, than single Gloster.

XXVII.

And so Bianca changed;—the next sweet even,
With Julio in a black Venetian bark,
Row'd slow and stealthily—the hour, eleven,
Just sounding from the tower of old St Mark.
She sate with eyes turn'd quietly to heaven,
Perchance rejoicing in the grateful dark
That veil'd her blushing cheek,—for Julio brought her,
Of course—to break the ice upon the water.

XXVIII.

But what a puzzle is one's serious mind
To open;—oysters, when the ice is thick,
Are not so difficult and disinclined;
And Julio felt the declaration stick
About his throat in a most awful kind;
However, he contrived by bits to pick
His trouble forth,—much like a rotten cork
Groped from a long-neck'd bottle with a fork.

XXIX.

But love is still the quickest of all readers;
And Julio spent besides those signs profuse
That English telegraphs and foreign pleaders,
In help of language, are so apt to use;
Arms, shoulders, fingers, all were interceders,
Nods, shrugs, and bends,—Bianca could not choose
But soften to his suit with more facility,
He told his story with so much agility.

XXX.

"Be thou my park, and I will be thy dear,
(So he began at last to speak or quote;)
Be thou my bark, and I thy gondolier,
(For passion takes this figurative note;)

Be thou my light, and I thy chandelier;
Be thou my dove, and I will be thy cote:
My lily be, and I will be thy river;
Be thou my life—and I will be thy liver."

XXXI.

This, with more tender logic of the kind,
He pour'd into her small and shell-like ear,
That timidly against his lips inclined;
Meanwhile her eyes glanced on the silver sphere
That even now began to steal behind
A dewy vapour, which was lingering near,
Wherein the dull moon crept all dim and pale,
Just like a virgin putting on the veil:

XXXII.

Bidding adieu to all her sparks—the stars,
That erst had woo'd and worshipp'd in her train,
Saturn and Hesperus, and gallant Mars—
Never to flirt with heavenly eyes again.
Meanwhile, remindful of the convent bars,
Bianca did not watch these signs in vain,
But turn'd to Julio at the dark eclipse,
With words, like verbal kisses, on her lips.

XXXIII.

He took the hint full speedily, and, back'd
By love, and night, and the occasion's meetness,
Bestow'd a something on her cheek that smack'd
(Tho' quite in silence) of ambrosial sweetness,
That made her think all other kisses lack'd
Till then, but what she knew not, of completeness:
Being used but sisterly salutes to feel,
Insipid things—like sandwiches of veal.

XXXIV.

He took her hand, and soon she felt him wring
The pretty fingers all instead of one;
Anon his stealthy arm began to cling
About her waist, that had been clasp'd by none;
Their dear confessions I forbear to sing,
Since cold description would but be outrun:
For bliss and Irish watches have the pow'r,
In twenty minutes, to lose half-an-hour!

A BALLAD SINGER

IS a town-crier for the advertising of lost tunes. Hunger hath made him a wind instrument: his want is vocal, and not he. His voice had gone a-begging before he took it up and applied it to the same trade; it was too strong to hawk mackerel, but was just soft enough for "Robin Adair." His business is to make popular songs unpopular,—he gives the air, like a weathercock, with many variations. As for a key, he has but one—a latch-key—for all manner of tunes; and as they are to pass current amongst the lower sorts of people, he makes his notes like a country banker's, as thick as he can. His tones have a copper sound, for he sounds for copper; and for the musical divisions he hath no regard, but sings on, like a kettle, without taking any heed of the bars. Before beginning, he clears his pipe with gin; and he is always hoarse from the thorough draft in his throat. He hath but one shake, and that is in winter. His voice sounds flat, from flatulence; and he fetches breath, like a drowning kitten, whenever he can. Notwithstanding all this, his music gains ground, for it walks with him from end to end of the street.

He is your only performer that requires not many entreaties for a song; for he will chaunt, without asking, to a street cur or a parish post. His only backwardness is to a stave after dinner, seeing that he never dines; for he sings for bread, and though corn has ears, sings very commonly in vain. As for his country, he is an Englishman, that by his birthright may sing whether he can or not. To conclude, he is reckoned passable in the city, but is not so good off the stones.

"Gin a body meet a body."

MARY'S GHOST.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

I.

'Twas in the middle of the night,
To sleep young William tried,
When Mary's ghost came stealing in,
And stood at his bedside.

II.

O William dear! O William dear!
My rest eternal ceases;
Alas! my everlasting peace
Is broken into pieces.

III.

I thought the last of all my cares
Would end with my last minute;
But though I went to my long home,
I didn't stay long in it.

IV.

The body-snatchers they have come,
And made a snatch at me;
It's very hard them kind of men
Won't let a body be!

V.

You thought that I was buried deep,
Quite decent like and chary,
But from her grave in Mary-bone
They've come and boned your Mary.

VI.

The arm that used to take your arm
Is took to Dr Vyse;
And both my legs are gone to walk
The hospital at Guy's.

VII.

I vow'd that you should have my hand,
But fate gives us denial;
You'll find it there, at Doctor Bell's
In spirits and a phial.

VIII.

As for my feet, the little feet
You used to call so pretty,
There's one, I know, in Bedford Row,
The t'other's in the city.

IX.

I can't tell where my head is gone,
But Doctor Carpue can:
As for my trunk, it's all pack'd up
To go by Pickford's van.

X.

I wish you'd go to Mr P.
And save me such a ride;
I don't half like the outside place,
They've took for my inside.

XI.

The cock it crows—I must be gone!
My William, we must part!
But I'll be yours in death, altho'
Sir Astley has my heart.

XII.

Don't go to weep upon my grave,
And think that there I be;
They haven't left an atom there
Of my anatomie.

Infant Genius.

THE PROGRESS OF ART.

I.

O HAPPY time! Art's early days!
When o'er each deed, with sweet self-praise,
Narcissus-like I hung!
When great Rembrandt but little seem'd,
And such Old Masters all were deem'd
As nothing to the young!

II.

Some scratchy strokes—abrupt and few,
So easily and swift I drew,
Sufficed for my design;
My sketchy, superficial hand
Drew solids at a dash—and spann'd
A surface with a line.

III.

Not long my eye was thus content,
But grew more critical—my bent
Essay'd a higher walk;
I copied leaden eyes in lead—
Rheumatic hands in white and red,
And gouty feet—in chalk.

IV.

Anon my studious art for days
Kept making faces—happy phrase
For faces such as mine!
Accomplish'd in the details then,
I left the minor parts of men,
And drew the form divine.

V.

Old Gods and Heroes—Trojan—Greek,
Figures—long after the antique,
Great Ajax justly fear'd;
Hectors, of whom at night I dreamt,
And Nestor, fringed enough to tempt
Bird-nesters to his beard.

VI.

A Bacchus, leering on a bowl,
A Pallas, that out-stared her owl,
A Vulcan—very lame;
A Dian stuck about with stars,
With my right hand I murder'd Mars—
(One Williams did the same).

VII.

But tired of this dry work at last,
Crayon and chalk aside I cast,
And gave my brush a drink!
Dipping—"as when a painter dips
In gloom of earthquake and eclipse,"—
That is—in Indian ink.

VIII.

Oh, then, what black Mont Blancs arose,
Crested with soot, and not with snows:
What clouds of dingy hue!
In spite of what the Bard has penn'd,
I fear the distance did not "lend
Enchantment to the view."

IX.

Not Radcliffe's brush did e'er design
Black Forests half so black as mine,
Or lakes so like a pall;
The Chinese cake dispersed a ray
Of darkness, like the light of Day
And Martin over all.

X.

Yet urchin pride sustain'd me still,
I gazed on all with right good will,
And spread the dingy tint;
"No holy Luke help'd me to paint;
The Devil surely, not a Saint,
Had any finger in't!"

XI.

But colours came!—like morning light,
With gorgeous hues displacing night,
Or Spring's enliven'd scene:
At once the sable shades withdrew:
My skies got very, very blue;
My trees extremely green.

XII.

And wash'd by my cosmetic brush,
How Beauty's cheek began to blush;
With locks of auburn stain—
(Not Goldsmith's Auburn)—nut-brown hair,
That made her loveliest of the fair;
Not "loveliest of the plain!"

XIII.

Her lips were of vermilion hue;
Love in her eyes, and Prussian blue,
Set all my heart in flame!
A young Pygmalion, I adored
The maids I made—but time was stored
With evil—and it came!

XIV.

Perspective dawn'd—and soon I saw
My houses stand against its law;
And "keeping" all unkept!
My beauties were no longer things
For love and fond imaginings,
But horrors to be wept!

XV.

Ah! why did knowledge ope my eyes?
Why did I get more artist-wise?
It only serves to hint
What grave defects and wants are mine;
That I'm no Hilton in design—
In nature no Dewint!

XVI.

Thrice happy time!—Art's early days!
When o'er each deed, with sweet self-praise,
Narcissus-like I hung!
When great Rembrandt but little seem'd,
And such Old Masters all were deem'd
As nothing to the young!

"Better late than never."

A SCHOOL FOR ADULTS.

Servant. How will you saw
Your father to school to-day, knowing how apt
He is to play the truant.

Son. But is he not
Yet gone to school?

Servant. Stand by, and you shall see.

Enter three Old Men with satchels, singing.

All Three. Domine, Domine, duster,
Three knaves in a cluster.

Son. Oh, this is gallant pastime. Nay, come on;
Is this your school? was that your lesson, ha?

1st Old Man. Pray, now, good son, indeed, indeed——
Son. Indeed
You shall to schoo'. Away with him! and take
Their wagships with him, the whole cluster of them.
2d Old Man. You shan't send us, now, so you shan't.
3d Old Man. We be none of your father, so we ben't.
Son. Away with 'em, I say; and tell their schoolmistress
What truants they are, and bid her pay 'em soundly.
All Three. Oh! oh! oh!
Lady. Alas! wi l nobody beg pardon for
The poor old boys?
Traveller. Do men of such fair years here go to school?
Native. They wou'd die dunces else.
These were great scholars in their youth; but when
Age grows upon men here, their learning wastes,
And so decays, that, if they live until
Threescore, their sons send 'em to school again:
They'd die as speechless else as new-born children.
Traveller. 'Tis a wise nation, and the piety
Of the young men most rare and commendable:
Yet give me, as a stranger, leave to beg
Their liberty this day.
Son. 'Tis granted.
Hold up your heads; and thank the gent'eman.
Like scholars, with your heels now.
All Three. Gratias! Gratias! Gratias! [*Exeunt singing.*]

"*The Antipodes*"—*By* R. BROME.

AMONGST the foundations for the promotion of National Education, I had heard of Schools for Adults; but I doubted of their existence. They were, I thought, merely the fancies of old dramatists, such as that scene just quoted; or the suggestions of philanthropists—the theoretical buildings of modern philosophers—benevolent prospectuses drawn up by warm-hearted enthusiasts, but of schemes never to be realised. They were probably only the bubble projections of a junto of interested pedagogues, not content with the entrance moneys of the rising generation, but aiming to exact a premium from the unlettered greybeard. The age, I argued, was not ripe for such institutions, in spite of the spread of intelligence, and the vast power of knowledge insisted on by the public journalist. I could not conceive a set of men, or gentlemen, of mature years, if not aged, entering themselves as members of preparatory schools and petty seminaries, in defiance of shame, humiliation, and the contumely of a literary age. It seemed too whimsical to contemplate fathers and venerable grandfathers emulating the infant generation, and seeking for instruction in the rudiments. My imagination refused to picture the hoary abecedarian—

> "With satchel on his back, and shining morning face,
> Creeping, like snail, unwillingly to school."

Fancy grew restive at a patriarchal ignoramus with a fool's-cap, and a rod thrust down his bosom; at a palsied truant dodging the palmy inflictions of the cane; or a silver-headed dunce horsed on a pair of rheumatic shoulders for a paralytic flagellation. The picture notwithstanding is realised! Elderly people seem to have considered that they will be as awkwardly situated in the other world as here without their alphabet,—and Schools for Grown Persons to learn to read are no more Utopian than New Harmony. The following letter from an

old gentleman, whose education had been neglected,* confirms me in the fact. It is copied, verbatim and literatim, from the original, which fell into my hands by accident.

BLACK HEATH, *November* 1827.

Deer Brother,

My honnerd Parents being Both desist I feal my deuty to give you Sum Acount of the Proggress I have maid in my studdys since last Vocation. You will be gratefied to hear I am at the Hed of my Class and Tom Hodges is at its Bottom, tho He was Seventy last Burth Day and I am onely going on for Three Skore. I have begun Gografy and do exsizes on the Globs. In figgers I am all most out the fore Simples and going into Compounds next weak. In the mean time hop you will aprove my Hand riting as well as my Speling witch I have took grate panes with as you desird. As for the French Tung Mr Legender says I shall soon get the pronounciation as well as a Parishiner but the Master thinks its not advisible to begin Lattin at my advancd ears.

With respecks to my Pearsonal comfits I am verry happy and midling Well xcept the old Cumplant in my To—but the Master is so kind as to let me have a Cushin for my feat. If their is any thing to cumplane of its the Vittles. Our Cook dont understand Maid dishes. Her Currys is xcrabble. Tom Hodges Foot Man brings him Evry Day soop from Birches. I wish you providid me the same. On the hole I wish on menny Acounts I was a Day border particly as Barlow sleeps in our Room and coffs all nite long. His brother's Ashmy is wus then his. He has took lately to snuff and I have wishes to do the like. Its very dull after Supper since Mr Grierson took away the fellers Pips, and forbid smocking, and allmost raized a Riot on that hed, and some of the Boys was to have Been horst for it. I am happy (to) say I have never been floged as yet and onely Caind once and that was for damming at the Cooks chops becous they was so overdun, but there was to have been fore Wiped yeaster day for Playing Wist in skool hours, but was Begd off on acount of their Lumbargo.

I am sorry to say Ponder has had another Stroak of the perrylaticks and has no Use of his Lims. He is Parrs fag—and Parr has got the Roomytix bysides very bad but luckly its onely stiffind one Arm so he has still Hops to get the Star for Heliocution. Poor Dick Combs eye site has quite gone or he would have a good chance for the Silvur Pen.

Mundy was one of the Fellers Burths Days and we was to have a hole Hollday but he dyed sudnly over nite of the appoplxy and disappinted us verry much. Two moor was fetcht home last Weak so that we are getting very thin partickly when we go out Wauking, witch is seldom more than three at a time, their is allways so menny in the nursry. I forgot to say Garrat run off a month ago he got verry

* See Elia's *Letter to an Old Gentleman whose Education has been Neglected*, London Magazine, January 1825; Complete Works of Charles Lamb, p. 404.

Homesick ever since his Granchilderen cum to sea him at skool,—Mr Grierson has expeld him for running away.

On Tuesday a new Schollard cum. He is a very old crusty Chap and not much lick'd for that resin by the rest of the Boys, whom all Teas him, and call him Phig because he is a retired Grosser. Mr Grierson declind another New Boy because he hadnt had the Mizzles. I have red Gays Fabbles and the other books You were so kind to send me—and would be glad of moor partickly the Gentlemans with a Welsh Whig and a Worming Pan when you foreward my Closebox with my clean Lining like wise sum moor Fleasy Hoshery for my legs and the Cardmums I rit for with the French Grammer &c. Also weather I am to Dance next quarter. The Gimnystacks is being interdeuced into our Skool but is so Voilent no one follows them but Old Parr and He cant get up his Pole.

I have no more to rite but hop this letter will find you as Well as me; Mr Grierson is in Morning for Mr Linly Murry of whose loss you have herd of—xcept which he is in Quite good Helth and desires his Respective Complements with witch I remane

Your deutiful and
loving Brother

**** ****

S.P. Barlow and Phigg have just had a fite in the Yard about calling names and Phigg has pegged Barlows tooth out But it was loose before. Mr G. dont allow Puglism, if he nose it among the Boys, as at their Times of lifes it might be fatle partickly from puling their Coats of in the open Are.

Our new Husher his cum and is verry well Red in his Mother's tung, witch is the mane thing with Beginers but We wish the Frentch Master was changed on Acount of his Pollyticks and Religun. Brassbrige and him is always Squabling about Bonnyparty and the Pop of Room. Has for Barlow we cant tell weather He is Wig or Tory for he cant express his Sentymints for Coffing.

The Spare Bed.

A LEGEND OF NAVARRE.

I.

'TWAS in the reign of Lewis, call'd the Great,
As one may read on his triumphal arches,
The thing befel I'm going to relate,
In course of one of those "pomposo" marches
He loved to make, like any gorgeous Persian,
Partly for war, and partly for diversion.

II.

Some wag had put it in the royal brain
To drop a visit at an old chateau,
Quite unexpected, with his courtly train;
The monarch liked it,—but it happen'd so,
That Death had got before them by a post,
And they were "reckoning without their *host*."

III.

Who died exactly as a child should die,
Without one groan or a convulsive breath,
Closing without one pang his quiet eye,
Sliding composedly from sleep—to death;
A corpse so placid ne'er adorn'd a bed,
He seem'd not quite--but only rather dead.

IV.

All night the widow'd Baroness contrived
To shed a widow's tears ; but on the morrow
Some news of such unusual sort arrived,
There came strange alteration in her sorrow ;
From mouth to mouth it pass'd, one common humming
Throughout the house—the King ! the King is coming !

V.

The Baroness, with all her soul and heart
A loyal woman (now call'd ultra-royal),
Soon thrust all funeral concerns apart,
And only thought about a banquet-royal ;
In short, by aid of earnest preparation,
The visit quite dismiss'd the visitation.

VI.

And, spite of all her grief for the ex-mate,
There was a secret hope she could not smother,
That some one, early, might replace "the late"—
It was too soon to think about another ;
Yet let her minutes of despair be reckon'd
Against her hope, which was but for *a second.*

VII.

She almost thought that being thus bereft
Just then was one of Time's propitious touches ;
A thread in such a nick so nick'd, it left
Free opportunity to be a duchess ;
Thus all her care was only to look pleasant,
But as for tears—she dropp'd them—for the present.

VIII.

Her household, as good servants ought to try,
Look'd like their lady—anything but sad,
And giggled even that they might not cry,
To damp fine company ; in truth they had
No time to mourn, thro' choking turkeys' throttles
Scouring old laces, and reviewing bottles.

IX.

Oh, what a hubbub for the house of woe !
All, resolute to one irresolution,
Kept tearing, swearing, plunging to and fro,
Just like another French mob-revolution.
There lay the corpse, that could not stir a muscle,
But all the rest seem'd Chaos in a bustle.

X.

The Monarch came: oh! who could ever guess
The Baroness had been so late a weeper!
The kingly grace, and more than graciousness,
Buried the poor defunct some fathoms deeper,—
Could he have had a glance—alas, poor being!
Seeing would certainly have led to *D*—ing.

XI.

For casting round about her eyes to find
Some one to whom her chattels to endorse,
The comfortable dame at last inclined
To choose the cheerful Master of the Horse;
He was so gay,—so tender,—the complete
Nice man,—the sweetest of the monarch's suite.

XII.

He saw at once, and enter'd in the lists—
Glance unto glance made amorous replies;
They talk'd together like two egotists,
In conversation all made up of *eyes:*
No couple ever got so right consort-ish
Within two hours—a courtship rather shortish.

XIII.

At last, some sleepy, some by wine opprest,
The courtly company began "nid-noddin;"
The King first sought his chamber, and the rest
Instanter follow'd by the course he trod in.
I shall not please the scandalous by showing
The order, or disorder, of their going.

XIV.

The old chateau, before that night, had never
Held half so many underneath its roof;
It task'd the Baroness's best endeavour,
And put her best contrivance to the proof,
To give them chambers up and down the stairs,
In twos and threes, by singles, and by pairs.

XV.

She had just lodging for the whole—yet barely;
And some, that were both broad of back and tall,
Lay on spare beds that served them very sparely;
However, there were beds enough for all;
But living bodies occupied so many,
She could not let the dead one take up any!

XVI.

The act was, certainly, not over decent:
Some small respect e'en after death she owed him,
Considering his death had been so recent;
However, by command, her servants stow'd him
(I am ashamed to think how he was slubber'd),
Stuck bolt upright within a corner cupboard!

XVII.

And there he slept as soundly as a post,
With no more pillow than an oaken shelf:
Just like a kind accommodating host,
Taking all inconvenience on himself;
None else slept in that room, except a stranger,
A decent man, a sort of Forest Ranger:

XVIII.

Who, whether he had gone too soon to bed,
Or dreamt himself into an appetite,
Howbeit, he took a longing to be fed,
About the hungry middle of the night;
So getting forth, he sought some scrap to eat,
Hopeful of some stray pasty or cold meat.

XIX.

The casual glances of the midnight moon,
Brightening some antique ornaments of brass,
Guided his gropings to that corner soon,
Just where it stood, the coffin-safe, alas!
He tried the door—then shook it—and in course
Of time it open'd to a little force.

XX.

He put one hand in, and began to grope;
The place was very deep and quite as dark as
The middle night;—when lo! beyond his hope,
He felt a something cold, in fact, the carcase;
Right overjoy'd, he laugh'd, and blest his luck
At finding, as he thought, this haunch of buck!

XXI.

Then striding back for his *couteau-de-chasse*,
Determined on a little midnight lunching,
He came again and probed about the mass,
As if to find the fattest bit for munching;
Not meaning wastefully to cut it all up,
But only to abstract a little collop.

XXII.

But just as he had struck one greedy stroke,
His hand fell down quite powerless and weak;
For when he cut the haunch it plainly spoke
As haunch of venison never ought to speak;
No wonder that his hand could go no further—
Whose could?—to carve cold meat that bellow'd, "Murther!"

XXIII.

Down came the body with a bounce, and down
The Ranger sprang, a staircase at a spring,
And bawl'd enough to waken up a town;
Some thought that *they* were murder'd, some, the King,
And, like Macduff, did nothing for a season,
But stand upon the spot and bellow, "Treason!"

XXIV.

A hundred nightcaps gather'd in a mob,
Torches drew torches, swords brought swords together,
It seem'd so dark and perilous a job;
The Baroness came, trembling like a feather,
Just in the rear, as pallid as a corse,
Leaning against the Master of the Horse.

XXV

A dozen of the bravest up the stair,
Well lighted and well watch'd, began to clamber;
They sought the door—they found it—they were there—
A dozen heads went poking in the chamber;
And lo! with one hand planted on his hurt,
There stood the Body bleeding thro' his shirt,—

XXVI.

No passive corse—but, like a duellist
Just smarting from a scratch, in fierce position,
One hand advanced, and ready to resist;
In fact, the Baron doff'd the apparition,
Swearing those oaths the French delight in most,
And for the second time "gave up the ghost!"

XXVII.

A living miracle!—for why?—the knife
That cuts so many off from grave grey hairs
Had only carved him kindly into life:
How soon it changed the posture of affairs!
The difference one person more or less
Will make in families, is past all guess.

XXVIII.

There stood the Baroness—no widow yet;
Here stood the Baron—"in the body" still:
There stood the Horses' Master in a pet,
Choking with disappointment's bitter pill,
To see the hope of his reversion fail,
Like that of riding on a donkey's tail.

XXIX.

The Baron lived—'twas nothing but a **trance**:
The lady died—'twas nothing but a death:
The cupboard-cut served only to enhance
This postscript to the old Baronial breath:
He soon forgave, for the revival's sake,
A little *chop* intended for a *steak!*

"Speak up, sir."

The Flying Dutchman.

THE DEMON-SHIP.

STORIES of storm-ships and haunted vessels, of spectre-shallops and supernatural Dutch doggers, are common to many countries, and are well attested both in poetry and prose. The adventures of Solway sailors, with Mahound, in his bottomless barges, and the careerings of the phantom-ship up and down the Hudson, have hundreds of asserters besides Messrs Cunningham and Crayon; and to doubt their authenticity may seem like an imitation of the desperate sailing of the haunted vessels themselves against wind and tide. I cannot help fancying, however, that Richard Faulder was but one of those tavern-dreamers recorded by old Heywood, who conceived

"The room wherein they quaff'd to be a pinnace."

And as for the Flying Dutchman, my notion is very different from the popular conception of that apparition, as I have ventured to show by the above design. The spectre-ship, bound to Dead-Man's Isle, is almost as awful a craft as the skeleton-bark of the Ancient Mariner; but they are both fictions, and have not the advantage of being realities, like the dreary vessel with its dreary crew in the following story, which records an adventure that befel even unto myself.

'TWAS off the Wash—the sun went down—the sea look'd black and grim,
For stormy clouds, with murky fleece, were mustering at the brim;
Titanic shades! enormous gloom!—as if the solid night
Of Erebus rose suddenly to seize upon the light!

It was a time for mariners to bear a wary eye,
With such a dark conspiracy between the sea and sky!

Down went my helm—close reef'd—the tack held freely in my hand—
With ballast snug—I put about, and scudded for the land.
Loud hiss'd the sea beneath her lee—my little boat flew fast,
But faster still the rushing storm came borne upon the blast.
Lord! what a roaring hurricane beset the straining sail!
What furious sleet, with level drift, and fierce assaults of hail!
What darksome caverns yawn'd before! what jagged steeps behind!
Like battle-steeds, with foamy manes, wild tossing in the wind.
Each after each sank down astern, exhausted in the chase,
But where it sank another rose and gallop'd in its place;
As black as night—they turn'd to white, and cast against the cloud
A snowy sheet, as if each surge upturn'd a sailor's shroud:—
Still flew my boat: alas! alas! her course was nearly run!
Behold yon fatal billow rise—ten billows heap'd in one!
With fearful speed the dreary mass came rolling, rolling, fast,
As if the scooping sea contain'd one only wave at last!
Still on it came, with horrid roar, a swift pursuing grave;
It seem'd as though some cloud had turn'd its hugeness to a wave!
Its briny sleet began to beat beforehand in my face—
I felt the rearward keel begin to climb its swelling base!
I saw its alpine hoary head impending over mine!
Another pulse—and down it rush'd—an avalanche of brine!
Brief pause had I on God to cry, or think of wife and home;
The waters closed—and when I shriek'd, I shriek'd below the foam!
Beyond that rush I have no hint of any after deed—
For I was tossing on the waste, as senseless as a weed.

. . . . . .

"Where am I?—in the breathing world, or in the world of death?"
With sharp and sudden pang I drew another birth of breath;
My eyes drank in a doubtful light, my ears a doubtful sound—
And was that ship a *real* ship whose tackle seem'd around?
A moon, as if the earthly moon, was shining up aloft;
But were those beams the very beams that I had seen so oft?
A face, that mock'd the human face, before me watch'd alone;
But were those eyes the eyes of man that look'd against my own?

Oh! never may the moon again disclose me such a sight
As met my gaze, when first I look'd, on that accursed night!
I've seen a thousand horrid shapes begot of fierce extremes
Of fever; and most frightful things have haunted in my dreams—
Hyænas—cats—blood-loving bats—and apes with hateful stare—
Pernicious snakes, and shaggy bulls—the lion, and she-bear—
Strong enemies, with Judas looks, of treachery and spite—
Detested features, hardly dimm'd and banish'd by the light!
Pale-sheeted ghosts, with gory locks, upstarting from their tombs—
All phantasies and images that flit in midnight glooms—
Hags, goblins, demons, lemures, have made me all aghast,—
But nothing like that GRIMLY ONE who stood beside the mast!

His cheek was black--his brow was black—his eyes and hair as dark:
His hand was black, and where it touch'd, it left a sable mark;
His throat was black, his vest the same, and when I look'd beneath,
His breast was black—all, all was black, except his grinning teeth.
His sooty crew were like in hue, as black as Afric slaves!
O horror! e'en the ship was black that plough'd the inky waves!

"Alas!" I cried, "for love of truth and blessed mercy's sake,
Where am I? in what dreadful ship? upon what dreadful lake?
What shape is that, so very grim, and black as any coal?
It is Mahound, the Evil One, and he has gain'd my soul!
O mother dear! my tender nurse! dear meadows that beguiled
My happy days, when I was yet a little sinless child,—
My mother dear—my native fields, I never more shall see:
I'm sailing in the Devil's Ship, upon the Devil's Sea!"

Loud laugh'd that SABLE MARINER, and loudly in return
His sooty crew sent forth a laugh that rang from stem to stern—
A dozen pair of grimly cheeks were crumpled on the nonce—
As many sets of grinning teeth came shining out at once:
A dozen gloomy shapes at once enjoy'd the merry fit,
With shriek and yell, and oaths as well, like Demons of the Pit.
They crow'd their fill, and then the Chief made answer for the whole;—
"Our skins," said he, "are black ye see, because we carry coal;
You'll find your mother sure enough, and see your native fields—
For this here ship has pick'd you up—the Mary Ann of Shields!"

SALLY HOLT, AND THE DEATH OF JOHN HAYLOFT.

FOUR times in the year—twice at the season of the half-yearly dividends, and twice at the intermediate quarters, to make her slender investments—there calls at my Aunt Shakerly's a very plain, very demure maiden, about forty, and makes her way downward to the kitchen, or upward to my cousin's chamber, as may happen. Her coming is not to do chair-work, or needlework—to tell fortunes—to beg, steal, or borrow. She does not come for old clothes, or for new. Her simple errand is love—pure, strong, disinterested, enduring love, passing the love of women—at least for women.

It is not often servitude begets much kindliness between the two relations; hers, however, grew from that ungenial soil.—For the whole family of the Shakerlys she has a strong feudal attachment, but her particular regard dwells with Charlotte, the latest born of the clan. *Her* she dotes upon—*her* she fondles—and takes upon her longing, loving lap.

Oh, let not the oblivious attentions of the worthy Dominie Sampson to the tall boy Bertram be called an unnatural working! I have seen my cousin, a good feeder, and well grown into womanhood, sitting—two good heads taller than her dry-nurse—on the knees of

the simple-hearted Sally Holt! I have seen the huge presentation orange, unlapped from the homely speckled kerchief, and thrust with importunate tenderness into the bashful *marriageable* hand.

My cousin's heart is not so artificially composed as to let her scorn this humble affection, though she is puzzled sometimes with what kind of look to receive these honest but awkward endearments. I have seen her face quivering with half a laugh.

It is one of Sally's staple hopes that, some day or other, when Miss Charlotte keeps house, she will live with her as a servant; and this expectation makes her particular and earnest to a fault in her inquiries about sweethearts, and offers, and the matrimonial chances, questions which I have seen my cousin listen to with half a cry.

Perhaps Sally looks upon this confidence as her right, in return for those secrets which, by joint force of ignorance and affection, she could not help reposing in the bosom of her foster-mistress. Nature, unkind to her, as to Dogberry, denied to her that knowledge of reading and writing which comes to some by instinct. A strong principle of religion made it a darling point with her to learn to read, that she might study in her Bible; but in spite of all the help of my cousin, and as ardent a desire for learning as ever dwelt in scholar, poor Sally never mastered beyond A-B-ab. Her mind, simple as her heart, was unequal to any more difficult combinations. Writing was worse to her than conjuring. My cousin was her amanuensis; and from the vague, unaccountable mistrust of ignorance, the inditer took the pains always to compare the verbal message with the transcript, by counting the number of the words.

I would give up all the tender epistles of Mrs Arthur Brooke to have read one of Sally's epistles; but they were amatory, and therefore kept sacred: for, plain as she was, Sally Holt had a lover.

There is an unpretending plainness in some faces that has its charm —an unaffected ugliness a thousand times more bewitching than those would-be pretty looks that neither satisfy the critical sense, nor leave the matter of beauty at once to the imagination. We like better to make a new face than to mend an old one. Sally had not one good feature, except those which John Hayloft made for her in his dreams; and to judge from one token, her partial fancy was equally answerable for his charms. One precious lock—no, not a lock, but rather a remnant of very short, very coarse, very yellow hair, the clippings of a military crop—for John was a corporal—stood the foremost item amongst her treasures. To her they were curls, golden, Hyperion, and cherished long after the parent-head was laid low, with many more, on the bloody plain of Salamanca.

I remember vividly at this moment the ecstasy of her grief at the receipt of the fatal news. She was standing near the dresser with a dish, just cleaned, in her dexter hand. Ninety-nine women in a hundred would have dropped the dish. Many would have flung themselves after it on the floor; but Sally put it up, orderly, on the shelf. The fall of John Hayloft could not induce the fall of the crockery. She felt the blow notwithstanding, and as soon as she had emptied her hands, began to give way to her emotions in her own manner. Affliction vents itself in various modes, with different

temperaments: some rage, others compose themselves like monuments. Some weep, some sleep, some prose about death, and others poetise on it. Many take to a bottle, or to a rope. Some go to Margate or Bath.

Sally did nothing of these kinds. She neither snivelled, travelled, sickened, maddened, nor ranted, nor canted, nor hung, nor fuddled, herself—*she only rocked herself upon the kitchen chair!!*

The action was not adequate to her relief. She got up—took a fresh chair—then another—and another—and another,—till she had rocked on all the chairs in the kitchen.

The thing was tickling to both sympathies. It was pathetical to behold her grief, but ludicrous that she knew no better how to grieve.

An American might have thought that she was in the act of enjoyment, but for an intermitting "O dear! O dear!" Passion could not wring more from her in the way of exclamation than the toothache. Her lamentations were always the same, even in tone. By and by she pulled out the hair—the cropped, yellow, stunted, scrubby hair; then she fell to rocking—then "O dear! O dear!"—and then Da Capo.

It was an odd sort of elegy, and yet, simple as it was, I thought it worth a thousand of Lord Lyttelton's!

"Heyday, Sally! what is the matter?" was a very natural inquiry from my Aunt, when she came down into the kitchen; and if she did not make it with her tongue, at least it was asked very intelligibly by her eyes. Now Sally had but one way of addressing her mistress, and she used it here. It was the same with which she would have asked for a holiday, except that the waters stood in her eyes.

"If you please, Ma'am," said she, rising up from her chair, and dropping her old curtsey, "if you please, Ma'am, it's John Hayloft is dead;" and then she began rocking again, as if grief was a baby that wanted jogging to sleep.

My Aunt was posed. She would fain have comforted the mourner, but her mode of grieving was so out of the common way, that she did not know how to begin. To the violent she might have brought soothing; to the desponding, texts of patience and resignation; to the hysterical, sal volatile; she might have asked the sentimental for the story of her woes. A good scolding is useful with some sluggish griefs:—in some cases a cordial. In others—a job.

If Sally had only screamed, or bellowed, or fainted, or gone stupified, or raved, or said a collect, or moped about, it would have been easy to deal with her. But with a woman that only rocked on her chair——

What the devil could my Aunt do?

Why, nothing:—and she did it as well as she could.

Tony-Atowski.

A TRUE STORY.

Of all our pains, since man was curst—
I mean of body, not the mental—
To name the worst among the worst,
The dental sure is transcendental;
Some bit of masticating bone,
That ought to help to clear a shelf,
But lets its proper work alone,
And only seems to gnaw itself;
In fact, of any grave attack
On victual there is little danger,
'Tis so like coming to the *rack*,
As well as going to the manger.

Old Hunks—it seem'd a fit retort
Of justice on his grinding ways—
Possess'd a grinder of the sort,
That troubled all his latter days.
The best of friends fall out, and so
His teeth had done some years ago,
Save some old stumps with ragged root,
And they took turn about to shoot;
If he drank any chilly liquor,
They made it quite a point to throb;
But if he warm'd it on the hob,
Why then they only twitch'd the quicker.

One tooth—I wonder such a tooth
Had never kill'd him in his youth—
One tooth he had with many fangs,
That shot at once as many pangs,
It had an universal sting;
One touch of that ecstatic stump
Could jerk his limbs and make him jump,
Just like a puppet on a string;
And what was worse than all, it had
A way of making others bad.
There is, as many know, a knack,
With certain farming undertakers,
And this same tooth pursued their track,
By adding *achers* still to *achers!*

One way there is, that has been judged
A certain cure, but Hunks was loth
To pay the fee, and quite begrudged
To lose his tooth and money both;
In fact, a dentist and the wheel
Of Fortune are a kindred cast,
For, after all is drawn, you feel
It's paying for a blank at last;
So Hunks went on from week to week,
And kept his torment in his cheek;
Oh! how it sometimes set him rocking,
With that perpetual gnaw—gnaw—gnaw,
His moans and groans were truly shocking
And loud,—altho' he held his jaw.
Many a tug he gave his gum
And tooth, but still it would not come;
Tho' tied by string to some firm thing,
He could not draw it, do his best,
By drawers, altho' he tried a chest.

At last, but after much debating,
He join'd a score of mouths in waiting,
Like his, to have their troubles out.
Sad sight it was to look about
At twenty faces making faces,
With many a rampant trick and antic,
For all were very horrid cases,
And made their owners nearly frantic.
A little wicket now and then
Took one of these unhappy men,
And out again the victim rush'd
While eyes and mouth together gush'd;
At last arrived our hero's turn,
Who plunged his hands in both his pockets,
And down he sat, prepared to learn
How teeth are charm'd to quit their sockets.

Those who have felt such operations,
Alone can guess the sort of ache,
When his old tooth began to break
The thread of old associations;
It touch'd a string in every part,
It had so many tender ties;
One chord seem'd wrenching at his heart,
And two were tugging at his eyes;
"Bone of his bone," he felt of course;
As husbands do in such divorce;
At last the fangs gave way a little,
Hunks gave his head a backward jerk,
And lo! the cause of all this work,
Went—where it used to send his victual!

The monstrous pain of this proceeding
Had not so numb'd his miser wit,
But in this slip he saw a hit
To save, at least, his purse from bleeding;
So when the dentist sought his fees,
Quoth Hunks, "Let's finish, if you please."
"How, finish! why, it's out!"—"Oh! no—
'Tis you are out to argue so;
I'm none of your beforehand tippers.
My tooth is in my head, no doubt,
But as you say you pull'd it out,
Of course it's there—between your nippers."
"Zounds, sir! d'ye think I'd sell the truth
To get a fee? no, wretch, I scorn it!"
But Hunks still ask'd to see the tooth,
And swore, by gum! he had not drawn it.

His end obtain'd, he took his leave,
A secret chuckle in his sleeve;
The joke was worthy to produce one,
To think, by favour of his wit,
How well a dentist had been bit
By one old stump, and that a loose one!
The thing was worth a laugh, but mirth
Is still the frailest thing on earth;
Alas! how often when a joke
Seems in our sleeve, and safe enough,
There comes some unexpected stroke,
And hangs a weeper on the cuff!

Hunks had not whistled half a mile,
When, planted right against a stile,
There stood his foeman, Mike Mahoney,
A vagrant reaper, Irish-born,
That help'd to reap our miser's corn,
But had not help'd to reap his money,

A fact that Hunks remember'd quickly ;
His whistle all at once was quell'd,
And when he saw how Michael held
His sickle, he felt rather sickly.

Nine souls in ten, with half his fright,
Would soon have paid the bill at sight,
But misers (let observers watch it)
Will never part with their delight
Till well demanded by a hatchet—
They live hard—and they die to match it.
Thus Hunks prepared for Mike's attacking,
Resolved not yet to pay the debt,
But let him take it out in hacking ;
However, Mike began to stickle
In words before he used the sickle ;
But mercy was not long attendant :
From words at last he took to blows,
And aim'd a cut at Hunks's nose,
That made it, what some folks are not—
A member very independent.

Heaven knows how far this cruel trick
Might still have led, but for a tramper
That came in danger's very nick,
To put Mahoney to the scamper.
But still compassion met a damper ;
There lay the sever'd nose, alas !
Beside the daisies on the grass,
"Wee, crimson-tipt" as well as they,
According to the poet's lay :
And there stood Hunks, no sight for laughter !
Away ran Hodge to get assistance,
With nose in hand, which Hunks ran after,
But somewhat at unusual distance.
In many a little country-place
It is a very common case
To have but one residing doctor,
Whose practice rather seems to be
No practice, but a rule of three,
Physician—surgeon—drug-decoctor ;
Thus Hunks was forced to go once more
Where he had ta'en his tooth before.
His mere name made the learn'd man hot,—
"What ! Hunks again within my door !
"I'll pull his nose." Quoth Hunks, "You cannot."

The doctor look'd, and saw the case
Plain as the nose *not* on his face.
"Oh ! hum—ha—yes—I understand."
But then arose a long demur,

For not a finger would he stir
Till he was paid his fee in hand;
That matter settled, there they were,
With Hunks well strapp'd upon his chair.

The opening of a surgeon's job—
His tools—a chestful or a drawerful—
Are always something very awful,
And give the heart the strangest throb;
But never patient in his funks
Look'd half so like a ghost as Hunks,
Or surgeon half so like a devil
Prepared for some infernal revel:
His huge black eye kept rolling, rolling,
Just like a bolus in a box:
His fury seem'd above controlling,
He bellow'd like a hunted ox:
"Now, swindling wretch, I'll show thee how
We treat such cheating knaves as thou;
Oh! sweet is this revenge to sup;
I have thee by the nose—it's now
My turn—and I will turn it up."

Guess how the miser liked this scurvy
And cruel way of venting passion;
The snubbing folks in this new fashion
Seem'd quite to turn him topsy-turvy;
He utter'd prayers and groans and curses,
For things had often gone amiss
And wrong with him before, but this
Would be the worst of all *reverses!*
In fancy he beheld his snout
Turn'd upward like a pitcher's spout;
There was another grievance yet,
And fancy did not fail to show it,
That he must throw a summerset,
Or stand upon his head, to blow it.

And was there then no argument
To change the doctor's vile intent,
And move his pity?—yes, in truth,
And that was—paying for the tooth.
"Zounds! pay for such a stump! I'd rather——"
But here the menace went no farther,
For, with his other ways of pinching,
Hunks had a miser's love of snuff,
A recollection strong enough
To cause a very serious flinching;
In short, he paid, and had the feature
Replaced as it was meant by nature;
For tho' by this 'twas cold to handle

(No corpse's could have felt more horrid),
And white, just like an end of candle,
The doctor deem'd, and proved it too,
That noses from the nose will do
As well as noses from the forehead ;
So, fix'd by dint of rag and lint,
The part was bandaged up and muffled.
The chair unfasten'd, Hunks arose,
And shuffled out, for once unshuffled :
And as he went, these words he snuffled—
"Well, this *is* 'paying through the nose.'"

"Wholesale—Retail—and for Exportation."

THE DECLINE OF MRS SHAKERLY.

TOWARDS the close of her life, my Aunt Shakerly increased rapidly in bulk : she kept adding growth unto her growth—

"Giving a sum of more to that which had too much,"—

till the result was worthy of a Smithfield premium. It was not the triumph, however, of any systematic diet for the promotion of fat (except oyster-eating, there is no human system of *stall*-feeding) ; on the contrary, she lived abstemiously, diluting her food with pickle-acids, and keeping frequent fasts, in order to reduce her compass ; but they

failed of this desirable effect. Nature had planned an original tendency in her organisation that was not to be overcome ; she would have fattened on sour krout.

My Uncle, on the other hand, decreased daily. Originally a little man, he became lean, shrunken, wizened. There was a predisposition in his constitution that made him spare, and kept him so : he would have fallen off, even on brewer's grains.

It was the common joke of the neighbourhood to designate my Aunt, my Uncle, and the infant Shakerly, as "WHOLESALE, RETAIL, AND FOR EXPORTATION ;" and in truth, they were not inapt impersonations of that popular inscription—my Aunt a giantess, my Uncle a pigmy, and the child being "carried abroad."

Alas ! of the three departments, nothing now remains but the Retail portion—my uncle, a pennyworth, a mere sample.

It is upon record that Dr Watts, though a puny man in person, took a fancy, towards his latter days, that he was too large to pass through a door—an error which Death shortly corrected by taking him through his own portal. My unhappy Aunt, with more show of reason, indulged

Pandeans.

in a similar delusion. She conceived herself to have grown inconveniently cumbersome for the small village of ——, and my Uncle, to quiet her, removed to the metropolis. There she lived for some months in comparative ease, till at last un unlucky event recalled all her former inquietude. The elephant of Mr Cross, a good feeder, and with a natural tendency to corpulence, throve so well on his rations, that, becoming too huge for his den, he was obliged to be dispatched. My Aunt read the account in the newspapers, and the catastrophe, with its cause, took possession of her mind. She seemed to herself as that

elephant. An intolerable sense of confinement and oppression haunted her by day and in her dreams. First she had a tightness at her chest, then in her limbs, then all over. She felt too big for her chair, then for her bed, then for her room, then for the house! To divert her thought, my Uncle proposed to go to Paris; but she was too huge for a boat, for a barge, for a packet, for a frigate, for a country, for a continent! "She was too big," she said, "for this world; but she was going to one that is boundless."

Nothing could wean her from this belief. Her whole talk was of "cumber grounds," of the "burthen of the flesh," and of "infinity." Sometimes her head wandered, and she would then speak of disposing of the "bulk of her personals."

In the meantime, her health decayed slowly, but perceptibly. She was dying, the doctor said, by inches.

Now my Uncle was a kind husband, and meant tenderly, though it sounded untender; but when the doctor said that she was dying by inches—

"God forbid!" cried my Uncle. "Consider what a great big creature she is!"

The Judges of A-Size.

TIM TURPIN.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

I.

TIM TURPIN he was gravel-blind,
And ne'er had seen the skies:
For Nature, when his head was made,
Forgot to dot his eyes.

II.

So, like a Christmas pedagogue,
Poor Tim was forced to do—
Look out for pupils ; for he had
A vacancy for two.

III.

There's some have specs to help their sight
Of objects dim and small :
But Tim had *specks* within his eyes,
And could not see at all.

IV.

Now Tim he woo'd a servant maid,
And took her to his arms ;
For he, like Pyramus, had cast
A wall-eye on her charms.

V.

By day she led him up and down,
Where'er he wish'd to jog,
A happy wife, altho' she led
The life of any dog.

VI.

But just when Tim had lived a month
In honey with his wife,
A surgeon oped his Milton eyes,
Like oysters, with a knife.

VII.

But when his eyes were open'd thus,
He wish'd them dark again :
For when he look'd upon his wife,
He saw her very plain.

VIII.

Her face was bad, her figure worse,
He couldn't bear to eat :
For she was anything but like
A Grace before his meat.

IX.

Now Tim he was a feeling man :
For when his sight was thick,
It made him feel for everything—
But that was with a stick.

X.

So, with a cudgel in his hand—
It was not light or slim—
He knock'd at his wife's head until
It open'd unto him.

XI.

And when the corpse was stiff and cold,
He took his slaughter'd spouse,
And laid her in a heap with all
The ashes of her house.

XII.

But like a wicked murderer,
He lived in constant fear
From day to day, and so he cut
His throat from ear to ear.

XIII.

The neighbours fetch'd a doctor in:
Said he, "This wound I dread
Can hardly be sew'd up—his life
Is hanging on a thread."

XIV.

But when another week was gone,
He gave him stronger hope—
Instead of hanging on a thread,
Of hanging on a rope.

XV.

Ah! when he hid his bloody work,
In ashes round about,
How little he supposed the truth
Would soon be sifted out.

XVI.

But when the parish dustman came,
His rubbish to withdraw,
He found more dust within the heap
Than he contracted for!

XVII.

A dozen men to try the fact,
Were sworn that very day;
But tho' they all were jurors, yet
No conjurors were they.

XVIII.

Said Tim unto those jurymen,
You need not waste your breath,
For I confess myself at once
The author of her death.

XIX.

And, oh! when I reflect upon
The blood that I have spilt,
Just like a button is my soul,
Inscribed with double *guilt!*

XX.

Then turning round his head again,
He saw before his eyes
A great judge and a little judge,
The judges of a-size!

XXI.

The great judge took his judgment-cap,
And put it on his head,
And sentenced Tim by law to hang
Till he was three times dead.

XXII.

So he was tried, and he was hung
(Fit punishment for such)
On Horsham-drop, and none can say
It was a drop too much.

Brute Emancipation.

THE MONKEY-MARTYR.

A FABLE.

"God help thee, said I, but I'll let thee out, cost what it will: so I turned about the cage to get to the door."—STERNE.

I.

'TIS strange what awkward figures and odd capers
Folks cut who seek their doctrine from the papers;
But there are many shallow politicians
Who take their bias from bewilder'd journals—
Turn state physicians,
And make themselves fools'-caps of the diurnals.

II.

One of this kind, not human, but a monkey,
Had read himself at last to this sour creed,
That he was nothing but Oppression's flunkey,
And man a tyrant over all his breed.
He could not read
Of niggers whipt, or over-trampled weavers,
But he applied their wrongs to his own seed,
And nourish'd thoughts that threw him into fevers.
His very dreams were full of martial beavers,
And drilling Pugs, for liberty pugnacious,
To sever chains vexatious.
In fact, he thought that all his injured line
Should take up pikes in hand, and never drop 'em
Till they had clear'd a road to Freedom's shrine,
Unless, perchance, the turn-pike men should stop 'em.

III.

Full of this rancour,
Pacing one day beside St Clement Danes,
It came into his brains
To give a look in at the Crown and Anchor;
Where certain solemn sages of the nation
Were at that moment in deliberation
How to relieve the wide world of its chains,
Pluck despots down,
And thereby crown
Whitee- as well as blackee-man-cipation.
Pug heard the speeches with great approbation,
And gazed with pride upon the Liberators;
To see mere coalheavers
Such perfect Bolivars—
Waiters of inns sublimed to innovators—
And slaters dignified as legislators—
Small publicans demanding (such their high sense
Of liberty) an universal licence—
And patten-makers easing Freedom's clogs—
The whole thing seem'd
So fine, he deem'd
The smallest demagogues as great as Gogs!

IV.

Pug, with some curious notions in his noddle,
Walk'd out at last, and turn'd into the Strand,
To the left hand,
Conning some portions of the previous twaddle,
And striding with a step that seem'd design'd
To represent the mighty March of Mind,
Instead of that slow waddle
Of thought to which our ancestors inclined—
No wonder, then, that he should quickly find
He stood in front of that intrusive pile,
Where Cross keeps many a kind
Of bird confined,
And free-born animal, in durance vile—
A thought that stirr'd up all the monkey-bile.

V.

The window stood ajar—
It was not far,
Nor, like Parnassus, very hard to climb—
The hour was verging on the supper-time,
And many a growl was sent through many a bar.
Meanwhile Pug scrambled upward like a tar,
And soon crept in,
Unnoticed in the din
Of tuneless throats, that made the attics ring
With all the harshest notes that they could bring;

For, like the Jews,
Wild beasts refuse
In midst of their captivity—to sing.

VI.

Lord, how it made him chafe,
Full of his new emancipating zeal,
To look around upon this brute-bastile,
And see the king of creatures in—a safe!
The desert's denizen in one small den,
Swallowing slavery's most bitter pills—
A bear in bars unbearable. And then
The fretful porcupine, with all its quills
Imprison'd in a pen!
A tiger limited to four feet ten,
And, still worse lot,
A leopard to one spot!
An elephant enlarged,
But not discharged
(It was before the elephant was shot);
A doleful wanderow, that wander'd not;
An ounce much disproportion'd to his pound.
Pug's wrath wax'd hot
To gaze upon these captive creatures round;
Whose claws—all scratching—gave him full assurance
They found their durance vile of vile endurance.

VII.

He went above—a solitary mounter
Up gloomy stairs—and saw a pensive group
Of hapless fowls—
Cranes, vultures, owls;
In fact, it was a sort of Poultry-Compter,
Where feather'd prisoners were doom'd to droop:
Here sat an eagle, forced to make a stoop,
Not from the skies, but his impending roof;
And there aloof,
A pining ostrich, moping in a coop;
With other samples of the bird creation,
All caged against their powers and their wills;
And cramp'd in such a space, the longest bills
Were plainly bills of least accommodation.
In truth, it was a very ugly scene
To fall to any liberator's share,
To see those winged fowls, that once had been
Free as the wind, no freer than fix'd air.

VIII.

His temper little mended,
Pug from this Bird-cage Walk at last descended
Unto the lion and the elephant,
His bosom in a pant
To see all Nature's Free List thus suspended,

And beasts deprived of what she had intended.
They could not even prey
In their own way—
A hardship always reckon'd quite prodigious.
Thus he revolved,
And soon resolved
To give them freedom, civil and religious.

IX.

That night there were no country cousins, raw
From Wales, to view the lion and his kin:
The keeper's eyes were fix'd upon a saw;
The saw was fix'd upon a bullock's shin:
Meanwhile with stealthy paw,
Pug hasten'd to withdraw
The bolt that kept the king of brutes within.
Now, monarch of the forest! thou shalt win
Precious enfranchisement—thy bolts are undone;
Thou art no longer a degraded creature,
But loose to roam with liberty and nature,
And free of all the jungles about London—
All Hampstead's heathy desert lies before thee!
Methinks I see thee bound from Cross's ark
Full of the native instinct that comes o'er thee,
And turn a ranger
Of Hounslow Forest and the Regent's Park—
Thin Rhodes's cows—the mail-coach steeds endanger,
And gobble parish watchmen after dark.
Methinks I see thee, with the early lark,
Stealing to Merlin's cave (*thy* cave). Alas,
That such bright visions should not come to pass!
Alas for freedom, and for freedom's hero!
Alas for liberty of life and limb!
For Pug had only half unbolted Nero,
When Nero *bolted him!*

BANDITTI.

OF all the saints in the Calendar, none has suffered less from the Reformation than St Cecilia, the great patroness of Music. Lofty and lowly are her votaries—many and magnificent are her holiday festivals—and her common service is performing at all hours of the day. She has not only her regular high-priests and priestesses; but, like the Wesleyans, her itinerants and street-missionaries, to make known her worship in the highways and in the byways. Nor is the homage confined to the people of one creed;—the Protestant exalts her on his barrel-organ—the Catholic with her tambourine—the wandering Jew with his Pan's-pipe and double drum. The group over-leaf was sketched from a company of these "Strolling Players."

It must be confessed that their service is sometimes of a kind rather to drive angels higher into heaven, than to entice them earthward;

and there are certain retired streets—near the Adelphi, for instance—where such half-hourly deductions from the natural quiet of the situation should justly be considered in the rent. Some of the choruses, in truth, are beyond any but a saintly endurance. Conceive a brace of opposition organs, a fife, two hurdygurdies, a clarionet, and a quartette of decayed mariners, all clubbing their music in common, on the very principle of Mr Owen's *New Harmony!*

In the Journal of a recent Traveller through the Papal States there is an account of an adventure with Neapolitan robbers that would serve, with very slight alterations, for the description of an encounter with our own banditti.

"To-day Mrs Graham and I mounted our horses and rode towards Islington. We had not proceeded far when we heard sounds as of screaming and groaning, and presently a group of men appeared at the turn of the road. It was too certain that we had fallen in with one

Banditti.

of these roving bands. Escape was impossible, as they extended across the road. Their leader was the celebrated Flanigan, notorious for his murder of Fair Ellen, and the Bewildered Maid. One of the fellows advanced close up to Mrs G., and putting his instrument to her ear, threatened to blow out her brains. We gave them what coppers we had, and were allowed to proceed. We were informed by the country-people that a gentlewoman and her daughter had been detained by them, near the same spot, and robbed of their hearings, with circumstances of great barbarity; Flanigan, in the meantime, standing by with his pipe in his mouth!

"Innumerable other travellers have been stopped and tortured by these wretches till they gave up their money; and yet these excesses are winked at by the police. In the meantime, the Government does not interfere, in the hope, perhaps, that some day these gangs may be broken up and separated by discord amongst themselves."

Sometimes, to the eye of fancy, these wandering minstrels assume another character, and illustrate Collins's "Ode on the Passions" in a way that might edify Miss Macaulay. First, Fear, a blind harper, lays his bewildered hand amongst the chords, but recoils back at the sound of an approaching carriage. Anger, with starting eyeballs, blows a rude clash on the bugle-horn; and Despair, a snipe-faced wight, beguiles his grief with low sullen sounds on the bassoon. Hope, a consumptive Scot, with golden hair and a clarionet, indulges, like the flatterer herself, in a thousand fantastic flourishes beside the tune—with a lingering quaver at the close; and would quaver longer, but Revenge shakes his matted locks, blows a fresh alarum on his pandeans, and thumps, with double heat his double-drum. Dejected Pity, at his side, a hunger-bitten urchin, applies to his silver-toned triangle; whilst Jealousy, sad proof of his distracted state, grinds on, in all sorts of time, at his barrel-organ. With eyes upraised, pale Melancholy sings, retired and unheeded, at the corner of the street; and Mirth,—yonder he is, a brisk little Savoyard, jerking away at the hurdygurdy, and dancing himself at the same time, to render his jig-tune more jigging.

"Dust O!"

DEATH'S RAMBLE.

ONE day the dreary old King of Death
Inclined for some sport with the carnal,
So he tied a pack of darts on his back,
And quietly stole from his charnel.

His head was bald of flesh and of hair,
His body was lean and lank,
His joints at each stir made a crack, and the cur
Took a gnaw, by the way, at his shank.

And what did he do with his deadly darts,
This goblin of grisly bone?
He dabbled and spill'd man's blood, and he kill'd
Like a butcher that kills his own.

The first he slaughter'd it made him laugh
(For the man was a coffin-maker),
To think how the mutes, and men in black suits,
Would mourn for an undertaker.

Death saw two Quakers sitting at church,
Quoth he, "We shall not differ;"
And he let them alone, like figures of stone,
For he could not make them stiffer.

He saw two duellists going to fight,
In fear they could not smother;
And he shot one through at once—for he knew
They never would shoot each other.

He saw a watchman fast in his box,
And he gave a snore infernal;
Said Death, "He may keep his breath, for his sleep
Can never be more eternal."

He met a coachman driving his coach
So slow that his fare grew sick;
But he let him stray on his tedious way,
For Death only wars on the *quick*.

Death saw a toll-man taking a toll,
In the spirit of his fraternity;
But he knew that sort of man would extort,
Though summon'd to all eternity.

He found an author writing his life,
But he let him write no further;
For Death, who strikes whenever he likes,
Is jealous of all self-murther!

Death saw a patient that pull'd out his purse,
And a doctor that took the sum;
But he let them be—for he knew that the "fee"
Was a prelude to "faw" and "fum."

He met a dustman ringing a bell,
And he gave him a mortal thrust;
For himself, by law, since Adam's flaw,
Is contractor for all our dust.

He saw a sailor mixing his grog,
And he mark'd him out for slaughter;
For on water he scarcely had cared for Death,
And never on rum-and-water.

Death saw two players playing at cards,
But the game wasn't worth a dump,
For he quickly laid them flat with a spade,
To wait for the final trump!

Crane-iology.

CRANIOLOGY.

'Tis strange how like a very dunce,
Man, with his bumps upon his sconce,
Has lived so long, and yet no knowledge he
Has had, till lately, of Phrenology—

A science that by simple dint of
Head-combing he should find a hint of,
When scratching o'er those little pole-hills
The faculties throw up like mole-hills;—
A science that, in very spite
Of all his teeth, ne'er came to light;
For though he knew his skull had *grinders*,
Still there turn'd up no *organ*-finders,
Still sages wrote, and ages fled,
And no man's head came in his head—
Not even the pate of Erra Pater
Knew aught about its pia mater.
At last great Dr Gall bestirs him—
I don't know but it might be Spurzheim—
Tho' native of a dull and slow land,
And makes partition of our Poll-land;
At our Acquisitiveness guesses,
And all those necessary *nesses*
Indicative of human habits,
All burrowing in the head like rabbits.
Thus Veneration, he made known,
Had got a lodging at the Crown;
And Music (see Deville's example)
A set of chambers in the Temple;
That Language taught the tongues close by,
And took in pupils thro' the eye,
Close by his neighbour Computation,
Who taught the eyebrows numeration.

The science thus—to speak in fit
Terms—having struggled from its nit,
Was seized on by a swarm of Scotchmen,
Those scientifical hotch-potch men,
Who have at least a penny dip
And wallop in all doctorship,
Just as in making broth they smatter
By bobbing twenty things in water:
These men, I say, made quick appliance,
And close, to phrenologic science;
For of all learned themes whatever,
That schools and colleges deliver,
There's none they love so near the bodles,
As analysing their own noddles;
Thus in a trice each northern blockhead
Had got his fingers in his shock head,
And of his bumps was babbling yet worse
Than poor Miss Capulet's dry wet-nurse;
Till having been sufficient rangers
Of their own heads, they took to strangers',
And found in Presbyterians' polls
The things they hated in their souls;

For Presbyterians hear with passion
Of organs joined with veneration.
No kind there was of human pumpkin
But at its bumps it had a bumpkin,
Down to the very lowest gullion,
And oiliest scull of oily scullion.
No great man died but this they *did* do,
They begg'd his cranium of his widow:
No murderer died by law disaster,
But they took off his sconce in plaster;
For thereon they could show depending
"The head and front of his offending:"
How that his philanthropic bump
Was master'd by a baser lump;
For every bump (these wags insist)
Has its direct antagonist,
Each striving stoutly to prevail,
Like horses knotted tail to tail;
And many a stiff and sturdy battle
Occurs between these adverse cattle:
The secret cause, beyond all question,
Of aches ascribed to indigestion,—
Whereas 'tis but two knobby rivals
Tugging together like sheer devils,
Till one gets mastery, good or sinister,
And comes in like a new prime minister.

Each bias in some master node is:—
What takes M'Adam where a road is,
To hammer little pebbles less?
His organ of Destructiveness.
What makes great Joseph so encumber
Debate? a lumping lump of Number:
Or Malthus rail at babies so?
The smallness of his Philopro.
What severs man and wife? a simple
Defect of the Adhesive pimple:
Or makes weak women go astray?
Their bumps are more in fault than they.

These facts being found and set in order
By grave M.D.'s beyond the Border,
To make them for some few months eternal,
Were enter'd monthly in a journal,
That many a northern sage still writes in,
And throws his little Northern Lights in,
And proves and proves about the phrenos
A great deal more than I or he knows:
How Music suffers, *par exemple*,
By wearing tight hats round the temple;
What ills great boxers have to fear
From blisters put behind the ear;

And how a porter's Veneration
Is hurt by porter's occupation;
Whether shillelaghs in reality
May deaden Individuality;
Or tongs and poker be creative
Of alterations in th' Amative;
If falls from scaffolds make us less
Inclined to all Constructiveness:
With more such matters, all applying
To heads—and therefore *head*ifying.

"Honour calls him to the field."

AN AFFAIR OF HONOUR.

"AND those were the only duels," concluded the major, "that ever I fought in my life."

Now the major reminded me strongly of an old boatman at Hastings, who, after a story of a swimmer that was snapped asunder by a "sea attorney" in the West Indies, made an end in the same fashion:—"And that was the only time," said he, "I ever saw a man bit in two by a shark."

A single occurrence of the kind seemed sufficient for the experience of one life; and so I reasoned upon the major's nine duels. He must, in the first place, have been not only jealous and swift to quarrel; but, in the second, have met with nine intemperate spirits equally forward with himself. It is but in one affront out of ten that the duellist meets with a duellist: a computation assigning ninety mortal disagreements to his single share; whereas I, with equal irritability, and as much courage perhaps, had never exchanged a card in my life. The subject occupied me all the walk homeward through the meadows. "To get involved in nine duels," said I; "'tis quite improbable!"

As I thought thus, I had thrust my body halfway under a rough bar that was doing duty for a stile at one end of a field. It was just too high to climb comfortably, and just low enough to be inconvenient to

duck under; but I chose the latter mode, and began to creep through with the deliberateness consistent with doubtful and intricate speculation. "To get involved in nine duels"—here my back hitched a little at the bar—"'tis quite impossible!"

I am persuaded that there is a spirit of mischief afoot in the world—some malignant fiend to seize upon and direct these accidents: for just at this nick, whilst I was boggling below the bar, there came up another passenger by the same path: so seeing how matters stood, he made an attempt at once to throw his leg over the impediment; but mistaking the altitude by a few inches, he kicked me—where I had never been kicked before.

"By Heaven! this is too bad," said I, staggering through head foremost from the concussion; my back was up, in every sense, in a second.

The stranger apologised in the politest terms—but with such an intolerable chuckle, with such a provoking grin lurking about his face, that I felt fury enough, like Beatrice, to "eat his heart in the market-place." In short, in two little minutes, from venting my conviction upon duelling, I found myself engaged to a meeting for the vindication of my honour.

There is a vivid description in the "History of Robinson Crusoe" of the horror of the solitary Mariner at finding the mark of a foot in the sandy beach of his Desert Island. That abominable token, in a place that he fancied was sacred to himself—in a part, he made sure, never trodden by the sole of man—haunted him wherever he went. So did mine. I bore about with me the same ideal imprint—to be washed out, not by the ocean brine, but with blood!

As I walked homeward after this adventure, and reflected on my former opinions, I felt that I had done the gallant major an injustice. It seemed likely that a man of his profession might be called out even to the ninth time—nay, that men of the peaceful cloth might, on a chance, be obliged to have recourse to mortal combat.

As for Gentlemen *at the Bar*, I have shown how they may get into an Affair of Honour in a twinkling.

A Special Pleader.

A Retrospective Review.

A PARTHIAN GLANCE.

"Sweet Memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of time I turn my sail."—ROGERS.

I.

COME, my Crony, let's think upon far-away days,
And lift up a little Oblivion's veil;
Let's consider the past with a lingering gaze,
Like a peacock whose eyes are inclined to his tail.

II.

Ay, come, let us turn our attention behind,
Like those critics whose heads are so heavy, I fear,
That they cannot keep up with the march of the mind,
And so turn face about for reviewing the rear.

III.

Looking over Time's crupper and over his tail,
Oh! what ages and pages there are to revise!
And as farther our back-searching glances prevail,
Like the emmets, "how little we are in our eyes!"

IV.

What a sweet pretty innocent, half-a-yard long,
On a dimity lap of true nursery make!
I can fancy I hear the old lullaby song
That was meant to compose me, but kept me awake.

V.

Methinks I still suffer the infantine throes,
When my flesh was a cushion for any long pin—
Whilst they patted my body to comfort my woes,
Oh! how little they dreamt they were driving them in!

VI.

Infant sorrows are strong—infant pleasures as weak—
But no grief was allow'd to indulge in its note;
Did you ever attempt a small "bubble and squeak,"
Thro' the Dalby's Carminative down in your throat?

VII.

Did you ever go up to the roof with a bounce?
Did you ever come down to the floor with the same?
Oh! I can't but agree with both ends, and pronounce
"Head or tails" with a child, an unpleasantish game!

VIII.

Then an urchin—I see myself urchin, indeed,
With a smooth Sunday face for a mother's delight;
Why should weeks have an end?—I am sure there was need
Of a Sabbath to follow each Saturday-night.

IX.

Was your face ever sent to the housemaid to scrub?
Have you ever felt huckaback soften'd with sand?
Had you ever your nose towell'd up to a snub,
And your eyes knuckled out with the back of the hand?

X.

Then a schoolboy—my tailor was nothing in fault,
For an urchin will grow to a lad by degrees,—
But how well I remember that "pepper and salt,"
That was down to the elbows, and up to the knees!

XI.

What a figure it cut when as Norval I spoke:
With a lanky right leg duly planted before;
Whilst I told of the chief that was kill'd by my stroke,
And extended *my* arms as "the arms that he wore!"

XII.

Next a Lover—Oh! say, were you ever in love?
With a lady too cold—and your bosom too hot!
Have you bow'd to a shoe-tie, and knelt to a glove?
Like a *beau* that desired to be tied in a knot!

XIII.

With the Bride all in white, and your body in blue,
Did you walk up the aisle—the genteelest of men?
When I think of that beautiful vision anew,
Oh! I seem but the *biffin* of what I was then!

XIV.

I am wither'd and worn by a premature care,
And my wrinkles confess the decline of my days;
Old Time's busy hand has made free with my hair,
And I'm seeking to hide it—by writing for bays!

A SAILOR'S APOLOGY FOR BOW-LEGS.

THERE'S some is born with their legs straight by natur—
And some is born with bow-legs from the first—
And some that should have grow'd a good deal straighter
But they were badly nursed,
And set, you see, like Bacchus, with their pegs
Astride of casks and kegs.
I've got myself a sort of bow to larboard
And starboard,
And this is what it was that warp'd my legs:—

'Twas all along of Poll, as I may say,
That foul'd my cable when I ought to slip;
But on the tenth of May,
When I gets under weigh,
Down there in Hartfordshire, to join my ship,
I sees the mail
Get under sail,
The only one there was to make the trip.
Well, I gives chase,
But as she run
Two knots to one,
There warn't no use in keeping on the race!

Well, casting round about what next to try on,
And how to spin,
I spies an ensign with a Bloody Lion,
And bears away to leeward for the inn,
Beats round the gable,

And fetches up before the coach-horse stable.
Well, there they stand, four kickers in a row,
And so
I just makes free to cut a brown 'un's cable.
But riding isn't in a seaman's natur;
So I whips out a toughish end of yarn,
And gets a kind of sort of a land-waiter
To splice me, heel to heel,
Under the she-mare's keel,
And off I goes, and leaves the inn a-starn!

My eyes! how she did pitch!
And wouldn't keep her own to go in no line,
Tho' I kept bowsing, bowsing at her bow-line,
But always making lee-way to the ditch,
And yaw'd her head about all sorts of ways.
The devil sink the craft!
And wasn't she trimendus slack in stays!
We couldn't, no how, keep the inn abaft!
Well, I suppose
We hadn't run a knot—or much beyond—
(What will you have on it?)—but off she goes,
Up to her bends in a fresh-water pond!
There I am! all a-back!
So I looks forward for her bridle-gears,
To heave her head round on the t'other tack;
But when I starts,
The leather parts,
And goes away right over by the ears!

What could a fellow do,
Whose legs, like mine, you know, were in the bilboes,
But trim myself upright for bringing-to,
And square his yard-arms, and brace up his elbows,
In rig all snug and clever,
Just while his craft was taking in her water?
I didn't like my burth, though, howsomdever.
Because the yarn, you see, kept getting taughter.
Says I—I wish this job was rayther shorter!

The chase had gain'd a mile
A-head, and still the she-mare stood a-drinking:
Now, all the while
Her body didn't take, of course, to shrinking.
Says I, she's letting out her reefs, I'm thinking;
And so she swell'd, and swell'd,
And yet the tackle held,
'Till both my legs began to bend like winkin.
My eyes! but she took in enough to founder!
And there's my timbers straining every bit,
Ready to split,
And her tarnation hull a-growing rounder!

Well, there—off Hartford Ness,
We lay both lash'd and water-logg'd together,
And can't contrive a signal of distress.
Thinks I, we must ride out this here foul weather,
Tho' sick of riding out, and nothing less;
When, looking round, I sees a man a-starn:
"Hollo!" says I, "come underneath her quarter!"
And hands him out my knife to cut the yarn.
So I gets off, and lands upon the road,
And leaves the she-mare to her own consarn,
A-standing by the water.
If I get on another, I'll be blow'd!
And that's the way, you see, my legs got bow'd!

"She is all heart."

"NOTHING BUT HEARTS!"

IT must have been the lot of every whist-player to observe a phenomenon at the card-table as mysterious as any in nature,—I mean the constant recurrence of a certain trump throughout the night—a run upon a particular suit, that sets all the calculations of Hoyle and Cocker at defiance. The chance of turning-up is equal to the Four Denominations. They should alternate with each other, on the average; whereas a Heart, perhaps, shall be the last card of every deal. King or Queen, Ace or Deuce, still it is of the same clan. You cut—and it comes again. "Nothing but Hearts!"

The figure on the other side might be fancied to embody this kind of occurrence; and, in truth, it was designed to commemorate an evening dedicated to the same red suit. I had looked in by chance at the Royal Institution: a Mr Professor Pattison, of New York, I believe, was lecturing, and the subject was—"Nothing but Hearts!"

Some hundreds of grave, curious, or scientific personages were ranged on the benches of the Theatre;—every one in his solemn black. On a table in front of the Professor stood the specimens: hearts of all shapes and sizes—man's, woman's, sheep's, bullock's—on platters or in cloths—were lying about as familiar as household wares. Drawings of hearts, in black or blood-red (dismal valentines!) hung around the fearful walls. Preparations of the organ, in wax or bottled, passed currently from hand to hand, from eye to eye, and returned to the gloomy table. It was like some solemn Egyptian Inquisition—a looking into dead men's hearts for their morals.

The Professor began. Each after each he displayed the samples; the words "auricle" and "ventricle" falling frequently on the ear as he explained how those "solemn organs" pump in the human breast. He showed, by experiments with water, the operation of the valves with the blood, and the impossibility of its revulsion. As he spoke, an indescribable thrilling or tremor crept over my left breast—thence down my side—and all over. I felt an awful consciousness of the bodily presence of my heart, till then nothing more than it is in song—a mere metaphor—so imperceptible are all the grand vital workings of the human frame! Now I felt the organ distinctly. There it was!—a fleshy core—ay, like *that* on the Professor's plate—throbbing away, auricle and ventricle, the valve allowing the gushing blood at so many gallons per minute, and ever prohibiting its return!

The Professor proceeded to enlarge on the important office of the great functionary, and the vital engine seemed to dilate within me, in proportion to the sense of its stupendous responsibility. I seemed nothing but auricle and ventricle and valve. I had no breath, but only pulsations. Those who have been present at anatomical discussions can alone corroborate this feeling—how the part discoursed of, by a surpassing sympathy and sensibility, causes its counterpart to become prominent and all-engrossing to the sense; how a lecture on hearts makes a man seem to himself as all heart; or one on heads causes a Phrenologist to conceive he is "all brain."

Thus was I absorbed:—my "bosom's lord" lording over everything beside. By and by, in lieu of one solitary machine, I saw before me a congregation of hundreds of human forcing-pumps, all awfully working together—the palpitations of hundreds of auricles and ventricles, the flapping of hundreds of valves! And anon they collapsed—mine—the Professor's—those on the benches—all! all!—into one great auricle—one great ventricle—one vast universal heart!

The lecture ended—I took up my hat and walked out, but the discourse haunted me. I was full of the subject. A kind of fluttering, which was not to be cured even by the fresh air, gave me plainly to understand that my heart was not "in the Highlands,"—nor in any lady's keeping—but where it ought to be, in my own bosom, and as hard at work as a parish pump. I plainly felt the blood—like the

carriages on a birth-night—coming in by the auricle, and going out by the ventricle; and shuddered to fancy what must ensue either way, from any "breaking the line." Then occurred to me the danger of little particles absorbed in the blood, and accumulating to a stoppage at the valve,—the "pumps getting choked,"—a suggestion that made me feel rather qualmish, and for relief I made a call on Mrs W——. The visit was ill-chosen and mistimed; for the lady in question, by dint of good-nature and a romantic turn—principally estimated by her young and female acquaintance—had acquired the reputation of being "all heart." The phrase had often provoked my mirth,—but, alas! the description was now over-true. Whether nature had formed her in that mould, or my own distempered fancy, I know not —but there she sate, and looked the Professor's lecture over again. She was like one of those games alluded to in my beginning—"Nothing but Hearts!" Her nose turned up. It was a heart—and her mouth led a trump. Her face gave a heart—and her cap followed suit. Her sleeves puckered and plumped themselves into a heart-shape—and so did her body. Her pin-cushion was a heart—the very back of her chair was a heart—her bosom was a heart. She was "all heart" indeed!

JACK HALL.

I.

'Tis very hard, when men forsake
This melancholy world, and make
A bed of turf, they cannot take
A quiet doze,
But certain rogues will come and break
Their "bone repose."

II.

'Tis hard we can't give up our breath,
And to the earth our earth bequeath,
Without Death Fetches after death,
Who thus exhume us!
And snatch us from our homes beneath,
And hearths posthumous.

III.

The tender lover comes to rear
The mournful urn, and shed his tear—
"Her glorious dust," he cries, "is here!"
Alack! alack!
The while his Sacharissa dear
Is in a sack!

IV.

'Tis hard one cannot lie amid
The mould, beneath a coffin-lid,
But thus the Faculty will bid
Their rogues break thro' it!
If they don't want us there, why did
They send us to it?

V.

One of these sacrilegious knaves,
Who crave as hungry vulture craves,
Behaving as the ghoul behaves,
'Neath churchyard wall—
Mayhap because he fed on graves—
Was named Jack Hall.

VI.

By day it was his trade to go
Tending the black coach to and fro;
And sometimes at the door of woe,
With emblems suitable,
He stood with brother Mute, to show
That life is mutable.

VII.

But long before they pass'd the ferry,
The dead that he had help'd to bury
He sack'd—(he had a sack to carry
The bodies off in;)
In fact, he let them have a very
Short fit of coffin.

VIII.

Night after night, with crow and spade,
He drove this dead but thriving trade,
Meanwhile his conscience never weigh'd
A single horsehair;
On corses of all kinds he prey'd,
A perfect corsair!

IX.

At last—it may be, Death took spite,
Or jesting, only meant to fright—
He sought for Jack night after night
The churchyards round;
And soon they met, the man and sprite,
In Pancras' ground.

X.

Jack, by the glimpses of the moon,
Perceived the bony knacker soon,
An awful shape to meet at noon
Of night and lonely;
But Jack's tough courage did but swoon
A minute only.

XI.

Anon he gave his spade a swing
Aloft, and kept it brandishing,
Ready for what mishaps might spring
From this conjunction;
Funking indeed was quite a thing
Beside his function.

XII.

"Hollo!" cried Death, "d'ye wish your sands
Run out? the stoutest never stands
A chance with me,—to my commands
The strongest truckles;
But I'm your friend—so let's shake hands,
I should say—knuckles."

XIII.

Jack, glad to see th' old sprite so sprightly,
And meaning nothing but uprightly,
Shook hands at once, and bowing slightly,
His mull did proffer:
But Death, who had no nose, politely
Declined the offer.

XIV.

Then sitting down upon a bank,
Leg over leg, shank over shank,
Like friends for conversation frank,
That had no check on:
Quoth Jack unto the Lean and Lank,
"You're Death, I reckon."

XV.

The Jawbone grinn'd:—"I am that same,
You've hit exactly on my name;
In truth, it has some little fame
Where burial sod is."
Quoth Jack (and wink'd), "Of course ye came
Here after bodies."

XVI.

Death grinn'd again and shook his head :—
" I've little business with the dead ;
When they are fairly sent to bed
I've done my turn :
Whether or not the worms are fed
Is your concern.

XVII.

" My errand here, in meeting you,
Is nothing but a ' how-d'ye-do ;'
I've done what jobs I had—a few
Along this way ;
If I can serve a crony too,
I beg you'll say."

XVIII.

Quoth Jack, " Your Honour's very kind :
And now I call the thing to mind,
This parish very strict I find ;
But in the next 'un
There lives a very well-inclined
Old sort of sexton."

XIX.

Death took the hint, and gave a wink
As well as eyelet-holes can blink ;
Then stretching out his arm to link
The other's arm,—
" Suppose," says he, " we have a drink
Of something warm."

XX.

Jack, nothing loth, with friendly ease
Spoke up at once :—" Why, what ye please ;
Hard by there is the Cheshire Cheese,
A famous tap."
But this suggestion seem'd to tease
The bony chap.

XXI.

" No, no !—your mortal drinks are heady,
And only make my hand unsteady ;
I do not even care for Deady,
And loathe your rum ;
But I've some glorious brewage ready,
My drink is—mum !"

XXII.

And off they set, each right content—
Who knows the dreary way they went?
But Jack felt rather faint and spent,
And out of breath;
At last he saw, quite evident,
The door of Death.

Death's Door.

XXIII.

All other men had been unmann'd
To see a coffin on each hand,
That served a skeleton to stand
By way of sentry;
In fact, Death has a very grand
And awful entry.

XXIV.

Throughout his dismal sign prevails,
His name is writ in coffin nails;
The mortal darts make area rails;
A skull that mocketh
Grins on the gloomy gate, and quails
Whoever knocketh.

XXV.

And lo! on either side arise
Two monstrous pillars—bones of thighs;
A monumental slab supplies
The step of stone,
Where, waiting for his master, lies
A dog of bone.

XXVI.

The dog leapt up, but gave no yell,
The wire was pull'd, but woke no bell,
The ghastly knocker rose and fell,
But caused no riot;
The ways of Death, we all know well,
Are very quiet.

XXVII.

Old Bones stept in; Jack stept behind:
Quoth Death, "I really hope you'll find
The entertainment to your mind,
As I shall treat ye—
A friend or two of goblin kind
I've ask'd to meet ye."

XXVIII.

And lo! a crowd of spectres tall,
Like jack-a-lanterns on a wall,
Were standing—every ghastly ball
An eager watcher.
"My friends," says Death—"friends, Mr Hall,
The body-snatcher."

XXIX.

Lord! what a tumult it produced
When Mr Hall was introduced!
Jack even, who had long been used
To frightful things,
Felt just as if his back was sluiced
With freezing springs!

XXX.

Each goblin face began to make
Some horrid mouth—ape—gorgon—snake;
And then a spectre hag would shake
An airy thigh-bone;
And cried (or seem'd to cry), "I'll break
Your bone, with *my* bone!"

XXXI.

Some ground their teeth—some seem'd to spit
(Nothing, but nothing came of it);
A hundred awful brows were knit
In dreadful spite.
Thought Jack—I'm sure I'd better quit
Without good-night.

XXXII.

One skip and hop and he was clear,
And running like a hunted deer,
As fleet as people run by fear
Well spurr'd and whipp'd;
Death, ghosts, and all in that career
Were quite outstripp'd.

XXXIII.

But those who live by death must die;
Jack's soul at last prepared to fly;
And when his latter end drew nigh,
Oh, what a swarm
Of doctors came,—but not to try
To keep him warm.

XXXIV.

No ravens ever scented prey
So early where a dead horse lay,
Nor vultures sniff'd so far away
A last convulse;
A dozen "guests" day after day
Were "at his pulse."

XXXV.

'Twas strange, altho' they got no fees,
How still they watch'd by twos and threes:
But Jack a very little ease
Obtain'd from them;
In fact, he did not find M.D.'s
Worth one D—M.

XXXVI.

The passing bell with hollow toll
Was in his thought—the dreary hole!
Jack gave his eyes a horrid roll,
And then a cough:—
"There's something weighing on my soul
I wish was off;

XXXVII.

"All night it roves about my brains,
All day it adds to all my pains;
It is concerning my remains
When I am dead."
Twelve wigs and twelve gold-headed canes
Drew near his bed.

XXXVIII.

"Alas!" he sigh'd, "I'm sore afraid,
A dozen pangs my heart invade;
But when I drove a certain trade
In flesh and bone,
There was a little bargain made
About my own."

XXXIX.

Twelve suits of black began to close,
Twelve pair of sleek and sable hose,
Twelve flowing cambric frills in rows,
At once drew round;
Twelve noses turn'd against his nose,
Twelve snubs profound.

XL.

"Ten guineas did not quite suffice,
And so I sold my body twice;
Twice did not do—I sold it thrice:
Forgive my crimes!
In short, I have received its price
A dozen times!"

XLI.

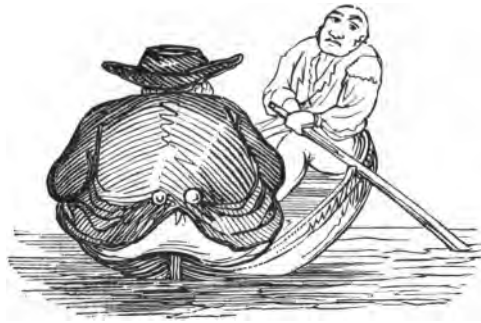
Twelve brows got very grim and black,
Twelve wishes stretch'd him on the rack,
Twelve pair of hands for fierce attack
Took up position,
Ready to share the dying Jack
By long division.

XLII.

Twelve angry doctors wrangled so,
That twelve had struck an hour ago
Before they had an eye to throw
On the departed;
Twelve heads turn'd round at once, and lo!
Twelve doctors started.

XLIII.

Whether some comrade of the dead,
Or Satan took it in his head,
To steal the corpse—the corpse had fled!
'Tis only written,
That "*there was nothing in the bed,*
But twelve were bitten!"



A Hard Row.

THE WEE MAN.

A ROMANCE.

'T was a merry company,
And they were just afloat,
When lo! a man of dwarfish span,
Came up and hail'd the boat.

"Good morrow to ye, gentle folks,
And will you let me in?
A slender space will serve my case,
For I am small and thin."

They saw he was a dwarfish man
And very small and thin;
Not seven such would matter much,
And so they took him in.

They laugh'd to see his little hat
With such a narrow brim;
They laugh'd to note his dapper coat,
With skirts so scant and trim.

But barely had they gone a mile,
When, gravely, one and all,
At once began to think the man
Was not so very small:

His coat had got a broader skirt,
His hat a broader brim,
His leg grew stout, and soon plump'd out
A very proper limb.

Still on they went, and as they went,
More rough the billows grew,
And rose and fell, a greater swell—
And he was swelling too!

And lo! where room had been for seven,
For six there scarce was space!
For five!—for four!—for three!—not more
Than two could find a place!

There was not even room for one!
They crowded by degrees—
Ay, closer yet, till elbows met,
And knees were jogging knees.

"Good sir, you must not sit a-stern,
The wave will else come in!"
Without a word he gravely stirr'd
Another seat to win.

"Good sir, the boat has lost her trim,
You must not sit a-lee!"
With smiling face, and courteous grace,
The middle seat took he.

But still by constant, quiet growth,
His back became so wide,
Each neighbour wight, to left and right,
Was thrust against the side.

Lord! how they chided with themselves,
That they had let him in;
To see him grow so monstrous now,
That came so small and thin.

On every brow a dewdrop stood,
They grew so scared and hot,—
"I' the name of all that's great and tall,
Who are ye, sir, and what?"

Loud laughed the Gogmagog a laugh,
As loud as giant's roar—
"When first I came, my proper name
Was Little—now I'm *Moore!*"

Penn's Conference with the Natives.

PYTHAGOREAN FANCIES.

OF all creeds—after the Christian—I incline most to the Pythagorean. I like the notion of inhabiting the body of a bird. It is the next thing to being a cherub—at least, according to the popular image of a boy's head and wings; a fancy that savours strangely of the Pythagorean.

I think nobly of the soul with Malvolio, but not so meanly as he does, by implication, of a bird-body. What disparagement would it seem to shuffle off a crippled, palsied, languid, bedridden carcase, and find yourself floating above the world—in a flood of sunshine—under the feathers of a Royal Eagle of the Andes?

For a beast-body I have less relish—and yet how many men are there who seem predestined to such an occupancy, being in this life even more than semi-brutal! How many human faces that at least countenance, if they do not confirm, this part of the Brahminical doctrine! What apes, foxes, pigs, curs, and cats, walk our metropolis—to say nothing of him shambling along Carnaby or Whitechapel—

A BUTCHER!

Whoe'er has gone thro' London Street,
Has seen a Butcher gazing at his meat,
And how he keeps
Gloating upon a sheep's
Or bullock's personals, as if his own ;
How he admires his halves
And quarters—and his calves,
As if, in truth, upon his own legs grown ;—
His fat ! *his* suet !
His kidneys peeping elegantly thro' it !
His thick flank !
And *his* thin !
His shank !
His shin !
Skin of his skin, and bone too of his bone !

With what an air
He stands aloof, across the thoroughfare
Gazing—and will not let a body by,
Tho' buy ! buy ! buy ! be constantly his cry.
Meanwhile, with arms akimbo, and a pair
Of Rhodian legs, he revels in a stare
At his Joint Stock—for one may call it so,
Howbeit without a *Co.*
The dotage of self-love was never fonder
Than he of his brute bodies all a-row ;
Narcissus in the wave did never ponder
With love so strong,
On his "portrait charmant,"
As our vain Butcher on his carcase yonder.

Look at his sleek round skull !
How bright his cheek, how rubicund his nose is !
His visage seems to be
Ripe for beef-tea ;
Of brutal juices the whole man is full.
In fact, fulfilling the metempsychosis,
The Butcher is already half a Bull.

Surpassing the Butcher in his approximation to the brute, behold yon vagrant Hassan, a wandering camel-driver and exhibitor, parading, for a few pence, the creature's outlandish hump, yet burthened himself with a bunch of flesh between the shoulders. For the sake of the implicit moral merely, or as an illustration of comparative physiology, the show is valuable; but as an example of the Pythagorean dispensa-

tion, it is above appraisement. The retributive metamorphosis has commenced—the Beast has set his seal upon the Human Form—a little further, and he will be ready for a halter and a showman.

As there are instances of men thus transmuting into the brute, so there are brutes that, by peculiar human manners and resemblance, seem to hint at a former and a better condition. The ouran-outang and the monkey notoriously claim this relationship; and there are other tribes, and in particular some which use the erect posture, that are apt to provoke such Pythagorean associations. For example, I could never read of the great William Penn's interview with the American savages, or look on the painting commemorative of that event, without dreaming that I had seen it acted over again at the meeting of a tribe of Kangaroos and a Penguin. The Kangaroos, sharp-sighted, vigilant, cunning, wild, swift, and active as the Indians themselves; the Penguin, very sleek, guiltless of arms, very taciturn, very sedate, except when jumping; upright in its conduct—a perfect

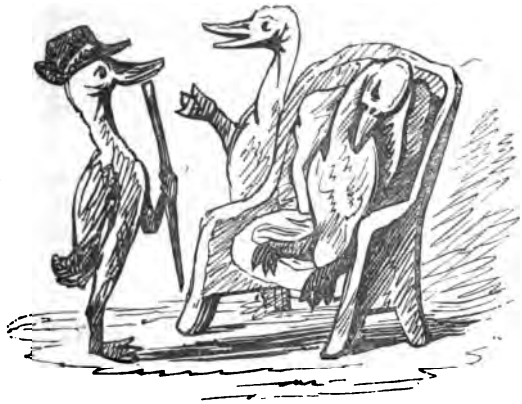
Comparative Physiology.

Quaker. It confirmed me, in this last fancy, to read of the conduct of these gentle birds when assaulted, formerly, with long poles, by the seamen of Captain Cook—buffetings which the Penguins took quietly on either cheek, or side of the head, and died as meekly and passively as the primitive Martyrs of the Sect!

It is difficult to say to what excesses the desire of fresh victual, after long salt-junketing, may drive a mariner. For my own part, I could not have handled a pole in that persecution without strong Pythagorean misgivings.

There is a Juvenile Poem, "The Notorious Glutton," by Miss Taylor of Ongar, in which a duck falls sick and dies in a very human-like

way. I could never eat duck for some time after the perusal of those verses; it seemed as if in reality the soul of my grandam might inhabit such a bird. In mere tenderness to past womanhood, I could never lay the death-scene elsewhere than in a lady's chamber, with the body of the invalid propped up by comfortable pillows on a nursery chair. The sick attendant seemed one that had relished drams aforetime—had been pompously officious at human dissolutions, and would announce that "all was over!" with the same flapping of paws and duck-like inflections of tone. As for the Physician, he was an Ex-Quack of our own kind, just called in from the pond—a sort of Man-Drake, and formerly a brother by nature, as now by name, of the author of "Winter Nights."



The Last Visit.

"DON'T YOU SMELL FIRE?"

I.

RUN! run for St Clements's engine!
For the Pawnbroker's all in a blaze,
And the pledges are frying and singeing—
Oh! how the poor pawners will craze!
Now where can the turncock be drinking?
Was there ever so thirsty an elf?
But he still may tope on, for I'm thinking
That the plugs are as dry as himself.

II.

The engines!—I hear them come rumbling;
There's the Phœnix! the Globe! and the Sun!
What a row there will be, and a grumbling,
When the water don't start for a run!
See! there they come racing and tearing,
All the street with loud voices is fill'd;
Oh! it's only the firemen a-swearing
At a man they've run over and kill'd!

III.

How sweetly the sparks fly away now,
And twinkle like stars in the sky.
It's a wonder the engines don't play now;
But I never saw water so shy!
Why there isn't enough for a snipe,
And the fire it is fiercer, alas!
Oh! instead of the New River pipe,
They have gone—that they have—to the gas!

IV.

Only look at the poor little P——'s
On the roof. Is there anything sadder?
My dears, keep fast hold, if you please,
And they won't be an hour with the ladder!
But if any one's hot in their feet,
And in very great haste to be saved,
Here's a nice easy bit in the street,
That M'Adam has lately unpaved!

V.

There is some one—I see a dark shape—
At that window, the hottest of all,—
My good woman, why don't you escape?
Never think of your bonnet and shawl:
If your dress isn't perfect, what is it
For once in a way to your hurt?
When your husband is paying a visit
There, at Number Fourteen, in his shirt!

VI.

Only see how she throws out her *chaney!*
Her basins, and teapots, and all
The most brittle of *her* goods—or any,
But they all break in breaking their fall!
Such things are not surely the best
From a two-storey window to throw—
She might save a good iron-bound chest,
For there's plenty of people below?

VII.

O dear! what a beautiful flash!
How it shone thro' the window and door;
We shall soon hear a scream and a crash,
When the woman falls thro' with the floor!
There! there! what a volley of flame,
And then suddenly all is obscured!—
Well, I'm glad in my heart that I came;—
But I hope the poor man is insured!

The Angel of Death.

THE VOLUNTEER.

"The clashing of my armour in my ears
Sounds like a passing bell; my buckler puts me
In mind of bier; this, my broadsword, a pickaxe
To dig my grave."—*The Lover's Progress.*

I.

'TWAS in that memorable year
France threaten'd to put off in
Flat-bottom'd boats, intending each
To be a British coffin,
To make sad widows of our wives,
And every babe an orphan:—

II.

When coats were made of scarlet cloaks,
And heads were dredged with flour,
I listed in the Lawyers' Corps,
Against the battle hour;
A perfect Volunteer—for why?
I brought my "will and power."

III.

One dreary day—a day of dread,
Like Cato's, overcast—
About the hour of six (the morn
And I were breaking fast),
There came a loud and sudden sound,
That struck me all aghast!

IV.

A dismal sort of morning roll,
That was not to be eaten:
Although it was no skin of mine,
But parchment that was beaten,
I felt tattoo'd through all my flesh,
Like any Otaheitan.

V.

My jaws with utter dread enclosed
The morsel I was munching,
And terror lock'd them up so tight,
My very teeth went crunching
All through my bread and tongue at once,
Like sandwich made at lunching.

VI.

My hand, that held the teapot fast,
Stiffen'd, but yet unsteady,
Kept pouring, pouring, pouring o'er
The cup in one long eddy,
Till both my hose were mark'd with *tea*,
As they were mark'd already.

VII.

I felt my visage turn from red
To white—from cold to hot;
But it was nothing wonderful
My colour changed, I wot,
For, like some variable silks,
I felt that I was shot.

VIII.

And looking forth with anxious eye
From my snug upper storey,
I saw our melancholy corps
Going to beds all gory;
The pioneers seem'd very loth
To axe their way to glory.

IX.

The captain march'd as mourners march,
The ensign too seem'd lagging,
And many more, although they were
No ensigns, took to flagging—
Like corpses in the Serpentine,
Methought they wanted dragging.

X.

But while I watch'd, the thought of death
Came like a chilly gust,
And lo! I shut the window down,
With very little lust
To join so many marching men,
That soon might be March dust.

XI.

Quoth I, "Since Fate ordains it so,
Our foe the coast must land on;"—
I felt so warm beside the fire
I cared not to abandon;
Our hearths and homes are always things
That patriots make a stand on.

XII.

"The fools that fight abroad for home,"
Thought I, "may get a wrong one;
Let those that have no homes at all
Go battle for a long one."
The mirror here confirm'd me this
Reflection by a strong one:

XIII.

For there, where I was wont to shave,
And deck me like Adonis,
There stood the leader of our foes,
With vultures for his cronies—
No Corsican, but Death himself,
The Bony of all Bonies.

XIV.

A horrid sight it was, and sad,
To see the grisly chap
Put on my crimson livery,
And then begin to clap
My helmet on—ah me! it felt
Like any felon's cap.

XV.

My plume seem'd borrow'd from a hearse,
An undertaker's crest;
My epaulettes like coffin-plates;
My belt so heavy press'd,
Four pipeclay cross-roads seem'd to lie
At once upon my breast.

XVI.

My brazen breastplate only lack'd
A little heap of salt,
To make me like a corpse full dress'd,
Preparing for the vault—
To set up what the poet calls
My everlasting halt.

XVII.

This funeral show inclined me quite
To peace:—and here I am!
Whilst better lions go to war,
Enjoying with the lamb
A lengthen'd life, that might have been
A martial epigram.

Bride and Bridesmaid.

A MARRIAGE PROCESSION.

IT has never been my lot to marry, whatever I may have written of one Honoria to the contrary. My affair with that lady never reached beyond a very embarrassing declaration, in return for which she breathed into my dull, deaf ear an inaudible answer. It was beyond my slender assurance, in those days, to ask for a repetition, whether of acceptance or denial.

One chance for explanation still remained. I wrote to her mother, to bespeak her sanction to our union, and received, by return of post, a scrawl that, for aught I knew, might be in Sanscrit. I question whether, even at this time, my intolerable bashfulness would suffer me to press such a matter any farther.

My thoughts of matrimony are now confined to occasional day-dreams, originating in some stray glimpse in the Prayer-Book, or the receipt of bridecake. It was on some such occurrence that I fell once, Bunyan-like, into an allegory of a wedding.

My fancies took the order of a procession. With flaunting banners, it wound its Alexandrine way—in the manner of some of Martin's painted pageants—to a taper spire in the distance. And first, like a band of livery, came the honourable company of Match-makers, all mature spinsters and matrons—and as like aunts and mothers as may be. The Glovers trod closely on their heels. Anon came, in blue and gold, the parish beadle, Scarabeus Parochialis, with the ringers of the hand-bells. Then came the Banns—it was during the reign of Lord Eldon's Act—three sturdy pioneers, with their three axes, and likely to

hew down sterner impediments than lie commonly in the path of marriage. On coming nearer, the countenance of the first was right foolish and perplexed; of the second, simpering; and the last, methought, looked sedate, and as if dashed with a little fear. After the Banns, like the Judges following the halberts, came the Joiners: no rough mechanics, but a portly, full-blown vicar, with his clerk—both rubicund—a peony paged by a pink. It made me smile to observe the droll clerical turn of the clerk's beaver, scrubbed into that fashion by his coat, at the nape. The marriage-knot, borne by a ticket-porter, came after the divine, and raised associations enough to sadden one, but for a pretty Cupid that came on laughing and trundling a hoop-ring.

The next group was a numerous one, Firemen of the Hand-in-Hand, with the Union flag—the chief actors were near. With a mixture of anxiety and curiosity, I looked out for the impending couple, when—how shall I tell it?—I beheld, not a brace of young lovers, a Romeo and Juliet—not a "he-moon here, and a she-sun there"—not bride and

Joiners.

bridegroom, but the happy *pear*, a solitary Bergamy, carried on a velvet cushion by a little foot-page. I could have foresworn my fancy for ever for so wretched a conceit, till I remembered that it was intended, perhaps, to typify, under that figure, the mysterious resolution of two into one, a pair nominally, but in substance single, which belongs to marriage. To make amends, the high contracting parties approached in proper person—a duplication sanctioned by the practice of the oldest Masters in their historical pictures. It took a brace of Cupids, with a halter, to overcome the "sweet reluctant delay" of the Bride, and make her keep pace with the procession. She was absorbed like a

nun in her veil; tears, too, she dropped, large as sixpences, in her path; but her attendant Bridesmaid put on such a coquettish look, and tripped along so airily, that it cured all suspicion of heartache in such maiden showers. The Bridegroom, dressed for the Honeymoon, was ushered by Hymen, a little link-boy; and the imp used the same importunity for his dues. The next was a motley crew. For nuptial ode or *Carmen*, there walked two carters or draymen, with their whips; a leash of footmen in livery indicated Domestic Habits; and Domestic Comfort was personated by an ambulating advertiser of "Hot Dinners every day."

I forget whether the Bride's Character preceded or followed her; but it was a lottery placard, and blazoned her as One of Ten Thousand. The parents of both families had a quiet smile on their faces, hinting that their enjoyment was of a retrospective cast; and as for the six sisters of the Bride, they would have wept with her, but that six young gallants came after them. The friends of the family were Quakers, and seemed to partake of the happiness of the occasion in a very quiet and Quaker-like way. I ought to mention that a band of harmonious sweet music preceded the Happy Pair. There was none came after—the veteran Townsend, with his constables, to keep order, making up the rear of the procession.

A Man in the Honeymoon.

"Encompass'd in an angel's frame."

THE WIDOW.

ONE widow at a grave will sob
A little while, and weep, and sigh;
If two should meet on such a job,
They'll have a gossip by and by,
If three should come together—why,
Three widows are good company!
If four should meet by any chance,
Four is a number very nice
To have a rubber in a trice—
But five will up and have a dance!

Poor Mrs C—— (why should I not
Declare her name?—her name was Cross)
Was one of those the "common lot"
Had left to weep "no common loss;"
For she had lately buried then
A man, the "very best of men,"
A lingering truth, discover'd first
Whenever men "are at the worst."
To take the measure of her woe,
It was some dozen inches deep—
I mean in crape—and hung so low,
It hid the drops she did *not* weep:
In fact, what human life appears,
It was a perfect "veil of tears."

Though ever since she lost "her prop
And stay,"—alas! he wouldn't stay—
She never had a tear to mop,
Except one little angry drop
From Passion's eye, as Moore would say;
Because, when Mister Cross took flight,
It look'd so very like a spite—
He died upon a washing-day!

Still Widow Cross went twice a week,
As if "to wet a widow's cheek,"
And soothe his grave with sorrow's gravy,—
'Twas nothing but a make-believe,
She might as well have hoped to grieve
Enough of brine to float a navy;
And yet she often seem'd to raise
A cambric kerchief to her eye—
A *duster* ought to be the phrase,
Its work was all so very dry.
The springs were lock'd that ought to flow—
In England or in widow-woman—
As those that watch the weather know,
Such "backward Springs" are not uncommon.

But why did Widow Cross take pains
To call upon the "dear remains,"—
Remains that could not tell a jot
Whether she ever wept or not,
Or how his relict took her losses?
Oh! my black ink turns red for shame—
But still the naughty world must learn,
There was a little German came
To shed a tear in "Anna's Urn,"
At that next grave to Mr Cross's!
For there an angel's virtues slept,
"Too soon did Heaven assert its claim!"
But still her painted face he kept,
"Encompass'd in an angel's frame."

He look'd quite sad and quite deprived;
His head was nothing but a hat-band;
He look'd so lone, and so *un*wived,
That soon the Widow Cross contrived
To fall in love with even *that* band;
And all at once the brackish juices
Came gushing out thro' sorrow's sluices—
Tear after tear too fast to wipe,
Tho' sopp'd, and sopp'd, and sopp'd again—
No leak in sorrow's private pipe,
But like a bursting on the main!
Whoe'er has watch'd the window-pane—

I mean to say in showery weather—
Has seen two little drops of rain,
Like lovers very fond and fain,
At one another creeping, creeping,
Till both, at last, embrace together :
So fared it with that couple's weeping !
The principle was quite as active—
Tear unto tear
Kept drawing near,
Their very blacks became attractive.
To cut a shortish story shorter,
Conceive them sitting *tête-à-tête*—
Two cups,—hot muffins on a plate,—
With "Anna's Urn" to hold hot water !
The brazen vessel for awhile
Had lectured in an easy song,
Like Abernethy—on the bile.
The scalded herb was getting strong ;
All seem'd as smooth as smooth could be,
To have a cosy cup of tea.
Alas ! how often human sippers
With unexpected bitters meet,
And buds, the sweetest of the sweet,
Like sugar, only meet the nippers !

The Widow Cross, I should have told,
Had seen three husbands to the mould ;
She never sought an Indian pyre,
Like Hindoo wives that lose their loves ;
But, with a proper sense of fire,
Put up, instead, with "three removes."
Thus, when with any tender words
Or tears she spoke about her loss,
The dear departed Mr Cross
Came in for nothing but his thirds ;
For, as all widows love too well,
She liked upon the list to dwell,
And oft ripp'd up the old disasters.
She might, indeed, have been supposed
A great *ship* owner ; for she prosed
Eternally of her Three Masters !

Thus, foolish woman, while she nursed
Her mild souchong, she talk'd and reckon'd
What had been left her by her first,
And by her last, and by her second.
Alas ! not all her annual rents
Could then entice the little German,—
Not Mr Cross's Three per Cents,
Or Consols, ever make him *her* man.
He liked her cash, he liked her houses,
But not that dismal bit of land

She always settled on her spouses.
So taking up his hat and band,
Said he, "You'll think my conduct odd—
But here my hopes no more may linger;
I thought you had a wedding-finger,
But oh!—it is a curtain-rod!"

A MAD DOG

IS none of my bugbears. Of the bite of dogs, large ones especially, I have a reasonable dread; but as to any participation in the canine frenzy, I am somewhat sceptical. The notion savours of the same fanciful superstition that invested the subjects of Dr Jenner with a pair of horns. Such was affirmed to be the effect of the vaccine matter; and I shall believe what I have heard of the canine virus, when I see a rabid gentleman, or gentlewoman, with flap-ears, dew-claws, and a brush-tail!

I lend no credit to the imputed effects of a mad dog's saliva. We hear of none such amongst the West Indian Negroes, and yet their condition is always *slavery*.

I put no faith in the vulgar stories of human beings betaking themselves, through a dog bite, to dog habits; and consider the smotherings and drownings that have originated in that fancy as cruel as the murders for witchcraft. Are we, for a few yelpings, to stifle all the disciples of Loyola—Jesuits Bark—or plunge unto death all the convalescents who may take to bark and wine?

As for the hydrophobia, or loathing of water, I have it mildly myself. My head turns invariably at thin, washy potations. With a dog, indeed, the case is different: he is a water-drinker, and when he takes to grape-juice, or the stronger cordials, may be dangerous. But I have never seen one with a bottle—except at his tail.

There are other dogs who are born to haunt the liquid element, to dive and swim, and for such to shun the lake or the pond would look suspicious. A Newfoundlander, standing up from a shower at a doorway, or a Spaniel with a Parapluie, might be innocently destroyed. But when does such a cur occur?

There are persons, however, who lecture on Hydrophobia very dogmatically. It is one of their maggots, that if a puppy be not wormed, he is apt to go rabid. As if, forsooth, it made so much difference, his merely speaking or not with what Lord Duberly calls his "vermicular tongue!" Verily, as Izaak Walton would say, these gudgeons take the worm very kindly!

Next to a neglect of calling in Dr Gardner, want of water is prone to drive a dog mad. A reasonable saying—but the rest is not so plausible, viz, that if you keep a dog till he is very dry, he will refuse to drink. It is a gross libel on the human-like instinct of the animal, to suppose him to act so clean contrary to human-kind. A crew of sailors, thirst-

ing at sea, will suck their pumps or the canvas—anything that will afford a drop of moisture; whereas a parching dog, instead of cooling his tongue at the next gutter, or licking his own kennel for imaginary relief, runs senselessly up and down to overheat himself, and resents the offer of a bucket like a mortal affront. Away he scuds, straightforward like a marmot, except when he dodges a pump. A glimmering instinct guides him to his old haunts. He bites his ex-master, grips his trainer, takes a snap with a friend or two where he used to visit—and then, biting right and left at the public, at last dies—a pitchfork in his eye, fifty slugs in his ribs, and a spade at the small of his back.

The career of the animal is but a type of his victim's—suppose some Bank Clerk. He was not bitten, but only splashed on the hand by the mad foam or dog-spray; a recent flea-bite gives entrance to the

Hydrophobia.

virus, and in less than three years it gets possession. Then the tragedy begins. The unhappy gentleman first evinces uneasiness at being called on for his New River rates. He answers the Collector snappishly, and when summoned to pay for his supply of water, tells the Commissioners doggedly that they may cut it off. From that time he gets worse. He refuses slops—turns up a pug nose at pump-water—and at last, on a washing-day, after flying at the laundress, rushes out, ripe for hunting, to the street. A twilight remembrance leads him to the house of his intended. He fastens on her hand—next worries his mother—takes a bite apiece out of his brothers and sisters—runs a muck, "giving tongue," all through the suburbs—and finally is smothered by a pair of bed-beaters in Moorfields.

According to popular theory, the mischief ends not here. The dog's master—the trainer—the friends, human and canine—the Bank Clerks—the laundresses—sweetheart—mother and sisters—the two bed-beaters—all inherit the rabies, and run about to bite others. It is a wonder, the madness increasing by this ratio, that examples are not running in packs at every turn:—my experience, notwithstanding, records but one instance.

It was my Aunt's brute. His temper latterly had altered for the worse, and in a sullen or insane fit he made a snap at the cook's radish-like fingers. The act demanded an inquest *de lunatico inquirendo*—he was lugged neck and crop to a full bucket; but you may bring a horse to the water, says the proverb, yet not make him drink, and the cur asserted the same independence. To make sure, Betty cast the whole gallon over him, a favour that he received with a mood that would have been natural in any mortal. His growl was conclusive. The cook alarmed first the family, and then the neighbourhood, which poured all its males capable of bearing arms into the passage. There were sticks, staves, swords, and a gun, a prong or two, moreover, glistened here and there. The kitchen door was occupied by the first rank of the column, their weapons all bristling in advance; and right opposite—at the further side of the kitchen, and holding all the army at bay—stood Hydrophobia "in its most dreadful form!"

Conceive, Mulready! under this horrible figure of speech, a round, goggle-eyed pug-face, supported by two stumpy bandy-legs—the fore-limbs of a long, pampered, sausage-like body, that rested on a similar pair of crotchets at the other end! Not without short wheezy pantings, he began to waddle towards the guarded entry; but before he had accomplished a quarter of the distance, there resounded the report of a musket. The poor Turnspit gave a yell—the little brown bloated body tumbled over, pierced by a dozen slugs, but not mortally; for before the piece could be reloaded, he contrived to lap up a little pool—from Betty's bucket—that had settled beside the hearth.

Drill and Broadcast.

JOHN TROT.

A BALLAD.

I.

JOHN TROT he was as tall a lad
As York did ever rear—
As his dear Granny used to say,
He'd make a greradier.

II.

A serjeant soon came down to York
With ribbons and a frill;
My lads, said he, let broadcast be,
And come away to drill.

III.

But when he wanted John to 'list,
In war he saw no fun,
Where what is call'd a raw recruit
Gets often overdone.

XX.

Huzza! the serjeant cried, and put
The money in his hand,
And with a shilling cut him off
From his paternal land.

XXI.

For when his regiment went to fight
At Saragossa town,
A Frenchman thought he look'd too-tall
And so he cut him down!

High-born and Low-born.

AN ABSENTEE.

IF ever a man wanted a flapper—no butcher's mimosa, or catch-fly, but one of those officers in use at the court of Laputa—my friend W—— should have such a remembrancer at his elbow. I question whether even the appliance of a bladder full of peas or pebbles would arouse him from some of his abstractions; fits of mental insensibility, parallel with those bodily trances in which persons have sometimes been coffined. Not that he is entangled in abstruse problems, like the nobility of the Flying Island! He does not dive, like Sir Isaac Newton, into a reverie, and turn up again with a Theory of Gravitation. His thoughts are not deeply engaged elsewhere—they are nowhere. His head revolves itself, top-like, into a profound slumber—a blank doze

without a dream. He is not carried away by incoherent rambling fancies out of himself,—he is not drunk, merely, with the Waters of Oblivion, but drowned in them, body and soul!

There is a story, somewhere, of one of these absent persons, who stooped down, when tickled about the calf by a bluebottle, and scratched his neighbour's leg: an act of tolerable forgetfulness, but denoting a state far short of W——'s absorptions. He would never have felt the fly.

To make W——'s condition more whimsical, he lives in a small bachelor's house, with no other attendant than an old housekeeper—one Mistress Bundy, of faculty as infirm and intermitting as his own. It will be readily believed that her absent fits do not originate, any more than her master's, in abstruse mathematical speculations—a

"Lawk! I've forgot the Brandy!"

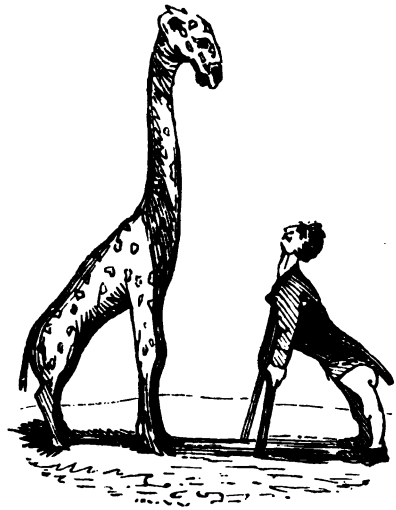
proof with me that such moods result, not from abstractions of mind, but stagnation. How so ill-sorted a couple contrive to get through the commonplace affairs of life, I am not prepared to say: but it is comical indeed to see him ring up Mistress Bundy to receive orders, which he generally forgets to deliver,—or, if delivered, this old Bewildered Maid lets slip out of her remembrance with the same facility. Numberless occurrences of this kind—in many instances more extravagant—are recorded by his friends; but an evening that I spent with him recently will furnish an abundance of examples.

In spite of going by his own invitation, I found W—— within. He was too apt, on such occasions, to be denied to his visitors; but what in others would be an unpardonable affront, was overlooked in a man who was not always at home to himself. The door was opened by the housekeeper, whose absence, as usual, would not allow her to decide

upon that of her master. Her shrill quavering voice went echoing up-stairs with its old query, "Mr W——! are you within?"—then a pause, literally for him to collect himself. Anon came his answer, and I was ushered up-stairs, Mrs Bundy contriving, as usual, to forget my name at the first landing-place. I had therefore to introduce myself formally to W——, whose old friends came to him always as if with new faces. As for what followed, it was one of the old fitful colloquies —a game at conversation, sometimes with a partner, sometimes with a dummy; the old woman's memory in the meantime growing torpid on a kitchen-chair. Hour after hour passed away: no tea-spoon jingled or tea-cup rattled; no murmuring kettle or hissing urn found its way upward from one Haunt of Forgetfulness to the other. In short, as might have been expected with an Absentee, the tea was absent.

It happens that the meal in question is not one of my essentials; I therefore never hinted at the In Tea Speravi of my visit; but at the turn of eleven o'clock, my host rang for the apparatus. The Chinese ware was brought up, but the herb was deficient. Mrs Bundy went forth, by command, for a supply; but it was past grocer-time, and we arranged to make amends by an early supper, which came, however, as proportionably late as the tea. By dint of those freedoms which you must use with an entertainer who is absent at his own table, I contrived to sup sparely; and W——'s memory, blossoming like certain flowers to the night, reminded him that I was accustomed to go to bed on a tumbler of Geneva and water. He kept but one bottle of each of the three kinds, Rum, Brandy, and Hollands, in the house; and when exhausted, they were replenished at the tavern a few doors off. Luckily, for it was far beyond the midnight hour, when, according to our vapid magistracy, all spirits are evil, the three vessels were full, and merely wanted bringing up-stairs. The kettle was singing on the hob; the tumblers, with spoons in them, stood miraculously ready on the board; and Mrs Bundy was really on her way from below with the one thing needful. Never were fair hopes so unfairly blighted! I could hear her step labouring on the stairs to the very last step, when her memory serving her just as treacherously as her forgetfulness, or rather both betraying her together, there befell the accident which I have endeavoured to record by the sketch over-leaf.

I never ate or drank with the Barmecide again!



Unconscious Imitation.

ODE TO THE CAMELEOPARD.

WELCOME to Freedom's birthplace—and a den!
Great Anti-climax, hail!
So very lofty in thy front—but then,
So dwindling at the tail!—
In truth, thou hast the most unequal legs!
Has one pair gallop'd whilst the other trotted,
Along with other brethren, leopard-spotted,
O'er Afric sand, where ostriches lay eggs?
Sure thou wert caught in some hard uphill chase,
Those hinder heels still keeping thee in check!
And yet thou seem'st prepared in any case,
Tho' they had lost the race,
To win it—by a neck!

That lengthy neck—how like a crane's it looks!
Art thou the overseer of all the brutes?
Or dost thou browse on tiptop leaves or fruits—
Or go a bird-nesting amongst the rooks?
How kindly nature caters for all wants;
Thus giving unto thee a neck that stretches,
And high food fetches—
To some a long nose, like the elephant's!

Oh! hadst thou any organ to thy bellows,
To turn thy breath to speech in human style,
What secrets thou might'st tell us,
Where now our scientific guesses fail;
For instance of the Nile,
Whether those Seven Mouths have any tail;
Mayhap thy luck too,
From that high head, as from a lofty hill,
Has let thee see the marvellous Timbuctoo—
Or drink of Niger at its infant rill.
What were the travels of our Major Denham,
Or Clapperton, to thine
In that same line,
If thou couldst only squat thee down and pen 'em!

African Wreckers.

Strange sights, indeed, thou must have overlook'd,
With eyes held ever in such vantage stations!
Hast seen, perchance, unhappy white folks cook'd,
And then made free of negro corporations?
Poor wretches saved from castaway three-deckers—
By sooty wreckers—
From hungry waves to have a loss still drearier,
To far exceed the utmost aim of Park—
And find themselves, alas! beyond the mark,
In the *insides* of Africa's interior!

Live on, Giraffe! genteelest of raff kind!—
Admired by noble, and by royal tongues!
May no pernicious wind,
Or English fog, blight thy exotic lungs!
Live on in happy peace, altho' a rarity,
Nor envy thy poor cousin's more outrageous
Parisian popularity,
Whose very leopard-rash is grown contagious,
And worn on gloves and ribbons all about—
Alas! they'll wear him out!
So thou shalt take thy sweet diurnal feeds
When he is stuff'd with undigested straw,
Sad food that never visited his jaw!
And staring round him with a brace of beads!

White Bait.

THE PLEA

OF

THE MIDSUMMER FAIRIES.

[ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN 1827.]

TO CHARLES LAMB, ESQ.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I thank my literary fortune that I am not reduced, like many better wits, to barter dedications, for the hope or promise of patronage, with some nominally great man; but that where true affection points, and honest respect, I am free to gratify my head and heart by a sincere inscription. An intimacy and dearness, worthy of a much earlier date than our acquaintance can refer to, direct me at once to your name; and with this acknowledgment of your ever kind feeling towards me, I desire to record a respect and admiration for you as a writer, which no one acquainted with our literature, save Elia himself, will think disproportionate or misplaced. If I had not these better reasons to govern me, I should be guided to the same selection by your intense yet critical relish for the works of our great Dramatist, and for that favourite play in particular which has furnished the subject of my verses.

It is my design, in the following Poem, to celebrate, by an allegory, that immortality which Shakespeare has conferred on the Fairy mythology by his "Midsummer Night's Dream." But for him, those pretty children of our childhood would leave barely their names to our maturer years; they belong, as the mites upon the plum, to the bloom of fancy, a thing generally too frail and beautiful to withstand the rude handling of time: but the Poet has made this most perishable part of the mind's creation equal to the most enduring; he has so intertwined the Elfins with human sympathies, and linked them by so many delightful associations with the productions of nature, that they are as real to the mind's eye, as their green magical circles to the outer sense.

It would have been a pity for such a race to go extinct, even though they were but as the butterflies that hover about the leaves and blossoms of the visible world,—I am, my dear Friend, yours most truly,

T. HOOD.

THE PLEA OF THE MIDSUMMER FAIRIES.

I.

'TWAS in that mellow season of the year
When the hot Sun singes the yellow leaves
Till they be gold,—and with a broader sphere
The Moon looks down on Ceres and her sheaves;
When more abundantly the spider weaves,
And the cold wind breathes from a chillier clime;
That forth I fared, on one of those still eves,
Touch'd with the dewy sadness of the time,
To think how the bright months had spent their prime:

II.

So that, wherever I address'd my way,
I seem'd to track the melancholy feet
Of him that is the Father of Decay,
And spoils at once the sour weed and the sweet;—
Wherefore regretfully I made retreat
To some unwasted regions of my brain,
Charm'd with the light of summer and the heat,
And bade that bounteous season bloom again,
And sprout fresh flowers in mine own domain.

III.

It was a shady and sequester'd scene,
Like those famed gardens of Boccaccio,
Planted with his own laurels evergreen,
And roses that for endless summer blow;
And there were founting springs to overflow
Their marble basins,—and cool green arcades
Of tall o'crarching sycamores, to throw
Athwart the dappled path their dancing shades,—
With timid coneys cropping the green blades.

IV.

And there were crystal pools, peopled with fish,
Argent and gold; and some of Tyrian skin,
Some crimson-barr'd;—and ever at a wish
They rose obsequious till the wave grew thin
As glass upon their backs, and then dived in,
Quenching their ardent scales in watery gloom;
Whilst others with fresh hues row'd forth to win
My changeable regard,—for so we doom
Things born of thought to vanish or to bloom.

V.

And there were many birds of many dyes,
From tree to tree still faring to and fro,
And stately peacocks with their splendid eyes,
And gorgeous pheasants with their golden glow,
Like Iris just bedabbled in her bow,
Besides some vocalists, without a name,
That oft on fairy errands come and go,
With accents magical ;—and all were tame,
And peckled at my hand where'er I came.

VI.

And for my sylvan company, in lieu
Of Pampinea with her lively peers,
Sate Queen Titania with her pretty crew,
All in their liveries quaint, with elfin gears,
For she was gracious to my childish years,
And made me free of her enchanted round ;
Wherefore this dreamy scene she still endears,
And plants her court upon a verdant mound,
Fenced with umbrageous woods and groves profound.

VII.

" Ah me !" she cries, " was ever moonlight seen
So clear and tender for our midnight trips ?
Go some one forth, and with a trump convene
My lieges all !"—Away the goblin skips
A pace or two apart, and deftly strips
The ruddy skin from a sweet rose's cheek,
Then blows the shuddering leaf between his lips,
Making it utter forth a shrill small shriek,
Like a fray'd bird in the grey owlet's beak.

VIII.

And lo ! upon my fix'd delighted ken
Appeared the loyal Fays.—Some by degrees
Crept from the primrose buds that open'd then,
And some from bell-shaped blossoms like the bees,
Some from the dewy meads and rushy leas
Flew up like chafers when the rustics pass ;
Some from the rivers, others from tall trees
Dropp'd, like shed blossoms, silent to the grass,
Spirits and elfins small, of every class.

IX.

Peri and Pixy, and quaint Puck the Antic,
Brought Robin Goodfellow, that merry swain ;
And stealthy Mab, queen of old realms romantic,
Came too, from distance, in her tiny wain,

Fresh dripping from a cloud—some bloomy rain,
Then circling the bright Moon, had wash'd her car,
And still bedew'd it with a various stain :
Lastly came Ariel, shooting from a star,
Who bears all fairy embassies afar.

X.

But Oberon, that night elsewhere exiled,
Was absent, whether some distemper'd spleen
Kept him and his fair mate unreconciled,
Or warfare with the Gnome (whose race had been
Sometimes obnoxious), kept him from his queen,
And made her now peruse the starry skies
Prophetical with such an absent mien ;
Howbeit, the tears stole often to her eyes,
And oft the Moon was incensed with her sighs—

XI.

Which made the elves sport drearily, and soon
Their hushing dances languish'd to a stand,
Like midnight leaves, when, as the Zephyrs swoon,
All on their drooping stems they sink unfann'd,—
So into silence droop'd the fairy band,
To see their empress dear so pale and still,
Crowding her softly round on either hand,
As pale as frosty snowdrops, and as chill,
To whom the sceptred dame reveals her ill.

XII.

"Alas !" quoth she, "ye know our fairy lives
Are leased upon the fickle faith of men :
Not measured out against fate's mortal knives,
Like human gossamers, we perish when
We fade, and are forgot in worldly ken,—
Though poesy has thus prolong'd our date,
Thanks be to the sweet Bard's auspicious pen
That rescued us so long !—howbeit of late
I feel some dark misgivings of our fate.

XIII.

"And this dull day my melancholy sleep
Hath been so throng'd with images of woe,
That even now I cannot choose but weep
To think this was some sad prophetic show
Of future horror to befall us so,—
Of mortal wreck and uttermost distress,—
Yea, our poor empire's fall and overthrow ;—
For this was my long vision's dreadful stress,
And when I waked my trouble was not less.

XIV.

"Whenever to the clouds I tried to seek,
Such leaden weight dragg'd these Icarian wings,
My faithless wand was wavering and weak,
And slimy toads had trespass'd in our rings—
The birds refused to sing for me—all things
Disown'd their old allegiance to our spells;
The rude bees prick'd me with their rebel stings;
And, when I pass'd, the valley-lily's bells
Rang out, methought, most melancholy knells.

XV.

"And ever on the faint and flagging air
A doleful spirit with a dreary note
Cried in my fearful ear, 'Prepare! prepare!'
Which soon I knew came from a raven's throat,
Perch'd on a cypress bough not far remote,—
A cursed bird, too crafty to be shot,
That alway cometh with his soot-black coat
To make hearts dreary:—for he is a blot
Upon the book of life, as well ye wot!—

XVI.

"Wherefore, some while I bribed him to be mute,
With bitter acorns stuffing his foul maw,
Which barely I appeased, when some fresh bruit
Startled me all aheap!—and soon I saw
The horridest shape that ever raised my awe,—
A monstrous giant, very huge and tall,
Such as in elder times, devoid of law,
With wicked might grieved the primeval ball,
And this was sure the deadliest of them all!

XVII.

"Gaunt was he as a wolf of Languedoc,
With bloody jaws, and frost upon his crown;
So from his barren poll one hoary lock
Over his wrinkled front fell far adown,
Well-nigh to where his frosty brows did frown
Like jagged icicles at cottage eaves;
And for his coronal he wore some brown
And bristled ears gather'd from Ceres' sheaves,
Entwined with certain sere and russet leaves.

XVIII.

"And lo! upon a mast rear'd far aloft,
He bore a very bright and crescent blade,
The which he waved so dreadfully, and oft,
In meditative spite, that, sore dismay'd,

I crept into an acorn-cup for shade;
Meanwhile the horrid effigy went by;
I trow his look was dreadful, for it made
The trembling birds betake them to the sky,
For every leaf was lifted by his sigh.

XIX.

"And ever as he sigh'd, his foggy breath
Blurr'd out the landscape like a flight of smoke:
Thence knew I this was either dreary Death
Or Time, who leads all creatures to his stroke.
Ah wretched me!"—Here, even as she spoke,
The melancholy Shape came gliding in,
And lean'd his back against an antique oak,
Folding his wings, that were so fine and thin,
They scarce were seen against the Dryad's skin.

XX.

Then what a fear seized all the little rout!
Look how a flock of panick'd sheep will stare—
And huddle close—and start—and wheel about,
Watching the roaming mongrel here and there,—
So did that sudden Apparition scare
All close aheap those small affrighted things;
Nor sought they now the safety of the air,
As if some leaden spell withheld their wings;
But who can fly that ancientest of Kings?

XXI.

Whom now the Queen, with a forestalling tear
And previous sigh, beginneth to entreat,
Bidding him spare, for love, her lieges dear:
"Alas!" quoth she, "is there no nodding wheat
Ripe for thy crooked weapon, and more meet,—
Or wither'd leaves to ravish from the tree,—
Or crumbling battlements for thy defeat?
Think but what vaunting monuments there be
Builded in spite and mockery of thee.

XXII.

"Oh, fret away the fabric walls of Fame,
And grind down marble Cæsars in the dust:
Make tombs inscriptionless—raze each high name,
And waste old armours of renown with rust:
Do all of this, and thy revenge is just:
Make such decays the trophies of thy prime,
And check Ambition's overweening lust,
That dares exterminating war with Time,—
But we are guiltless of that lofty crime.

XXIII.

" Frail feeble sprites !—the children of a dream !
Leased on the sufferance of fickle men,
Like motes dependent on the sunny beam,
Living but in the sun's indulgent ken,
And when that light withdraws, withdrawing then ;—
So do we flutter in the glance of youth
And fervid fancy,—and so perish when
The eye of faith grows aged ;—in sad truth,
Feeling thy sway, O Time ! though not thy tooth !

XXIV.

" Where be those old divinities forlorn,
That dwelt in trees, or haunted in a stream ?
Alas ! their memories are dimm'd and torn,
Like the remainder tatters of a dream :
So will it fare with our poor thrones, I deem ;—
For us the same dark trench Oblivion delves,
That holds the wastes of every human scheme.
Oh, spare us then,—and these our pretty elves,
We soon, alas ! shall perish of ourselves !"

XXV.

Now as she ended, with a sigh, to name
Those old Olympians, scatter'd by the whirl
Of Fortune's giddy wheel and brought to shame,
Methought a scornful and malignant curl
Show'd on the lips of that malicious churl,
To think what noble havocks he had made ;
So that I fear'd he all at once would hurl
The harmless fairies into endless shade,—
Howbeit he stopp'd awhile to whet his blade.

XXVI.

Pity it was to hear the elfins' wail
Rise up in concert from their mingled dread :
Pity it was to see them, all so pale,
Gaze on the grass as for a dying bed ;—
But Puck was seated on a spider's thread,
That hung between two branches of a briar,
And 'gan to swing and gambol heels o'er head,
Like any Southwark tumbler on a wire,
For him no present grief could long inspire.

XXVII.

Meanwhile the Queen, with many piteous drops,
Falling like tiny sparks full fast and free,
Bedews a pathway from her throne ;—and stops
Before the foot of her arch enemy,

And with her little arms enfolds his knee,
That shows more gristly from that fair embrace;
But she will ne'er depart. "Alas!" quoth she,
"My painful fingers I will here enlace
Till I have gain'd your pity for our race.

XXVIII.

"What have we ever done to earn this grudge,
And hate—(if not too humble for thy hating?)—
Look o'er our labours and our lives, and judge
If there be any ills of our creating;
For we are very kindly creatures, dating
With nature's charities still sweet and bland:—
Oh, think this murder worthy of debating!"
Herewith she makes a signal with her hand,
To beckon some one from the Fairy band.

XXIX.

Anon I saw one of those elfin things,
Clad all in white like any chorister,
Come fluttering forth on his melodious wings,
That made soft music at each little stir,
But something louder than a bee's demur,
Before he lights upon a bunch of broom,
And thus 'gan he with Saturn to confer,—
And oh! his voice was sweet, touch'd with the gloom,
Of that sad theme that argued of his doom!

XXX.

Quoth he, "We make all melodies our care,
That no false discords may offend the Sun,
Music's great master—tuning everywhere
All pastoral sounds and melodies, each one
Duly to place and season, so that none
May harshly interfere. We rouse at morn
The shrill sweet lark; and when the day is done,
Hush silent pauses for the bird forlorn,
That singeth with her breast against a thorn.

XXXI.

"We gather in loud choirs the twittering race,
That make a chorus with their single note;
And tend on new-fledged birds in every place,
That duly they may get their tunes by rote;
And oft, like echoes, answering remote,
We hide in thickets from the feather'd throng,
And strain in rivalship each throbbing throat,
Singing in shrill responses all day long,
Whilst the glad truant listens to our song.

XXXII.

"Wherefore, great King of Years, as thou dost love
The raining music from a morning cloud,
When vanish'd larks are carolling above,
To wake Apollo with their pipings loud:—
If ever thou hast heard in leafy shroud
The sweet and plaintive Sappho of the dell,
Show thy sweet mercy on this little crowd,
And we will muffle up the sheepfold bell
Whene'er thou listenest to Philomel."

XXXIII.

Then Saturn thus:—"Sweet is the merry lark,
That carols in man's ear so clear and strong;
And youth must love to listen in the dark
That tuneful elegy of Tereus' wrong;
But I have heard that ancient strain too long,
For sweet is sweet but when a little strange,
And I grow weary for some newer song;
For wherefore had I wings, unless to range
Through all things mutable from change to change?

XXXIV.

"But wouldst thou hear the melodies of Time,
Listen when sleep and drowsy darkness roll
Over hush'd cities, and the midnight chime
Sounds from their hundred clocks, and deep bells toll
Like a last knell over the dead world's soul,
Saying, Time shall be final of all things,
Whose late, last voice must elegise the whole,—
Oh, then I clap aloft my brave broad wings,
And make the wide air tremble while it rings!"

XXXV.

Then next a fair Eve-Fay made meek address,
Saying, "We be the handmaids of the Spring,
In sign whereof, May, the quaint broideress,
Hath wrought her samplers on our gauzy wing.
We tend upon buds' birth and blossoming,
And count the leafy tributes that they owe—
As so much to the earth—so much to fling
In showers to the brook—so much to go
In whirlwinds to the clouds that made them grow.

XXXVI.

"The pastoral cowslips are our little pets,
And daisy stars, whose firmament is green;
Pansies, and those veil'd nuns, meek violets,
Sighing to that warm world from which they screen;

And golden daffodils, pluck'd for May's Queen;
And lonely harebells, quaking on the heath;
And Hyacinth, long since a fair youth seen,
Whose tuneful voice, turn'd fragrance in his breath,
Kiss'd by sad Zephyr, guilty of his death.

XXXVII.

"The widow'd primrose weeping to the moon,
And saffron crocus in whose chalice bright
A cool libation hoarded for the noon
Is kept—and she that purifies the light,
The virgin lily, faithful to her white,
Whereon Eve wept in Eden for her shame;
And the most dainty rose, Aurora's sprite,
Our every godchild, by whatever name—
Spare us our lives, for we did nurse the same!"

XXXVIII.

Then that old Mower stamp'd his heel, and struck
His hurtful scythe against the harmless ground,
Saying, "Ye foolish imps, when am I stuck
With gaudy buds, or like a wood crown'd
With flowery chaplets, save when they are found
Wither'd?—Whenever have I pluck'd a rose,
Except to scatter its vain leaves around?
For so all gloss of beauty I oppose,
And bring decay on every flower that blows.

XXXIX.

"Or when am I so wroth as when I view
The wanton pride of Summer;—how she decks
The birthday world with blossoms ever new,
As if Time had not lived, and heap'd great wrecks
Of years on years?—Oh, then I bravely vex
And catch the gay Months in their gaudy plight,
And slay them with the wreaths about their necks,
Like foolish heifers in the holy rite,
And raise great trophies to my ancient might."

XL.

Then saith another, "We are kindly things,
And like her offspring nestle with the dove,—
Witness these hearts embroider'd on our wings,
To show our constant patronage of love:—
We sit, at even, in sweet bowers above
Lovers, and shake rich odours on the air,
To mingle with their sighs; and still remove
The startling owl, and bid the bat forbear
Their privacy, and haunt some other where.

L.

"And, lastly, for mirth's sake and Christmas cheer,
We bear the seedling berries, for increase,
To graft the Druid oaks, from year to year,
Careful that mistletoe may never cease;—
Wherefore, if thou dost prize the shady peace
Of sombre forests, or to see light break
Through sylvan cloisters, and in spring release
Thy spirit amongst leaves from careful ake,
Spare us our lives for the Green Dryad's sake."

LI.

Then Saturn, with a frown:—"Go forth, and fell
Oak for your coffins, and thenceforth lay by
Your axes for the rust, and bid farewell
To all sweet birds, and the blue peeps of sky
Through tangled branches, for ye shall not spy
The next green generation of the tree;
But hence with the dead leaves, whene'er they fly,—
Which in the bleak air I would rather see,
Than flights of the most tuneful birds that be.

LII.

"For I dislike all prime, and verdant pets,
Ivy except, that on the aged wall
Preys with its worm-like roots, and daily frets
The crumbled tower it seems to league withal;
King-like, worn down by its own coronal:—
Neither in forest haunts love I to won
Before the golden plumage 'gins to fall,
And leaves the brown, bleak limbs with few leaves on,
Or bare—like Nature in her skeleton.

LIII.

"For then sit I amongst the crooked boughs,
Wooing dull Memory with kindred sighs;
And there in rustling nuptials we espouse,
Smit by the sadness in each other's eyes;—
But Hope must have green bowers and blue skies,
And must be courted with the gauds of spring;
Whilst Youth leans god-like on her lap, and cries,
What shall we always do, but love and sing?—
And Time is reckon'd a discarded thing."

LIV.

Here in my dream it made me fret to see
How Puck, the Antic, all this dreary while
Had blithely jested with calamity,
With mistimed mirth mocking the doleful style

Of his sad comrades, till it raised my bile
To see him so reflect their grief aside,
Turning their solemn looks to half a smile—
Like a straight stick shown crooked in the tide;—
But soon a novel advocate I spied.

LV.

Quoth he—"We teach all natures to fulfil
Their fore-appointed crafts, and instincts meet,—
The bee's sweet alchemy,—the spider's skill,—
The pismire's care to garner up his wheat,—
And rustic masonry to swallows fleet,—
The lapwing's cunning to preserve her nest,—
But most, that lesser pelican, the sweet
And shrilly ruddock, with its bleeding breast,
Its tender pity of poor babes distrest.

LVI.

"Sometimes we cast our shapes, and in sleek skin
Delve with the timid mole, that aptly delves
From our example; so the spider spins,
And eke the silkworm, pattern'd by ourselves:
Sometimes we travail on the summer shelves
Of early bees, and busy toils commence,
Watch'd of wise men, that know not we are elves,
But gaze and marvel at our stretch of sense,
And praise our human-like intelligence.

LVII.

"Wherefore, by thy delight in that old tale,
And plaintive dirges the late robins sing,
What time the leaves are scatter'd by the gale,
Mindful of that old forest burying;—
As thou dost love to watch each tiny thing,
For whom our craft most curiously contrives,
If thou hast caught a bee upon the wing,
To take his honey-bag,—spare us our lives,
And we will pay the ransom in full hives."

LVIII.

"Now by my glass," quoth Time, "ye do offend
In teaching the brown bees that careful lore,
And frugal ants, whose millions would have end,
But they lay up for need a timely store,
And travail with the seasons evermore;
Whereas Great Mammoth long hath pass'd away,
And none but I can tell what hide he wore,
Whilst purblind men, the creatures of a day,
In riddling wonder his great bones survey."

LIX.

Then came an elf, right beauteous to behold,
Whose coat was like a brooklet that the sun
Hath all embroider'd with its crooked gold,
It was so quaintly wrought, and overrun
With spangled traceries,—most meet for one
That was a warden of the pearly streams ;—
And as he stept out of the shadows dun,
His jewels sparkled in the pale moon's gleams,
And shot into the air their pointed beams.

LX.

Quoth he—" We bear the cold and silver keys
Of bubbling springs and fountains, that below
Course thro' the veiny earth,—which, when they freeze
Into hard chrysolites, we bid to flow,
Creeping like subtle snakes, when, as they go,
We guide their windings to melodious falls,
At whose soft murmurings, so sweet and low,
Poets have tuned their smoothest madrigals,
To sing to ladies in their banquet halls.

LXI.

" And when the hot sun with his steadfast heat
Parches the river-god,—whose dusty urn
Drips miserly, till soon his crystal feet
Against his pebbly floor wax faint and burn,
And languid fish, unpoised, grow sick and yearn,—
Then scoop we hollows in some sandy nook,
And little channels dig, wherein we turn
The thread-worn rivulet, that all forsook,
The Naiad-lily, pining for her brook.

LXII.

" Wherefore, by thy delight in cool green meads,
With living sapphires daintily inlaid,—
In all soft songs of waters and their reeds,—
And all reflections in a streamlet made,
Haply of thy own love, that, disarray'd,
Kills the fair lily with a livelier white,—
By silver trouts upspringing from green shade,
And winking stars reduplicate at night,
Spare us, poor ministers to such delight."

LXIII.

Howbeit his pleading and his gentle looks
Moved not the spiteful Shade :—Quoth he, " Your taste
Shoots wide of mine, for I despise the brooks
And slavish rivulets that run to waste

In noontide sweats, or, like poor vassals, haste
To swell the vast dominion of the sea,
In whose great presence I am held disgraced,
And neighbour'd with a king that rivals me
In ancient might and hoary majesty.

LXIV.

"Whereas I ruled in Chaos, and still keep
The awful secrets of that ancient dearth,
Before the briny fountains of the deep
Brimm'd up in hollow cavities of earth ;—
I saw each trickling Sea-god at his birth,
Each pearly Naiad with her oozy locks,
And infant Titans of enormous girth,
Whose huge young feet yet stumbled on the rocks,
Stunning the early world with frequent shocks.

LXV.

"Where now is Titan, with his cumbrous brood,
That scared the world?—By this sharp scythe they fell,
And half the sky was curdled with their blood :
So have all primal giants sigh'd farewell.
No Wardens now by sedgy fountains dwell,
Nor pearly Naiads. All their days are done
That strove with Time, untimely, to excel ;
Wherefore I razed their progenies, and none
But my great shadow intercepts the sun!"

LXVI.

Then saith the timid Fay—"O mighty Time!
Well hast thou wrought the cruel Titans' fall,
For they were stain'd with many a bloody crime :
Great giants work great wrongs,—but we are small,
For love goes lowly ;—but Oppression's tall,
And with surpassing strides goes foremost still
Where love indeed can hardly reach at all ;
Like a poor dwarf o'erburthen'd with good-will,
That labours to efface the tracks of ill.

LXVII.

"Man even strives with Man, but we eschew
The guilty feud, and all fierce strifes abhor ;
Nay, we are gentle as sweet heaven's dew,
Beside the red and horrid drops of war,
Weeping the cruel hates men battle for,
Which worldly bosoms nourish in our spite :
For in the gentle breast we ne'er withdraw,
But only when all love hath taken flight,
And youth's warm gracious heart is harden'd quite.

LXVIII.

"So are our gentle natures intertwined
With sweet humanities, and closely knit
In kindly sympathy with human kind.
Witness how we befriend, with elfin wit,
All hopeless maids and lovers,—nor omit
Magical succours unto hearts forlorn :- -
We charm man's life, and do not perish it ;—
So judge us by the helps we show'd this morn
To one who held his wretched days in scorn.

LXIX.

"'Twas nigh sweet Amwell :—for the Queen had task'd
Our skill to-day amidst the silver Lea,
Whereon the noontide sun had not yet bask'd ;
Wherefore some patient man we thought to see
Planted in moss-grown rushes to the knee,
Beside the cloudy margin cold and dim ;—
Howbeit no patient fisherman was he
That cast his sudden shadow from the brim,
Making us leave our toils to gaze on him.

LXX.

"His face was ashy pale, and leaden Care
Had sunk the levell'd arches of his brow,
Once bridges for his joyous thoughts to fare
Over those melancholy springs and slow,
That from his piteous eyes began to flow,
And fell anon into the chilly stream ;
Which, as his mimick'd image show'd below,
Wrinkled his face with many a needless seam,
Making grief sadder in its own esteem.

LXXI.

"And lo! upon the air we saw him stretch
His passionate arms ; and, in a wayward strain,
He 'gan to elegise that fellow-wretch
That with mute gestures answer'd him again.
Saying, 'Poor slave! how long wilt thou remain
Life's sad weak captive in a prison strong,
Hoping with tears to rust away thy chain,
In bitter servitude to worldly wrong?—
Thou wear'st that mortal livery too long!'

LXXII.

"This, with more spleenful speeches and some tears,
When he had spent upon the imaged wave,
Speedily I convened my elfin peers
Under the lily-cups, that we might save

This woful mortal from a wilful grave
By shrewd diversions of his mind's regret,
Seeing he was mere Melancholy's slave,
That sank wherever a dark cloud he met,
And straight was tangled in her secret net,

LXXIII.

"Therefore, as still he watch'd the water's flow,
Daintily we transform'd, and with bright fins
Came glancing through the gloom; some from below
Rose like dim fancies when a dream begins,
Snatching the light upon their purple skins;
Then under the broad leaves made slow retire:
One like a golden galley bravely wins
Its radiant course,—another glows like fire,—
Making that wayward man our pranks admire.

LXXIV.

"And so he banish'd thought, and quite forgot
All contemplation of that wretched face;
And so we wiled him from that lonely spot
Along the river's brink; till, by heaven's grace,
He met a gentle haunter of the place,
Full of sweet wisdom gather'd from the brooks,
Who there discuss'd his melancholy case
With wholesome texts learn'd from kind Nature's books,
Meanwhile he newly trimm'd his lines and hooks."

LXXV.

Herewith the Fairy ceased. Quoth Ariel now—
"Let me remember how I saved a man,
Whose fatal noose was fasten'd on a bough,
Intended to abridge his sad life's span;
For haply I was by when he began
His stern soliloquy in life's dispraise,
And overheard his melancholy plan,
How he had made a vow to end his days,
And therefore follow'd him in all his ways,

LXXVI.

"Through brake and tangled copse,—for much he loathed
All populous haunts, and roam'd in forests rude,
To hide himself from man. But I had clothed
My delicate limbs with plumes, and still pursued
Where only foxes and wild cats intrude,
Till we were come beside an ancient tree
Late blasted by a storm. Here he renew'd
His loud complaints,—choosing that spot to be
The scene of his last horrid tragedy.

LXXVII.

"It was a wild and melancholy glen,
Made gloomy by tall firs and cypress dark,
Whose roots, like any bones of buried men,
Push'd through the rotten sod for Fear's remark;
A hundred horrid stems, jagged and stark,
Wrestled with crooked arms in hideous fray,
Besides sleek ashes with their dappled bark,
Like crafty serpents climbing for a prey,
With many blasted oaks moss-grown and grey.

LXXVIII.

"But here, upon his final desperate clause,
Suddenly I pronounced so sweet a strain,
Like a pang'd nightingale, it made him pause,
Till half the frenzy of his grief was slain,
The sad remainder oozing from his brain
In timely ecstasies of healing tears,
Which through his ardent eyes began to drain;—
Meanwhile the deadly Fates unclosed their shears:
So pity me and all my fated peers!

LXXIX.

Thus Ariel ended, and was some time hush'd,
When with the hoary Shape a fresh tongue pleads,
And red as rose the gentle Fairy blush'd
To read the record of her own good deeds:—
"It chanced," quoth she, "in seeking through the meads
For honey'd cowslips, sweetest in the morn,
Whilst yet the buds were hung with dewy beads,
And Echo answer'd to the huntsman's horn,
We found a babe left in the swarths forlorn;—

LXXX.

"A little, sorrowful, deserted thing,
Begot of love, and yet no love begetting;
Guiltless of shame, and yet for shame to wring:
And too soon banish'd from a mother's petting,
To churlish nurture and the wide world's fretting,
For alien pity and unnatural care:—
Alas! to see how the cold dew kept wetting
His childish coats, and dabbled all his hair,
Like gossamers across his forehead fair.

LXXXI.

"His pretty pouting mouth, witless of speech,
Lay half-way open like a rose-lipp'd shell;
And his young cheek was softer than a peach,
Whereon his tears, for roundness could not dwell,

But quickly roll'd themselves to pearls, and fell,
Some on the grass, and some against his hand,
Or haply wander'd to the dimpled well,
Which love beside his mouth had sweetly plann'd,
Yet not for tears, but mirth and smilings bland.

LXXXII.

"Pity it was to see those frequent tears
Falling regardless from his friendless eyes;
There was such beauty in those twin blue spheres,
As any mother's heart might leap to prize;
Blue were they, like the zenith of the skies
Soften'd betwixt two clouds, both clear and mild:—
Just touch'd with thought, and yet not over wise,
They show'd the gentle spirit of a child,
Not yet by care or any craft defiled

LXXXIII.

"Pity it was to see the ardent sun
Scorching his helpless limbs—it shone so warm;
For kindly shade or shelter he had none,
Nor mother's gentle breast, come fair or storm.
Meanwhile I bade my pitying mates transform
Like grasshoppers, and then, with shrilly cries,
All round the infant noisily we swarm,
Haply some passing rustic to advise—
Whilst providential Heaven our care espies,

LXXXIV.

"And sends full soon a tender-hearted hind,
Who, wondering at our loud unusual note,
Strays curiously aside, and so doth find
The orphan child laid in the grass remote,
And laps the foundling in his russet coat,
Who thence was nurtured in his kindly cot:—
But how he prosper'd let proud London quote,
How wise, how rich, and how renown'd he got,
And chief of all her citizens, I wot.

LXXXV.

"Witness his goodly vessels on the Thames,
Whose holds were fraught with costly merchandise,—
Jewels from Ind, and pearls for courtly dames,
And gorgeous silks that Samarcand supplies:
Witness that royal Bourse he bade arise,
The mart of merchants from the East and West;
Whose slender summit, pointing to the skies,
Still bears, in token of his grateful breast,
The tender grasshopper, his chosen crest—

LXXXVI.

"The tender grasshopper, his chosen crest,
That all the summer, with a tuneful wing,
Makes merry chirpings in its grassy nest,
Inspirited with dew to leap and sing :—
So let us also live, eternal King !
Partakers of the green and pleasant earth ;—
Pity it is to slay the meanest thing,
That, like a mote, shines in the smile of mirth :—
Enough there is of joy's decease and dearth !

LXXXVII.

"Enough of pleasure, and delight, and beauty,
Perish'd and gone, and hasting to decay ;—
Enough to sadden even thee, whose duty
Or spite it is to havoc and to slay :
Too many a lovely race razed quite away,
Hath left large gaps in life and human loving :—
Here then begin thy cruel war to stay,
And spare fresh sighs, and tears, and groans, reproving
Thy desolating hand for our removing."

LXXXVIII.

Now here I heard a shrill and sudden cry,
And, looking up, I saw the antic Puck
Grappling with Time, who clutch'd him like a fly,
Victim of his own sport,—the jester's luck !
He, whilst his fellows grieved, poor wight, had stuck
His freakish gauds upon the Ancient's brow,
And now his ear, and now his beard, would pluck ;
Whereat the angry churl had snatch'd him now,
Crying, "Thou impish mischief, who art thou?"

LXXXIX.

"Alas!" quoth Puck, "a little random elf,
Born in the sport of nature, like a weed,
For simple sweet enjoyment of myself,
But for no other purpose, worth, or need ;
And yet withal of a most happy breed :—
And there is Robin Goodfellow besides,
My partner dear in many a prankish deed
To make Dame Laughter hold her jolly sides,
Like merry mummers twain on holy tides.

XC.

"'Tis we that bob the angler's idle cork,
Till e'en the patient man breathes half a curse ;
We steal the morsel from the gossip's fork,
And curdling looks with secret straws disperse,

Or stop the sneezing chanter at mid-verse :
And when an infant's beauty prospers ill,
We change, some mothers say, the child at nurse ;
But any graver purpose to fulfil,
We have not wit enough, and scarce the will.

XCI.

" We never let the canker melancholy
To gather on our faces like a rust,
But gloss our features with some change of folly,
Taking life's fabled miseries on trust,
But only sorrowing when sorrow must ;
We ruminate no sage's solemn cud,
But own ourselves a pinch of lively dust
To frisk upon a wind,—whereas the flood
Of tears would turn us into heavy mud.

XCII.

" Beshrew those sad interpreters of nature,
Who gloze her lively universal law,
As if she had not form'd our cheerful feature
To be so tickled with the slightest straw !
So let them vex their mumping mouths, and draw
The corners downward, like a watery moon,
And deal in gusty sighs and rainy flaw—
We will not woo foul weather all too soon,
Or nurse November on the lap of June.

XCIII.

" For ours are winging sprites, like any bird,
That shun all stagnant settlements of grief ;
And even in our rest our hearts are stirr'd,
Like insects settled on a dancing leaf :—
This is our small philosophy in brief,
Which thus to teach hath set me all agape :
But dost thou relish it ? O hoary chief !
Unclasp thy crooked fingers from my nape,
And I will show thee many a pleasant scrape."

XCIV.

Then Saturn thus :—shaking his crooked blade
O'erhead, which made aloft a lightning flash
In all the fairies' eyes, dismally fray'd !
His ensuing voice came like the thunder crash—
Meanwhile the bolt shatters some pine or ash —
" Thou feeble, wanton, foolish, fickle thing !
Whom nought can frighten, sadden, or abash,—
To hope my solemn countenance to wring
To idiot smiles !—but I will prune thy wing !

XCV.

"Lo! this most awful handle of my scythe
Stood once a Maypole, with a flowery crown,
Which rustics danced around, and maidens blithe,
To wanton pipings;—but I pluck'd it down.
And robed the May Queen in a churchyard gown,
Turning her buds to rosemary and rue;
And all their merry minstrelsy did drown,
And laid each lusty leaper in the dew;—
So thou shalt fare—and every jovial crew!"

XCVI.

Here he lets go the struggling imp, to clutch
His mortal engine with each grisly hand,
Which frights the elfin progeny so much,
They huddle in a heap, and trembling stand
All round Titania, like the queen bee's band,
With sighs and tears and very shrieks of woe!—
Meanwhile, some moving argument I plann'd,
To make the stern Shade merciful,—when lo!
He drops his fatal scythe without a blow!

XCVII.

For, just at need, a timely Apparition
Steps in between, to bear the awful brunt;
Making him change his horrible position,
To marvel at this comer, brave and blunt,
That dares Time's irresistible affront,
Whose strokes have scarr'd even the gods of old;—
Whereas this seem'd a mortal, at mere hunt
For coneys, lighted by the moonshine cold,
Or stalker of stray deer, stealthy and bold.

XCVIII.

Who, turning to the small assembled fays,
Doffs to the lily queen his courteous cap,
And holds her beauty for awhile in gaze,
With bright eyes kindling at this pleasant hap;
And thence upon the fair moon's silver map,
As if in question of this magic chance,
Laid like a dream upon the green earth's lap;
And then upon old Saturn turns askance,
Exclaiming, with a glad and kindly glance:—

XCIX.

"Oh, these be Fancy's revellers by night!
Stealthy companions of the downy moth—
Diana's motes, that flit in her pale light,
Shunners of sunbeams in diurnal sloth;—

These be the feasters on night's silver cloth,—
The gnat with shrilly trump is their convener,
Forth from their flowery chambers, nothing loth,
With lulling tunes to charm the air serener,
Or dance upon the grass to make it greener.

C.

"These be the pretty genii of the flowers,
Daintily fed with honey and pure dew—
Midsummer's phantoms in her dreaming hours,
King Oberon, and all his merry crew,
The darling puppets of romance's view;
Fairies, and sprites, and goblin elves we call them,
Famous for patronage of lovers true;—
No harm they act, neither shall harm befall them,
So do not thus with crabbed frowns appal them."

CI.

Oh, what a cry was Saturn's then!—it made
The fairies quake. "What care I for their pranks,
However they may lovers choose to aid,
Or dance their roundelays on flowery banks?—
Long must they dance before they earn my thanks,—
So step aside, to some far safer spot,
Whilst with my hungry scythe I mow their ranks,
And leave them in the sun, like weeds, to rot,
And with the next day's sun to be forgot."

CII.

Anon, he raised afresh his weapon keen;
But still the gracious Shade disarm'd his aim,
Stepping with brave alacrity between,
And made his sere arm powerless and tame.
His be perpetual glory, for the shame
Of hoary Saturn in that grand defeat!—
But I must tell how here Titania came
With all her kneeling lieges, to entreat
His kindly succour, in sad tones, but sweet.

CIII.

Saying, "Thou seest a wretched queen before thee,
The fading power of a failing land,
Who for her kingdom kneeleth to implore thee,
Now menaced by this tyrant's spoiling hand;
No one but thee can hopefully withstand
That crooked blade, he longeth so to lift.
I pray thee blind him with his own vile sand,
Which only times all ruins by its drift,
Or prune his eagle wings that are so swift.

CIV.

"Or take him by that sole and grizzled tuft,
That hangs upon his bald and barren crown;
And we will sing to see him so rebuff'd,
And lend our little mights to pull him down,
And make brave sport of his malicious frown,
For all his boastful mockery o'er men.
For thou wast born, I know, for this renown,
By my most magical and inward ken,
That readeth even at Fate's forestalling pen.

CV.

"Nay, by the golden lustre of thine eye,
And by thy brow's most fair and ample span,
Thought's glorious palace, framed for fancies high,
And by thy cheek thus passionately wan,—
I know the signs of an immortal man,—
Nature's chief darling, and illustrious mate,
Destined to foil old Death's oblivious plan,
And shine untarnish'd by the fogs of Fate,
Time's famous rival till the final date!

CVI.

"Oh, shield us then from this usurping Time,
And we will visit thee in moonlight dreams,
And teach thee tunes to wed unto thy rhyme,
And dance about thee in all midnight gleams,
Giving thee glimpses of our magic schemes,
Such as no mortal's eye hath ever seen;
And, for thy love to us in our extremes,
Will ever keep thy chaplet fresh and green,
Such as no poet's wreath hath ever been!

CVII.

"And we'll distil thee aromatic dews,
To charm thy sense, when there shall be no flowers;
And flavour'd syrups in thy drinks infuse,
And teach the nightingale to haunt thy bowers,
And with our games divert thy weariest hours,
With all that elfin wits can e'er devise.
And this churl dead, there'll be no hasting hours
To rob thee of thy joys, as now joy flies:"—
Here she was stopp'd by Saturn's furious cries;

CVIII.

Whom, therefore, the kind Shade rebukes anew,
Saying, "Thou haggard Sin! go forth, and scoop
Thy hollow coffin in some churchyard yew,
Or make th' autumnal flowers turn pale, and droop;

Or fell the bearded corn, till gleaners stoop
Under fat sheaves,—or blast the piny grove;—
But here thou shalt not harm this pretty group,
Whose lives are not so frail and feebly wove,
But leased on Nature's loveliness and love.

CIX.

"'Tis these that free the small entangled fly,
Caught in the venom'd spider's crafty snare;—
These be the petty surgeons that apply
The healing balsams to the wounded hare,
Bedded in bloody fern, no creature's care!—
These be providers for the orphan brood,
Whose tender mother hath been slain in air,
Quitting with gaping bill her darling's food,
Hard by the verge of her domestic wood:

CX.

"'Tis these befriend the timid trembling stag,
When, with a bursting heart beset with fears,
He feels his saving speed begin to flag;
For then they quench the fatal taint with tears,
And prompt fresh shifts in his alarum'd ears.
So piteously they view all bloody morts;
Or if the gunner, with his arm, appears,
Like noisy pyes and jays, with harsh reports,
They warn the wildfowl of his deadly sports.

CXI.

"For these are kindly ministers of nature,
To soothe all covert hurts and dumb distress;
Pretty they be, and very small of stature,—
For mercy still consorts with littleness;—
Wherefore the sum of good is still the less,
And mischief grossest in this world of wrong;—
So do these charitable dwarfs redress
The tenfold ravages of giants strong,
To whom great malice and great might belong.

CXII.

"Likewise to them are Poets much beholden
For secret favours in the midnight glooms;
Brave Spenser quaff'd out of their goblets golden,
And saw their tables spread of prompt mushrooms,
And heard their horns of honeysuckle blooms
Sounding upon the air most soothing soft,
Like humming bees busy about the brooms,—
And glanced this fair queen's witchery full oft,
And in her magic wain soar'd far aloft.

CXIII.

"Nay, I myself, though mortal, once was nursed
By fairy gossips, friendly at my birth,
And in my childish ear glib Mab rehearsed
Her breezy travels round our planet's girth,
Telling me wonders of the moon and earth
My gramarye at her grave lap I conn'd,
Where Puck hath been convened to make me mirth;
I have had from Queen Titania tokens fond,
And toy'd with Oberon's permitted wand.

CXIV.

"With figs and plums and Persian dates they fed me,
And delicate cates after my sunset meal,
And took me by my childish hand and led me
By craggy rocks crested with keeps of steel,
Whose awful bases deep dark woods conceal,
Staining some dead lake with their verdant dyes:
And when the West sparkled at Phœbus' wheel,
With fairy euphrasy they purged mine eyes,
To let me see their cities in the skies.

CXV.

"'Twas they first school'd my young imagination
To take its flights like any new-fledged bird,
And show'd the span of winged meditation
Stretch'd wider than things grossly seen or heard;
With sweet swift Ariel how I soar'd and stirr'd
The fragrant blooms of spiritual bowers!
'Twas they endear'd what I have still preferr'd,
Nature's blest attributes and balmy powers,
Her hills, and vales, and brooks, sweet birds and flowers!

CXVI.

"Wherefore with all true loyalty and duty
Will I regard them in my honouring rhyme,
With love for love, and homages to beauty,
And magic thoughts gather'd in night's cool clime,
With studious verse trancing the dragon Time,
Strong as old Merlin's necromantic spells;
So these dear monarchs of the summer's prime
Shall live unstartled by his dreadful yells,
Till shrill larks warn them to their flowery cells."

CXVII.

Look how a poison'd man turns livid black,
Drugg'd with a cup of deadly hellebore,
That sets his horrid features all at rack,—
So seem'd these words into the ear to pour

Of ghastly Saturn, answering with a roar
Of mortal pain and spite and utmost rage,
Wherewith his grisly arm he raised once more,
And bade the cluster'd sinews all engage,
As if at one fell stroke to wreck an age.

CXVIII.

Whereas the blade flash'd on the dinted ground,
Down through his steadfast foe, yet made no scar
On that immortal Shade, or death-like wound;
But Time was long benumb'd, and stood ajar,
And then with baffled rage took flight afar,
To weep his hurt in some Cimmerian gloom,
Or meaner fames (like mine) to mock and mar,
Or sharp his scythe for royal strokes of doom,
Whetting its edge on some old Cæsar's tomb.

CXIX.

Howbeit he vanish'd in the forest shade,
Distantly heard as if some grumbling pard,
And, like Narcissus, to a sound decay'd;—
Meanwhile the fays cluster'd the gracious Bard,
The darling centre of their dear regard:
Besides of sundry dances on the green,
Never was mortal man so brightly starr'd,
Or won such pretty homages, I ween.
"Nod to him, Elves!" cries the melodious queen.

CXX.

"Nod to him, Elves, and flutter round about him,
And quite enclose him with your pretty crowd,
And touch him lovingly, for that, without him,
The silkworm now had spun our dreary shroud;—
But he hath all dispersed death's tearful cloud,
And Time's dread effigy scared quite away:
Bow to him then, as though to me ye bow'd,
And his dear wishes prosper and obey
Wherever love and wit can find a way!

CXXI.

"'Noint him with fairy dews of magic savours,
Shaken from orient buds still pearly wet,
Roses and spicy pinks,—and, of all favours,
Plant in his walks the purple violet,
And meadow-sweet under the hedges set,
To mingle breaths with dainty eglantine
And honeysuckles sweet,—nor yet forget
Some pastoral flowery chaplets to entwine,
To vie the thoughts about his brow benign!

CXXII.

"Let no wild things astonish him or fear him,
But tell them all how mild he is of heart,
Till e'en the timid hares go frankly near him,
And eke the dappled does, yet never start;
Nor shall their fawns into the thickets dart,
Nor wrens forsake their nests among the leaves,
Nor speckled thrushes flutter far apart;—
But bid the sacred swallow haunt his eaves,
To guard his roof from lightning and from thieves.

CXXIII.

"Or when he goes the nimble squirrel's visitor,
Let the brown hermit bring his hoarded nuts,
For, tell him, this is Nature's kind Inquisitor,—
Though man keeps cautious doors that conscience shuts,
For conscious wrong all curious quest rebuts,—
Nor yet shall bees uncase their jealous stings,
However he may watch their straw-built huts;—
So let him learn the crafts of all small things,
Which he will hint most aptly when he sings."

CXXIV.

Here she leaves off, and with a graceful hand
Waves thrice three splendid circles round his head;
Which, though deserted by the radiant wand,
Wears still the glory which her waving shed,
Such as erst crown'd the old Apostle's head,
To show the thoughts there harbour'd were divine,
And on immortal contemplations fed:—
Goodly it was to see that glory shine
Around a brow so lofty and benign!

CXXV.

Goodly it was to see the elfin brood
Contend for kisses of his gentle hand,
That had their mortal enemy withstood,
And stay'd their lives, fast ebbing with the sand.
Long while this strife engaged the pretty band;
But now bold Chanticleer, from farm to farm,
Challenged the dawn creeping o'er eastern land,
And well the fairies knew that shrill alarm,
Which sounds the knell of every elfish charm.

CXXVI.

And soon the rolling mist, that 'gan arise
From plashy mead and undiscover'd stream,
Earth's morning incense to the early skies,
Crept o'er the failing landscape of my dream.

Soon faded then the Phantom of my theme—
A shapeless shade, that fancy disavow'd,
And shrank to nothing in the mist extreme.
Then flew Titania,—and her little crowd,
Like flocking linnets, vanish'd in a cloud.

HERO AND LEANDER.

TO S. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ.

IT is not with a hope my feeble praise
Can add one moment's honour to thy own,
That with thy mighty name I grace these lays;
I seek to glorify myself alone:
For that some precious favour thou hast shown
To my endeavour in a bygone time,
And by this token, I would have it known
Thou art my friend, and friendly to my rhyme!
It is my dear ambition now to climb
Still higher in thy thought,—if my bold pen
May thrust on contemplations more sublime.—
But I am thirsty for thy praise, for when
We gain applauses from the great in name,
We seem to be partakers of *their* fame.

I.

O BARDS of old! what sorrows have ye sung,
And tragic stories, chronicled in stone,—
Sad Philomel restored her ravish'd tongue,
And transform'd Niobe in dumbness shown;
Sweet Sappho on her love for ever calls,
And Hero on the drown'd Leander falls!

II.

Was it that spectacles of sadder plights
Should make our blisses relish the more high?
Then all fair dames, and maidens, and true knights,
Whose flourish'd fortunes prosper in Love's eye,
Weep here, unto a tale of ancient grief,
Traced from the course of an old bas-relief.

III.

There stands Abydos!—here is Sestos' steep,
Hard by the gusty margin of the sea,
Where sprinkling waves continually do leap;
And that is where those famous lovers be,
A builded gloom shot up into the grey,
As if the first tall watch-tower of the day.

IV.

Lo! how the lark soars upward and is gone;
Turning a spirit as he nears the sky,
His voice is heard, though body there is none,
And rainlike music scatters from on high;
But Love would follow with a falcon spite,
To pluck the minstrel from his dewy height.

V.

For Love hath framed a ditty of regrets,
Tuned to the hollow sobbings on the shore,
A vexing sense, that with like music frets,
And chimes this dismal burthen o'er and o'er,
Saying, Leander's joys are past and spent,
Like stars extinguish'd in the firmament.

VI.

For ere the golden crevices of morn
Let in those regal luxuries of light
Which all the variable east adorn,
And hang rich fringes on the skirts of night,
Leander, weaning from sweet Hero's side,
Must leave a widow where he found a bride.

VII.

Hark how the billows beat upon the sand!
Like pawing steeds impatient of delay;
Meanwhile their rider, lingering on the land,
Dallies with love, and holds farewell at bay
A too short span.—How tedious slow is grief!
But parting renders time both sad and brief.

VIII.

"Alas! (he sigh'd), that this first glimpsing light,
Which makes the wide world tenderly appear,
Should be the burning signal for my flight,
From all the world's best image, which is here;
Whose very shadow, in my fond compare,
Shines far more bright than Beauty's self elsewhere."

IX.

Their cheeks are white as blossoms of the dark,
Whose leaves close up and show the outward pale,
And those fair mirrors where their joys did spark,
All dim and tarnish'd with a dreary veil,
No more to kindle till the night's return,
Like stars replenish'd at Joy's golden urn,

X.

Even thus they creep into the spectral grey,
That cramps the landscape in its narrow brim,
As when two shadows by old Lethe stray,
He clasping her, and she entwining him ;
Like trees wind-parted that embrace anon,
True love so often goes before 'tis gone.

XI.

For what rich merchant but will pause in fear,
To trust his wealth to the unsafe abyss ?
So Hero dotes upon her treasure here,
And sums the loss with many an anxious kiss,
Whilst her fond eyes grow dizzy in her head,
Fear aggravating fear with shows of dread.

XII.

She thinks how many have been sunk and drown'd,
And spies their snow-white bones below the deep,
Then calls huge congregated monsters round,
And plants a rock wherever he would leap ;
Anon she dwells on a fantastic dream,
Which she interprets of that fatal stream.

XIII.

Saying, "That honey'd fly I saw was thee,
Which lighted on a waterlily's cup,
When lo ! the flower, enamour'd of my bee,
Closed on him suddenly, and lock'd him up,
And he was smother'd in her drenching dew ;
Therefore this day thy drowning I shall rue."

XIV.

But next, remembering her virgin fame,
She clips him in her arms and bids him go ;
But seeing him break loose, repents her shame,
And plucks him back upon her bosom's snow ;
And tears unfix her iced resolve again,
As steadfast frosts are thaw'd by showers of rain.

XV.

Oh, for a type of parting !—Love to love
Is like the fond attraction of two spheres,
Which needs a godlike effort to remove,
And then sink down their sunny atmospheres,
In rain and darkness on each ruin'd heart,
Nor yet their melodies will sound apart.

XVI.

So brave Leander sunders from his bride;
The wrenching pang disparts his soul in twain;
Half stays with her, half goes towards the tide,—
And life must ache, until they join again.
Now wouldst thou know the wideness of the wound,
Mete every step he takes upon the ground.

XVII.

And for the agony and bosom-throe,
Let it be measured by the wide vast air;
For that is infinite, and so is woe,
Since parted lovers breathe it everywhere.
Look how it heaves Leander's labouring chest,
Panting, at poise, upon a rocky crest!

XVIII.

From which he leaps into the scooping brine,
That shocks his bosom with a double chill;
Because, all hours, till the slow sun's decline,
That cold divorcer will betwixt them still;
Wherefore he likens it to Styx' foul tide,
Where life grows death upon the other side.

XIX.

Then sadly he confronts his twofold toil
Against rude waves and an unwilling mind,
Wishing, alas! with the stout rower's toil,
That like a rower he might gaze behind,
And watch that lonely statue he hath left
On her bleak summit, weeping and bereft!

XX.

Yet turning oft, he sees her troubled locks
Pursue him still the furthest that they may;
Her marble arms that overstretch the rocks,
And her pale passion'd hands that seem to pray
In dumb petition to the gods above:
Love prays devoutly when it prays for love!

XXI.

Then with deep sighs he blows away the wave,
That hangs superfluous tears upon his cheek,
And bans his labour like a hopeless slave,
That, chain'd in hostile galley, faint and weak,
Plies on despairing through the restless foam,
Thoughtful of his lost love, and far-off home.

XXII.

The drowsy mist before him, chill and dank,
Like a dull lethargy o'erleans the sea,
Where he rows on against the utter blank,
Steering as if to dim eternity,—
Like Love's frail ghost departing with the dawn,
A failing shadow in the twilight drawn.

XXIII.

And soon is gone,—or nothing but a faint
And failing image in the eye of thought,
That mocks his model with an after-paint,
And stains an atom like the shape she sought;
Then with her earnest vows she hopes to fee
The old and hoary majesty of sea.

XXIV.

"O King of waves, and brother of high Jove!
Preserve my sumless venture there afloat;
A woman's heart, and its whole wealth of love,
Are all embark'd upon that little boat;
Nay, but two loves, two lives, a double fate,
A perilous voyage for so dear a freight.

XXV.

"If impious mariners be stain'd with crime,
Shake not in awful rage thy hoary locks;
Lay by thy storms until another time,
Lest my frail bark be dash'd against the rocks:
Oh, rather smooth thy deeps, that he may fly
Like Love himself, upon a seeming sky!

XXVI.

"Let all thy herded monsters sleep beneath,
Nor gore him with crook'd tusks, or wreathed horns,
Let no fierce sharks destroy him with their teeth,
Nor spine-fish wound him with their venom'd thorns;
But if he faint, and timely succour lack,
Let ruthful dolphins rest him on their back.

XXVII.

"Let no false dimpling whirlpools suck him in,
Nor slimy quicksands smother his sweet breath;
Let no jagg'd corals tear his tender skin,
Nor mountain billows bury him in death;"
And with that thought forestalling her own fears,
She drown'd his painted image in her tears.

XXVIII.

By this, the climbing sun, with rest repair'd,
Look'd through the gold embrasures of the sky,
And ask'd the drowsy world how she had fared ;—
The drowsy world shone brighten'd in reply ;
And smiling off her fogs, his slanting beam
Spied young Leander in the middle stream.

XXIX.

His face was pallid, but the hectic morn
Had hung a lying crimson on his cheeks,
And slanderous sparkles in his eyes forlorn ;
So death lies ambush'd in consumptive streaks ;
But inward grief was writhing o'er its task,
As heart-sick jesters weep behind the mask.

XXX.

He thought of Hero and the lost delight,
Her last embracings, and the space between ;
He thought of Hero and the future night,
Her speechless rapture and enamour'd mien ;
When lo ! before him, scarce two galleys' space,
His thought's confronted with another face !

XXXI.

Her aspect's like a moon divinely fair,
But makes the midnight darker that it lies on ;
'Tis so beclouded with her coal-black hair
That densely skirts her luminous horizon,
Making her doubly fair, thus darkly set,
As marble lies advantaged upon jet.

XXXII.

She's all too bright, too argent, and too pale,
To be a woman ;—but a woman's double,
Reflected on the wave so faint and frail,
She tops the billows like an air-blown bubble ;
Or dim creation of a morning dream,
Fair as the wave-bleach'd lily of the stream.

XXXIII.

The very rumour strikes his seeing dead :
Great beauty like great fear first stuns the sense :
He knows not if her lips be blue or red,
Nor of her eyes can give true evidence :
Like murder's witness swooning in the court,
His sight falls senseless by its own report.

XXXIV.

Anon resuming, it declares her eyes
Are tinct with azure, like two crystal wells
That drink the blue complexion of the skies,
Or pearls-outpeeping from their silvery shells:
Her polish'd brow, it is an ample plain,
To lodge vast contemplations of the main.

XXXV.

Her lips might corals seem, but corals near,
Stray through her hair like blossoms on a bower;
And o'er the weaker red still domineer,
And make it pale by tribute to more power;
Her rounded cheeks are of still paler hue,
Touch'd by the bloom of water, tender blue.

XXXVI.

Thus he beholds her rocking on the water,
Under the glossy umbrage of her hair,
Like pearly Amphitrite's fairest daughter
Naiad, or Nereid,—or Syren fair,
Mislodging music in her pitiless breast,
A nightingale within a falcon's nest.

XXXVII.

They say there be such maidens in the deep,
Charming poor mariners, that all too near
By mortal lullabies fall dead asleep,
As drowsy men are poison'd through the ear;
Therefore Leander's fears begin to urge,
This snowy swan is come to sing his dirge.

XXXVIII.

At which he falls into a deadly chill,
And strains his eyes upon her lips apart;
Fearing each breath to feel that prelude shrill
Pierce through his marrow, like a breath-blown dart
Shot sudden from an Indian's hollow cane,
With mortal venom fraught, and fiery pain.

XXXIX.

Here then, poor wretch, how he begins to crowd
A thousand thoughts within a pulse's space;
There seem'd so brief a pause of life allow'd,
His mind stretch'd universal, to embrace
The whole wide world in an extreme farewell,—
A moment's musing—but an age to tell.

XL.

For there stood Hero, widow'd at a glance;
The foreseen sum of many a tedious fact,
Pale cheeks, dim eyes, and wither'd countenance,
A wasted ruin that no wasting lack'd;
Time's tragic consequents ere time began,
A world of sorrow in a teardrop's span.

XLI.

A moment's thinking is an hour in words,—
An hour of words is little for some woes;
Too little breathing a long life affords,
For love to paint itself by perfect shows;
Then let his love and grief unwrong'd lie dumb,
Whilst Fear, and that it fears, together come.

XLII.

As when the crew, hard by some jutty cape,
Struck pale and panick'd by the billows' roar,
Lay by all timely measures of escape,
And let their bark go driving on the shore;
So fray'd Leander, drifting to his wreck,
Gazing on Scylla, falls upon her neck.

XLIII.

For he hath all forgot the swimmer's art,
The rower's cunning, and the pilot's skill,
Letting his arms fall down in languid part,
Sway'd by the waves, and nothing by his will,
Till soon he jars against that glossy skin,
Solid like glass, though seemingly as thin.

XLIV.

Lo! how she startles at the warning shock,
And straightway girds him to her radiant breast!
More like his safe smooth harbour than his rock.
Poor wretch! he is so faint and toil-opprest,
He cannot loose him from his grappling foe;
Whether for love or hate, she lets not go.

XLV.

His eyes are blinded with the sleety brine,
His ears are deafen'd with the wildering noise;
He asks the purpose of her fell design,
But foamy waves choke up his struggling voice;
Under the ponderous sea his body dips,
And Hero's name dies bubbling on his lips.

XLVI.

Look how a man is lower'd to his grave;
A yearning hollow in the green earth's lap;
So he is sunk into the yawning wave,
The plunging sea fills up the watery gap;
Anon he is all gone, and nothing seen,
But likeness of green turf and hillocks green.

XLVII.

And where he swam, the constant sun lies sleeping,
Over the verdant plain that makes his bed;
And all the noisy waves go freshly leaping,
Like gamesome boys over the churchyard dead;
The light in vain keeps looking for his face,
Now screaming seafowl settle in his place.

XLVIII.

Yet weep and watch for him though all in vain!
Ye moaning billows, seek him as ye wander!
Ye gazing sunbeams, look for him again!
Ye winds, grow hoarse with asking for Leander!
Ye did but spare him for more cruel rape,
Sea-storm and ruin in a female shape!

XLIX.

She says 'tis love hath bribed her to this deed,
The glancing of his eyes did so bewitch her.
O bootless theft! unprofitable meed!
Love's treasury is sack'd, but she no richer;
The sparkles of his eyes are cold and dead,
And all his golden looks are turn'd to lead!

L.

She holds the casket, but her simple hand
Hath spill'd its dearest jewel by the way;
She hath life's empty garment at command,
But her own death lies covert in the prey;
As if a thief should steal a tainted vest,
Some dead man's spoil, and sicken of his pest.

LI.

Now she compels him to her deeps below,
Hiding his face beneath her plenteous hair,
Which jealously she shakes all round her brow,
For dread of envy, though no eyes are there
But seals', and all brute tenants of the deep,
Which heedless through the wave their journeys keep.

LII.

Down and still downward through the dusky green
She bore him, murmuring with joyous haste
In too rash ignorance, as he had been
Born to the texture of that watery waste;
That which she breathed and sigh'd, the emerald wave,
How could her pleasant home become his grave!

LIII.

Down and still downward through the dusky green
She bore her treasure, with a face too nigh
To mark how life was alter'd in his mien,
Or how the light grew torpid in his eye,
Or how his pearly breath, unprison'd there,
Flew up to join the universal air.

LIV.

She could not miss the throbbings of his heart,
Whilst her own pulse so wanton'd in its joy;
She could not guess he struggled to depart,
And when he strove no more, the hapless boy
She read his mortal stillness for content,
Feeling no fear where only love was meant.

LV.

Soon she alights upon her ocean-floor,
And straight unyokes her arms from her fair prize;
Then on his lovely face begins to pore,
As if to glut her soul;—her hungry eyes
Have grown so jealous of her arms' delight;
It seems he hath no other sense but sight.

LVI.

But O sad marvel! O most bitter strange!
What dismal magic makes his cheek so pale,
Why will he not embrace,—why not exchange
Her kindly kisses;—wherefore not exhale
Some odorous message from life's ruby gates,
Where she his first sweet embassy awaits?

LVII.

Her eyes, poor watchers, fix'd upon his looks,
Are grappled with a wonder near to grief,
As one who pores on undecipher'd books,
Strains vain surmise, and dodges with belief;
So she keeps gazing with a mazy thought,
Framing a thousand doubts that end in nought.

LVIII.

Too stern inscription for a page so young,
The dark translation of his look was Death!
But Death was written in an alien tongue,
And Learning was not by to give it breath;
So one deep woe sleeps buried in its seal,
Which Time, untimely, hasteth to reveal.

LIX.

Meanwhile she sits unconscious of her hap,
Nursing Death's marble effigy, which there
With heavy head lies pillow'd in her lap,
And elbows all unhinged;—his sleeking hair
Creeps o'er her knees, and settles where his hand
Leans with lax fingers crook'd against the sand;

LX.

And there lies spread in many an oozy trail,
Like glossy weeds hung from a chalky base,
That shows no whiter than his brow is pale;
So soon the wintry death had bleach'd his face
Into cold marble,—with blue chilly shades,
Showing wherein the freezy blood pervades.

LXI.

And o'er his steadfast cheek a furrow'd pain
Hath set, and stiffen'd like a storm in ice,
Showing by drooping lines the deadly strain
Of mortal anguish;—yet you might gaze twice
Ere Death it seem'd, and not his cousin, Sleep,
That through those creviced lids did underpeep.

LXII.

But all that tender bloom about his eyes,
Is Death's own violets, which his utmost rite
It is to scatter when the red rose dies;
For blue is chilly, and akin to white:
Also he leaves some tinges on his lips,
Which he hath kiss'd with such cold frosty nips.

LXIII.

"Surely," quoth she, "he sleeps, the senseless thing,
Oppress'd and faint with toiling in the stream!"
Therefore she will not mar his rest, but sing
So low, her tune shall mingle with his dream;
Meanwhile, her lily fingers task to twine
His uncrispt locks uncurling in the brine.

LXIV.

"O lovely boy!"—thus she attuned her voice,—
"Welcome, thrice welcome, to a sea-maid's home;
My love-mate thou shalt be, and true heart's choice;
How have I long'd such a twin-self should come,—
A lonely thing, till this sweet chance befell,
My heart kept sighing like a hollow shell.

LXV.

"Here thou shalt live, beneath this secret dome,
An ocean bower, defended by the shade
Of quiet waters; a cool emerald gloom
To lap thee all about. Nay, be not fray'd,
Those are but shady fishes that sail by
Like antic clouds across my liquid sky!

LXVI.

"Look how the sunbeam burns upon their scales,
And shows rich glimpses of their Tyrian skins;
They flash small lightnings from their vigorous tails,
And winking stars are kindled at their fins;
These shall divert thee in thy weariest mood,
And seek thy hand for gamesomeness and food.

LXVII.

"Lo! those green pretty leaves with tassel bells,
My flowrets those, that never pine for drouth;
Myself did plant them in the dappled shells
That drink the wave with such a rosy mouth,—
Pearls wouldst thou have beside? crystals to shine?
I had such treasures once,—now they are thine.

LXVIII.

"Now, lay thine ear against this golden sand,
And thou shalt hear the music of the sea,
Those hollow tunes it plays against the land,—
Is't not a rich and wondrous melody?
I have lain hours, and fancied in its tone
I heard the languages of ages gone!

LXIX.

"I too can sing when it shall please thy choice,
And breathe soft tunes through a melodious shell,
Though heretofore I have but set my voice
To some long sighs, grief harmonised, to tell
How desolate I fared;—but this sweet change
Will add new notes of gladness to my range!

LXX.

"Or bid me speak, and I will tell thee tales
Which I have framed out of the noise of waves;
Ere now I have communed with senseless gales,
And held vain colloquies with barren caves;
But I could talk to thee whole days and days,
Only to word my love a thousand ways.

LXXI.

"But if thy lips will bless me with their speech,
Then ope, sweet oracles! and I'll be mute;
I was born ignorant for thee to teach,
Nay all love's lore to thy dear looks impute;
Then ope thine eyes, fair teachers, by whose light
I saw to give away my heart aright!"

LXXII.

But cold and deaf the sullen creature lies,
Over her knees, and with concealing clay,
Like hoarding Avarice locks up his eyes,
And leaves her world impoverish'd of day;
Then at his cruel lips she bends to plead,
But there the door is closed against her need.

LXXIII.

Surely he sleeps,—so her false wits infer!
Alas! poor sluggard, ne'er to wake again!
Surely he sleeps, yet without any stir
That might denote a vision in his brain;
Or if he does not sleep, he feigns too long,—
Twice she hath reach'd the ending of her song.

LXXIV.

Therefore 'tis time, she tells him, to uncover
Those radiant jesters, and disperse her fears,
Whereby her April face is shaded over,
Like rainy clouds just ripe for showering tears;
Nay, if he will not wake, so poor she gets,
Herself must rob those lock'd up cabinets.

LXXV.

With that she stoops above his brow, and bids
Her busy hands forsake his tangled hair,
And tenderly lift up those coffer-lids,
That she may gaze upon the jewels there,
Like babes that pluck an early bud apart,
To know the dainty colour of its heart.

LXXVI.

Now, picture one, soft creeping to a bed,
Who slowly parts the fringe-hung canopies,
And then starts back to find the sleeper dead;
So she looks in on his uncover'd eyes,
And seeing all within so drear and dark,
Her own bright soul dies in her like a spark.

LXXVII.

Backward she falls, like a pale prophetess,
Under the swoon of holy divination:
And what had all surpass'd her simple guess,
She now resolves in this dark revelation;
Death's very mystery,—oblivious death:—
Long sleep,—deep night, and an entranced breath.

LXXVIII.

Yet life, though wounded sore, not wholly slain,
Merely obscured, and not extinguish'd, lies;
Her breath, that stood at ebb, soon flows again,
Heaving her hollow breast with heavy sighs,
And light comes in, and kindles up the gloom,
To light her spirit from its transient tomb.

LXXIX.

Then like the sun, awaken'd at new dawn,
With pale, bewilder'd face she peers about,
And spies blurr'd images obscurely drawn,
Uncertain shadows in a haze of doubt;
But her true grief grows shapely by degrees,
A perish'd creature lying on her knees.

LXXX.

And now she knows how that old Murther preys,
Whose quarry on her lap lies newly slain;
How he roams all abroad and grimly slays,
Like a lean tiger in Love's own domain;
Parting fond mates,—and oft in flowery lawns
Bereaves mild mothers of their milky fawns.

LXXXI.

O too dear knowledge! O pernicious earning!
Foul curse engraven upon beauty's page!
Even now the sorrow of that deadly learning
Ploughs up her brow like an untimely age,
And on her cheek stamps verdict of death's truth,
By canker blights upon the bud of youth!

LXXXII.

For as unwholesome winds decay the leaf,
So her cheeks' rose is perish'd by her sighs,
And withers in the sickly breath of grief;
Whilst unacquainted rheum bedims her eyes,
Tears, virgin tears, the first that ever leapt
From those young lids, now plentifully wept.

LXXXIII.

Whence being shed, the liquid crystalline
Drops straightway down, refusing to partake
In gross admixture with the baser brine,
But shrinks and hardens into pearls opaque,
Hereafter to be worn on arms and ears;
So one maid's trophy is another's tears!

LXXXIV.

"O foul Arch-Shadow! thou old cloud of Night!
(Thus in her frenzy she began to wail),
Thou blank oblivion—blotter out of light,
Life's ruthless murderer, and dear love's bale!
Why hast thou left thy havoc incomplete,
Leaving me here, and slaying the more sweet?

LXXXV.

"Lo! what a lovely ruin thou hast made,
Alas, alas! thou hast no eyes to see,
And blindly slew'st him in misguided shade.
Would I had lent my doting sense to thee!
But now I turn to thee, a willing mark,
Thine arrows miss me in the aimless dark!

LXXXVI.

"O doubly cruel!—twice misdoing spite,
But I will guide thee with my helping eyes,
Or walk the wide world through, devoid of sight,
Yet thou shalt know me by my many sighs.
Nay, then thou shouldst have spared my rose, false Death,
And known Love's flower by smelling his sweet breath;

LXXXVII.

"Or, when thy furious rage was round him dealing,
Love should have grown from touching of his skin,
But like cold marble thou art all unfeeling,
And hast no ruddy springs of warmth within,
And being but a shape of freezing bone,
Thy touching only turn'd my love to stone!

LXXXVIII.

"And here, alas! he lies across my knees,
With cheeks still colder than the stilly wave,
The light beneath his eyelids seems to freeze,
Here then, since Love is dead and lacks a grave,
Oh, come and dig it in my sad heart's core—
That wound will bring a balsam for its sore!

LXXXIX.

"For art thou not a sleep where sense of ill
Lies stingless, like a sense benumb'd with cold,
Healing all hurts only with sleep's good-will;
So shall I slumber, and perchance behold
My living love in dreams,—O happy night,
That lets me company his banish'd spright!

XC.

"O poppy Death!—sweet poisoner of sleep!
Where shall I seek for thee, oblivious drug,
That I may steep thee in my drink, and creep
Out of life's coil. Look, Idol! how I hug
Thy dainty image in this strict embrace,
And kiss this clay-cold model of thy face!

XCI.

"Put out, put out these sun-consuming lamps,
I do but read my sorrows by their shine;
Oh, come and quench them with thy oozy damps,
And let my darkness intermix with thine;
Since love is blinded, wherefore should I see,
Now love is death,—death will be love to me!

XCII.

"Away, away, this vain complaining breath,
It does but stir the troubles that I weep;
Let it be hush'd and quieted, sweet Death;
The wind must settle ere the wave can sleep,—
Since love is silent, I would fain be mute,
O Death, be gracious to my dying suit!"

XCIII.

Thus far she pleads, but pleading nought avails her,
For Death, her sullen burthen, deigns no heed;
Then with dumb craving arms, since darkness fails her,
She prays to Heaven's fair light, as if her need
Inspired her there were gods to pity pain,
Or end it,—but she lifts her arms in vain!

XCIV.

Poor gilded Grief! the subtle light by this
With mazy gold creeps through her watery mine,
And, diving downward through the green abyss,
Lights up her palace with an amber shine;
There, falling on her arms,—the crystal skin
Reveals the ruby tide that fares within.

XCV.

Look how the fulsome beam would hang a glory
On her dark hair, but the dark hairs repel it;
Look how the perjured glow suborns a story
On her pale lips, but lips refuse to tell it;
Grief will not swerve from grief, however told
On coral lips, or character'd in gold;

XCVI.

Or else, thou maid! safe anchor'd on Love's neck,
Listing the hapless doom of young Leander,
Thou wouldst not shed a tear for that old wreck,
Sitting secure where no wild surges wander;
Whereas the woe moves on with tragic pace,
And shows its sad reflection in thy face.

XCVII.

Thus having travell'd on, and track'd the tale,
Like the due course of an old bas-relief,
Where Tragedy pursues her progress pale,
Brood here awhile upon that sea-maid's grief,
And take a deeper imprint from the frieze
Of that young Fate, with Death upon her knees.

XCVIII.

Then whilst the melancholy muse withal
Resumes her music in a sadder tone,
Meanwhile the sunbeam strikes upon the wall,
Conceive that lovely siren to live on,
Even as Hope whisper'd the Promethean light
Would kindle up the dead Leander's spright.

XCIX.

"'Tis light," she says, "that feeds the glittering stars,
And those were stars set in his heavenly brow;
But this salt cloud, this cold sea-vapour, mars
Their radiant breathing, and obscures them now,
Therefore I'll lay him in the clear blue air,
And see how these dull orbs will kindle there."

C.

Swiftly as dolphins glide, or swifter yet,
With dead Leander in her fond arms' fold,
She cleaves the meshes of that radiant net
The sun hath twined above of liquid gold,
Nor slacks till, on the margin of the land,
She lays his body on the glowing sand.

CI.

There, like a pearly waif, just past the reach
Of foamy billows, he lies cast. Just then,
Some listless fishers, straying down the beach,
Spy out this wonder. Thence the curious men,
Low crouching, creep into a thicket brake,
And watch her doings till their rude hearts ache.

CII.

First she begins to chafe him till she faints,
Then falls upon his mouth with kisses many,
And sometimes pauses in her own complaints
To list his breathing, but there is not any,—
Then looks into his eyes, where no light dwells,—
Light makes no pictures in such muddy wells.

CIII.

The hot sun parches his discover'd eyes,
The hot sun beats on his discolour'd limbs,
The sand is oozy whereupon he lies,
Soiling his fairness ;—then away she swims,
Meaning to gather him a daintier bed,
Plucking the cool fresh weeds, brown, green, and red.

CIV.

But, simple-witted thief, while she dives under,
Another robs her of her amorous theft;
The ambush'd fishermen creep forth to plunder
And steal the unwatch'd treasure she has left ;
Only his void impression dints the sands,—
Leander is purloin'd by stealthy hands !

CV.

Lo ! how she shudders off the beaded wave !
Like Grief all over tears, and senseless falls,
His void imprint seems hollow'd for her grave,
Then, rising on her knees, looks round and calls
On Hero ! Hero ! having learn'd this name
Of his last breath, she calls him by the same.

CVI.

Then with her frantic hands she rends her hairs,
And casts them forth, sad keepsakes, to the wind,
As if in plucking those she pluck'd her cares;
But grief lies deeper, and remains behind
Like a barb'd arrow, rankling in her brain,
Turning her very thoughts to throbs of pain.

CVII.

Anon her tangled locks are left alone,
And down upon the sand she meekly sits,
Hard by the foam as humble as a stone,
Like an enchanted maid beside her wits,
That ponders with a look serene and tragic,
Stunn'd by the mighty mystery of magic.

CVIII.

Or think of Ariadne's utter trance,
Crazed by the flight of that disloyal traitor,
Who left her gazing on the green expanse
That swallow'd up his track,—yet this would mate her,
Even in the cloudy summit of her woe,
When o'er the far sea-brim she saw him go.

CIX.

For even so she bows, and bends her gaze
O'er the eternal waste, as if to sum
Its waves by weary thousands all her days,
Dismally doom'd! meanwhile the billows come,
And coldly dabble with her quiet feet,
Like any bleaching stones they wont to greet;

CX.

And thence into her lap have boldly sprung,
Washing her weedy tresses to and fro,
That round her crouching knees have darkly hung,
But she sits careless of waves' ebb and flow,
Like a lone beacon on a desert coast,
Showing where all her hope was wreck'd and lost.

CXI.

Yet whether in the sea or vaulted sky,
She knoweth not her love's abrupt resort,
So like a shape of dreams he left her eye,
Winking with doubt. Meanwhile the churls' report
Has throng'd the beach with many a curious face,
That peeps upon her from its hiding-place.

CXII.

And here a head, and there a brow half seen,
Dodges behind a rock. Here on his hands
A mariner his crumpled cheeks doth lean
Over a rugged crest. Another stands,
Holding his harmful arrow at the head,
Still check'd by human caution and strange dread.

CXIII.

One stops his ears,—another close beholder
Whispers unto the next his grave surmise;
This crouches down,—and just above his shoulder,
A woman's pity saddens in her eyes,
And prompts her to befriend that lonely grief,
With all sweet helps of sisterly relief.

CXIV.

And down the sunny beach she paces slowly,
With many doubtful pauses by the way;
Grief hath an influence so hush'd and holy,—
Making her twice attempt, ere she can lay
Her hand upon that sea-maid's shoulder white,
Which makes her startle up in wild affright,

CXV.

And, like a seal, she leaps into the wave
That drowns the shrill remainder of her scream;
Anon the sea fills up the watery cave,
And seals her exit with a foamy seam,—
Leaving those baffled gazers on the beach,
Turning in uncouth wonder each to each.

CXVI.

Some watch, some call, some see her head emerge
Wherever a brown weed falls through the foam:
Some point to white eruptions of the surge;—
But she is vanish'd to her shady home,
Under the deep, inscrutable,—and there
Weeps in a midnight made of her own hair.

CXVII.

Now here the sighing winds, before unheard,
Forth from their cloudy caves begin to blow,
Till all the surface of the deep is stirr'd,
Like to the panting grief it hides below;
And heaven is cover'd with a stormy rack,
Soiling the waters with its inky black.

CXVIII.

The screaming fowl resigns her finny prey,
And labours shoreward with a bending wing,
Rowing against the wind her toilsome way;
Meanwhile, the curling billows chafe, and fling
Their dewy frost still further on the stones,
That answer to the wind with hollow groans.

CXIX.

And here and there a fisher's far-off bark
Flies with the sun's last glimpse upon its sail,
Like a bright flame amid the waters dark,
Watch'd with the hope and fear of maidens pale
And anxious mothers, that upturn their brows,
Freighting the gusty wind with frequent vows;

CXX.

For that the horrid deep has no sure track
To guide love safe into his homely haven.
And lo! the storm grows blacker in its wrath,
O'er the dark billow brooding like a raven,
That bodes of death and widows' sorrowing,
Under the dusky covert of his wing.

CXXI.

And so day ended. But no vesper spark
Hung forth its heavenly sign; but sheets of flame
Play'd round the savage features of the dark,
Making night horrible. That night, there came
A weeping maiden to high Sestos' steep,
And tore her hair and gazed upon the deep.

CXXII.

And waved aloft her bright and ruddy torch,
Whose flame the boastful wind so rudely fann'd,
That oft it would recoil, and basely scorch
The tender covert of her sheltering hand,
Which yet, for love's dear sake, disdain'd retire,
And, like a glorying martyr, braved the fire.

CXXIII.

For that was love's own sign and beacon guide
Across the Hellespont's wide weary space,
Wherein he nightly struggled with the tide.
Look what a red it forges on her face,
As if she blush'd at holding such a light,
Even in the unseen presence of the night!

CXXIV.

Whereas her tragic cheek is truly pale,
And colder than the rude and ruffian air
That howls into her ear a horrid tale
Of storm, and wreck, and uttermost despair,
Saying, "Leander floats amid the surge,
And those are dismal waves that sing his dirge."

CXXV.

And hark!—a grieving voice, trembling and faint,
Blends with the hollow sobbings of the sea;
Like the sad music of a siren's plaint,
But shriller than Leander's voice should be,
Unless the wintry death had changed its tone,—
Wherefore she thinks she hears his spirit moan.

CXXVI.

For now, upon each brief and breathless pause,
Made by the raging winds, it plainly calls,
On Hero! Hero!—whereupon she draws
Close to the dizzy brink, that ne'er appals
Her brave and constant spirit to recoil,
However the wild billows toss and toil.

CXXVII.

"Oh! dost thou live under the deep, deep sea?
I thought such love as thine could never die;
If thou hast gain'd an immortality
From the kind pitying Sea-god, so will I;
And this false cruel tide, that used to sever
Our hearts, shall be our common home for ever!

CXXVIII.

"There we will sit and sport upon one billow,
And sing our ocean ditties all the day,
And lie together on the same green pillow,
That curls above us with its dewy spray;
And ever in one presence live and dwell,
Like two twin pearls within the selfsame shell."

CXXIX.

One moment then upon the dizzy verge
She stands, with face upturn'd against the sky;
A moment more upon the foamy surge
She gazes with a calm, despairing eye,
Feeling that awful pause of blood and breath
Which life endures when it confronts with death;—

CXXX.

Then from the giddy steep she madly springs,
Grasping her maiden robes, that vainly kept
Panting abroad, like unavailing wings,
To save her from her death.—The Sea-maid wept,
And in a crystal cave her corse enshrined,—
No meaner sepulchre should Hero find!

LYCUS, THE CENTAUR.

FROM AN UNROLLED MANUSCRIPT OF APOLLONIUS CURIUS.

TO J. H. REYNOLDS, ESQ.

MY DEAR REYNOLDS,—You will remember "Lycus."—It was written in the pleasant springtime of our friendship, and I am glad to maintain that association by connecting your name with the poem. It will gratify me to find that you regard it with the old partiality for the writings of each other which prevailed in those days. For my own sake, I must regret that your pen goes now into far other records than those which used to delight me.—Your true Friend and Brother,

T. HOOD.

THE ARGUMENT.

Lycus, detained by Circe in her magical dominion, is beloved by a Water-Nymph, who, desiring to render him immortal, has recourse to the Sorceress. Circe gives her an incantation to pronounce, which should turn Lycus into a horse; but the horrible effect of the charm causing her to break off in the midst, he becomes a Centaur.

WHO hath ever been lured and bound by a spell
To wander, fore-doom'd, in that circle of hell
Where Witchery works with her will like a god,—
Works more than the wonders of time at a nod,—
At a word,—at a touch,—at a flash of the eye,—
But each form is a cheat, and each sound is a lie,
Things born of a wish—to endure for a thought,
Or last for long ages—to vanish to nought,
Or put on new semblance? O Jove! I had given
The throne of a kingdom to know if that heaven
And the earth and its streams were of Circe, or whether
They kept the world's birthday and brighten'd together!
For I loved them in terror, and constantly dreaded
That the earth where I trod, and the cave where I bedded,

The face I might dote on, should live out the lease
Of the charm that created, and suddenly cease :
And I gave me to slumber as if from one dream
To another—each horrid—and drank of the stream
Like a first taste of blood, lest as water I quaff'd
Swift poison, and never should breathe from the draught,—
Such drink as her own monarch husband drain'd up
When he pledged her, and Fate closed his eyes in the cup.
And I pluck'd of the fruit with held breath, and a fear
That the branch would start back and scream out in my ear ;
For once, at my suppering, I pluck'd in the dusk
An apple, juice-gushing and fragrant of musk ;
But by daylight my fingers were crimson'd with gore,
And the half-eaten fragment was flesh at the core :
And once—only once—for the love of its blush,
I broke a bloom bough, but there came such a gush
On my hand, that it fainted away in weak fright,
While the leaf-hidden woodpecker shriek'd at the sight ;
And oh ! such an agony thrill'd in that note,
That my soul, startling up, beat its wings in my throat,
As it long'd to be free of a body whose hand
Was doom'd to work torments a Fury had plann'd !

There I stood without stir, yet how willing to flee,
As if rooted and horror-turn'd into a tree,—
Oh, for innocent death !—and to suddenly win it,
I drank of the stream, but no poison was in it ;
I plunged in its waters, but ere I could sink,
Some invisible fate pull'd me back to the brink ;
I sprang from the rock, from its pinnacle height,
But fell on the grass with a grasshopper's flight ;
I ran at my fears—they were fears and no more,
For the bear would not mangle my limbs, nor the boar,
But moan'd,—all their brutalized flesh could not smother
The horrible truth—we were kin to each other !

They were mournfully gentle, and group'd for relief,
All foes in their skin, but all friends in their grief :
The leopard was there,—baby-mild in its feature ;
And the tiger, black barr'd, with the gaze of a creature
That knew gentle pity ; the bristle-back'd boar
His innocent tusks stain'd with mulberry gore ;
And the laughing hyena—but laughing no more ;
And the snake, not with magical orbs to devise
Strange death, but with woman's attraction of eyes ;
The tall ugly ape, that still bore a dim shine
Through his hairy eclipse of a manhood divine ;
And the elephant stately, with more than its reason,
How thoughtful in sadness ! but this is no season
To reckon them up from the lag-bellied toad
To the mammoth, whose sobs shook his ponderous load.

There were woes of all shapes, wretched forms when I came,
That hung down their heads with a human-like shame ;
The elephant hid in the boughs, and the bear
Shed over his eyes the dark veil of his hair ;
And the womanly soul, turning sick with disgust,
Tried to vomit herself from her serpentine crust ;
While all groan'd their groans into one at their lot,
As I brought them the image of what they were not.

Then rose a wild sound of the human voice choking
Through vile brutal organs—low tremulous croaking,
Cries swallow'd abruptly—deep animal tones,
Attuned to strange passion, and full-utter'd groans ;
All shuddering weaker, till hush'd in a pause
Of tongues in mute motion and wide-yearning jaws ;
And I guess'd that those horrors were meant to tell o'er
The tale of their woes ; but the silence told more
That writhed on their tongues ; and I knelt on the sod,
And pray'd with my voice to the cloud-stirring God,
For the sad congregation of supplicants there,
That upturn'd to His heaven brute faces of prayer ;
And I ceased, and they utter'd a moaning so deep,
That I wept for my heart-ease,—but they could not weep,
And gazed with red eyeballs, all wistfully dry,
At the comfort of tears in a stag's human eye.
Then I motion'd them round, and, to soothe their distress,
I caress'd, and they bent them to meet my caress,
Their necks to my arm, and their heads to my palm,
And with poor grateful eyes suffer'd meekly and calm
Those tokens of kindness, withheld by hard fate
From returns that might chill the warm pity to hate ;
So they passively bow'd—save the serpent, that leapt
To my breast like a sister, and pressingly crept
In embrace of my neck, and with close kisses blister'd
My lips in rash love,—then drew backward, and glister'd
Her eyes in my face, and loud hissing affright,
Dropt down, and swift started away from my sight !

This sorrow was theirs, but thrice wretched my lot,
Turn'd brute in my soul, though my body was not
When I fled from the sorrow of womanly faces,
That shrouded their woe in the shade of lone places,
And dash'd off bright tears till their fingers were wet,
And then wiped their lids with long tresses of jet :
But I fled—though they stretch'd out their hands, all entangled
With hair, and blood-stain'd of the breasts they had mangled,—
Though they call'd—and perchance but to ask, had I seen
Their loves, or to tell the vile wrongs that had been :
But I stay'd not to hear, lest the story should hold
Some hell-form of words, some enchantment, once told,

Might translate me in flesh to a brute: and I dreaded
To gaze on their charms, lest my faith should be wedded
With some pity,—and love in that pity perchance—
To a thing not all lovely; for once at a glance
Methought, where one sat, I descried a bright wonder
That flow'd like a long silver rivulet under
The long fenny grass, with so lovely a breast,
Could it be a snake-tail made the charm of the rest?

So I roam'd in that circle of horrors, and Fear
Walk'd with me by hills and in valleys, and near
Cluster'd trees for their gloom—not to shelter from heat—
But lest a brute shadow should grow at my feet;
And besides that full oft in the sunshiny place
Dark shadows would gather like clouds on its face,
In the horrible likeness of demons (that none
Could see, like invisible flames in the sun);
But grew to one monster that seized on the light,
Like the dragon that strangles the moon in the night;
Fierce sphinxes, long serpents, and asps of the South;
Wild birds of huge beak, and all horrors that drouth
Engenders of slime in the land of the pest,
Vile shapes without shape, and foul bats of the West,
Bringing Night on their wings; and the bodies wherein
Great Brahma imprisons the spirits of sin,
Many-handed, that blent in one phantom of fight,
Like a Titan, and threatfully warr'd with the light:
I have heard the wild shriek that gave signal to close,
When they rush'd on that shadowy Python of foes,
That met with sharp beaks and wide gaping of jaws,
With flappings of wings, and fierce grasping of claws,
And whirls of long tails:—I have seen the quick flutter
Of fragments dissever'd—and necks stretch'd to utter
Long screamings of pain,—the swift motion of blows,
And wrestling of arms—to the flight at the close,
When the dust of the earth startled upward in rings,
And flew on the whirlwind that follow'd their wings.

Thus they fled—not forgotten—but often to grow
Like fears in my eyes, when I walk'd to and fro
In the shadows, and felt from some beings unseen
The warm touch of kisses, but clean or unclean
I knew not, nor whether the love I had won
Was of heaven or hell—till one day in the sun,
In its very noon-blaze, I could fancy a thing
Of beauty, but faint as the cloud-mirrors fling
On the gaze of the shepherd that watches the sky,
Half-seen and half-dream'd in the soul of his eye.
And when in my musings I gazed on the stream,
In motionless trances of thought, there would seem

A face like that face, looking upwards through mine ;
With its eyes full of love, and the dim-drowned shine
Of limbs and fair garments, like clouds in that blue
Serene :—there I stood for long hours but to view
Those fond earnest eyes that were ever uplifted
Towards me, and wink'd as the water-weed drifted
Between ; but the fish knew that presence, and plied
Their long curvy tails, and swift darted aside.

There I gazed for lost time, and forgot all the things
That once had been wonders—the fishes with wings,
And the glimmer of magnified eyes that look'd up
From the glooms of the bottom like pearls in a cup,
And the huge endless serpent of silvery gleam,
Slow winding along like a tide in the stream.
Some maid of the waters, some Naiad, methought,
Held me dear in the pearl of her eye—and I brought
My wish to that fancy ; and often I dash'd
My limbs in the water, and suddenly splash'd
The cool drops around me, yet clung to the brink,
Chill'd by watery fears, how that Beauty might sink
With my life in her arms to her garden, and bind me
With its long tangled grasses, or cruelly wind me
In some eddy, to hum out my life in her ear,
Like a spider-caught bee,—and in aid of that fear
Came the tardy remembrance—O falsest of men !
Why was not that beauty remember'd till then ?
My love, my safe love, whose glad life would have run
Into mine—like a drop—that our fate might be one,
That now, even now,—maybe,—clasp'd in a dream,
That form which I gave to some jilt of the stream,
And gazed with fond eyes that her tears tried to smother
On a mock of those eyes that I gave to another !

Then I rose from the stream, but the eyes of my mind,
Still full of the tempter, kept gazing behind
On her crystalline face, while I painfully leapt
To the bank, and shook off the curst waters, and wept
With my brow in the reeds ; and the reeds to my ear
Bow'd, bent by no wind, and in whispers of fear,
Growing small with large secrets, foretold me of one
That loved me,—but, oh ! to fly from her, and shun
Her love like a pest—though her love was as true
To mine as her stream to the heavenly blue ;
For why should I love her with love that would bring
All misfortune, like Hate, on so joyous a thing ?
Because of her rival,—even Her whose witch-face
I had slighted, and therefore was doom'd in that place
To roam, and had roam'd, where all horrors grew rank,
Nine days ere I wept with my brow on that bank ;

Her name be not named, but her spite would not fail
To our love like a blight; and they told me the tale
Of Scylla and Picus, imprison'd to speak
His shrill-screaming woe through a woodpecker's beak.

Then they ceased—I had heard as the voice of my star
That told me the truth of my fortunes—thus far
I had read of my sorrow, and lay in the hush
Of deep meditation,—when lo! a light crush
Of the reeds, and I turn'd and look'd round in the night
Of new sunshine, and saw, as I sipp'd of the light
Narrow-winking, the realised nymph of the stream,
Rising up from the wave with the bend and the gleam
Of a fountain, and o'er her white arms she kept throwing
Bright torrents of hair, that went flowing and flowing
In falls to her feet, and the blue waters roll'd
Down her limbs like a garment, in many a fold,
Sun-spangled, gold-broider'd, and fled far behind,
Like an infinite train. So she came and reclined
In the reeds, and I hunger'd to see her unseal
The buds of her eyes, that would ope and reveal
The blue that was in them; and they oped, and she raised
Two orbs of pure crystal, and timidly gazed
With her eyes on my eyes; but their colour and shine
Was of that which they look'd on, and mostly of mine—
For she loved me,—except when she blush'd, and they sank,
Shame-humbled, to number the stones on the bank,
Or her play-idle fingers, while lisping she told me
How she put on her veil, and, in love to behold me,
Would wing through the sun till she fainted away
Like a mist, and then flew to her waters and lay
In love-patience long hours, and sore dazzled her eyes
In watching for mine 'gainst the midsummer skies.
But now they were heal'd,—Oh, my heart, it still dances
When I think of the charm of her changeable glances,
And my image how small when it sank in the deep
Of her eyes where her soul was,—Alas! now they weep,
And none knoweth where. In what stream do her eyes
Shed invisible tears? Who beholds where her sighs
Flow in eddies, or sees the ascent of the leaf
She has pluck'd with her tresses? Who listens her grief
Like a far fall of waters, or hears where her feet
Grow emphatic among the loose pebbles, and beat
Them together? Ah! surely her flowers float adown
To the sea unaccepted, and little ones drown
For need of her mercy,—even he whose twin-brother
Will miss him for ever; and the sorrowful mother
Imploreth in vain for his body to kiss
And cling to, all dripping and cold as it is,
Because that soft pity is lost in hard pain!
We loved,—how we loved!—for I thought not again

Of the woes that were whisper'd like fears in that place
If I gave me to beauty. Her face was the face
Far away, and her eyes were the eyes that were drown'd
For my absence,—her arms were the arms that sought round,
And clasp'd me to nought ; for I gazed and became
Only true to my falsehood, and had but one name
For two loves, and call'd ever on Ægle, sweet maid
Of the sky-loving waters,—and was not afraid
Of the sight of her skin ;—for it never could be
Her beauty and love were misfortunes to me!

Thus our bliss had endured for a time-shorten'd space,
Like a day made of three, and the smile of her face
Had been with me for joy,—when she told me indeed
Her love was self-task'd with a work that would need
Some short hours, for in truth 'twas the veriest pity
Our love should not last, and then sang me a ditty,
Of one with warm lips that should love her, and love her,
When suns were burnt dim and long ages past over.
So she fled with her voice, and I patiently nested
My limbs in the reeds, in still quiet, and rested
Till my thoughts grew extinct, and I sank in a sleep
Of dreams,—but their meaning was hidden too deep
To be read what their woe was ;—but still it was woe
That was writ on all faces that swam to and fro
In that river of night ;—and the gaze of their eyes
Was sad,—and the bend of their brows,—and their cries
Were seen, but I heard not. The warm touch of tears
Travell'd down my cold cheeks, and I shook till my fears
Awaked me, and lo ! I was couch'd in a bower,
The growth of long summers rear'd up in an hour !
Then I said, in the fear of my dream, I will fly
From this magic, but could not, because that my eye
Grew love-idle among the rich blooms ; and the earth
Held me down with its coolness of touch, and the mirth
Of some bird was above me,—who, even in fear,
Would startle the thrush ? and methought there drew near
A form as of Ægle,—but it was not the face
Hope made, and I knew the Witch-Queen of that place,
Even Circe the Cruel, that came like a death
Which I fear'd, and yet fled not, for want of my breath.
There was thought in her face, and her eyes were not raised
From the grass at her foot, but I saw, as I gazed,
Her spite—and her countenance changed with her mind
As she plann'd how to thrall me with beauty, and bind
My soul to her charms,—and her long tresses play'd
From shade into shine and from shine into shade,
Like a day in mid-autumn,—first fair, oh, how fair !
With long snaky locks of the adder-black hair
That clung round her neck,—those dark locks that I prize,
For the sake of a maid that once loved me with eyes

Of that fathomless hue,—but they changed as they roll'd,
And brighten'd, and suddenly blazed into gold
That she comb'd into flames, and the locks that fell down
Turn'd dark as they fell, but I slighted their brown,
Nor loved, till I saw the light ringlets shed wild,
That innocence wears when she is but a child ;
And her eyes,—oh, I ne'er had been witch'd with their shine,
Had they been any other, my Ægle, than thine !

Then I gave me to magic, and gazed till I madden'd
In the full of their light,—but I sadden'd and sadden'd
The deeper I look'd,—till I sank on the snow
Of her bosom, a thing made of terror and woe,
And answer'd its throb with the shudder of fears,
And hid my cold eyes from her eyes with my tears,
And strain'd her white arms with the still languid weight
Of a fainting distress. There she sat like the Fate
That is nurse unto Death, and bent over in shame
To hide me from her—the true Ægle—that came
With the words on her lips the false witch had foregiven
To make me immortal—for now I was even
At the portals of Death, who but waited the hush
Of world-sounds in my ear to cry welcome, and rush
With my soul to the banks of his black-flowing river.
Oh, would it had flown from my body for ever,
Ere I listen'd those words, when I felt, with a start,
The life-blood rush back in one throb to my heart,
And saw the pale lips where the rest of that spell
Had perish'd in horror—and heard the farewell
Of that voice that was drown'd in the dash of the stream !
How fain had I follow'd, and plunged with that scream
Into death, but my being indignantly lagg'd
Through the brutalized flesh that I painfully dragg'd
Behind me :—" O Circe ! O mother of Spite !
Speak the last of that curse ! and imprison me quite
In the husk of a brute,—that no pity may name
The man that I was,—that no kindred may claim
The monster I am ! Let me utterly be
Brute-buried, and Nature's dishonour with me
Uninscribed !"—But she listen'd my prayer, that was praise
To her malice, with smiles, and advised me to gaze
On the river for love,—and perchance she would make
In pity a maid without eyes for my sake,
And she left me like Scorn. Then I ask'd of the wave,
What monster I was, and it trembled and gave
The true shape of my grief, and I turn'd with my face
From all waters for ever, and fled through that place,
Till with horror more strong than all magic I pass'd
Its bounds, and the world was before me at last.

There I wander'd in sorrow, and shunn'd the abodes
Of men, that stood up in the likeness of gods,
But I saw from afar the warm shine of the sun
On their cities, where man was a million, not one ;
And I saw the white smoke of their altars ascending,
That show'd where the hearts of the many were blending,
And the wind in my face brought shrill voices that came
From the trumpets that gather'd whole bands in one fame
As a chorus of man,—and they stream'd from the gates
Like a dusky libation pour'd out to the Fates.
But at times there were gentler processions of peace
That I watch'd with my soul in my eyes till their cease.
There were women ! there men ! but to me, a third sex,
I saw them all dots—yet I loved them as specks :
And oft, to assuage a sad yearning of eyes,
I stole near the city, but stole covert-wise
Like a wild beast of love, and perchance to be smitten
By some hand that I rather had wept on than bitten !
Oh, I once had a haunt near a cot where a mother
Daily sat in the shade with her child, and would smother
Its eyelids in kisses, and then in its sleep
Sang dreams in its ear of its manhood, while deep
In a thicket of willows I gazed o'er the brooks
That murmur'd between us and kiss'd them with looks ;
But the willows unbosom'd their secret, and never
I return'd to a spot I had startled for ever,
Though I oft long'd to know, but could ask it of none,
Was the mother still fair, and how big was her son ?

For the haunters of fields they all shunn'd me by flight,
The men in their horror, the women in fright ;
None ever remain'd save a child once that sported
Among the wild bluebells, and playfully courted
The breeze ; and beside him a speckled snake lay
Tight strangled, because it had hiss'd him away
From the flower at his finger ; he rose and drew near
Like a Son of Immortals, one born to no fear,
But with strength of black locks and with eyes azure bright
To grow to large manhood of merciful might.
He came, with his face of bold wonder, to feel
The hair of my side, and to lift up my heel,
And question'd my face with wide eyes ; but when under
My lids he saw tears,—for I wept at his wonder,—
He stroked me, and utter'd such kindliness then,
That the once love of women, the friendship of men
In past sorrow, no kindness e'er came like a kiss
On my heart in its desolate day such as this !
And I yearn'd at his cheeks in my love, and down bent,
And lifted him up in my arms with intent
To kiss him,—but he, cruel-kindly, alas !
Held out to my lips a pluck'd handful of grass !

Then I dropt him in horror, but felt as I fled
The stone he indignantly hurl'd at my head,
That dissever'd my ear,—but I felt not, whose fate
Was to meet more distress in his love than his hate!

Thus I wander'd, companion'd of grief and forlorn,
Till I wish'd for that land where my being was born,
But what was that land with its love, where my home
Was self-shut against me; for why should I come
Like an after-distress to my grey-bearded father,
With a blight to the last of his sight?—let him rather
Lament for me dead, and shed tears in the urn
Where I was not, and still in fond memory turn
To his son even such as he left him. Oh, how
Could I walk with the youth once my fellows, but now
Like gods to my humbled estate?—or how bear
The steeds once the pride of my eyes and the care
Of my hands? Then I turn'd me self-banish'd, and came
Into Thessaly here, where I met with the same
As myself. I have heard how they met by a stream
In games, and were suddenly changed by a scream
That made wretches of many, as she roll'd her wild eyes
Against heaven, and so vanish'd.—The gentle and wise
Lose their thoughts in deep studies, and others their ill
In the mirth of mankind, where they mingle them still.

THE TWO PEACOCKS OF BEDFONT.

I.

Alas! that breathing Vanity should go
Where Pride is buried,—like its very ghost,
Uprisen from the naked bones below,
In novel flesh, clad in the silent boast
Of gaudy silk that flutters to and fro,
Shedding its chilling superstition most
On young and ignorant natures—as it wont
To haunt the peaceful churchyard of Bedfont!

II.

Each Sabbath morning, at the hour of prayer,
Behold two maidens, up the quiet green
Shining, far distant, in the summer air
That flaunts their dewy robes and breathes between
Their downy plumes,—sailing as if they were
Two far-off ships,—until they brush between
The churchyard's humble walls, and watch and wait
On either side of the wide-open'd gate.

III.

And there they stand—with haughty necks before
God's holy house, that points towards the skies—
Frowning reluctant duty from the poor,
And tempting homage from unthoughtful eyes:
And Youth looks lingering from the temple door,
Breathing its wishes in unfruitful sighs,
With pouting lips,—forgetful of the grace,
Of health, and smiles, on the heart-conscious face;—

IV.

Because that Wealth, which has no bliss beside,
May wear the happiness of rich attire;
And those two sisters, in their silly pride,
May change the soul's warm glances for the fire
Of lifeless diamonds;—and for health denied,—
With art, that blushes at itself, inspire
Their languid cheeks—and flourish in a glory
That has no life in life, nor after-story.

V.

The aged priest goes shaking his grey hair
In meekest censuring, and turns his eye
Earthward in grief and heavenward in prayer,
And sighs, and clasps his hands, and passes by.
Good-hearted man! what sullen soul would wear
Thy sorrow for a garb, and constantly
Put on thy censure, that might win the praise
Of one so grey in goodness and in days?

VI.

Also the solemn clerk partakes the shame
Of this ungodly shine of human pride,
And sadly blends his reverence and blame
In one grave bow, and passes with a stride
Impatient:—many a red-hooded dame
Turns her pain'd head, but not her glance, aside
From wanton dress, and marvels o'er again
That Heaven hath no wet judgments for the vain

VII.

"I have a lily in the bloom at home,"
Quoth one, "and by the blessed Sabbath-day
I'll pluck my lily in its pride, and come
And read a lesson upon vain array;—
And when stiff silks are rustling up, and some
Give place, I'll shake it in proud eyes, and say—
Making my reverence,—'Ladies, an you please,
King Solomon's not half so fine as these.'"

VIII.

Then her meek partner, who has nearly run
His earthly course,—" Nay, Goody, let your text
Grow in the garden.—We have only one—
Who knows that these dim eyes may see the next?
Summer will come again, and summer sun,
And lilies too,—but I were sorely vext
To mar my garden, and cut short the blow
Of the last lily I may live to grow."

IX.

" The last ! " quoth she, " and though the last it were—
Lo ! those two wantons, where they stand so proud,
With waving plumes, and jewels in their hair,
And painted cheeks, like Dagons to be bow'd
And curtsey'd to !—Last Sabbath, after prayer,
I heard the little Tomkins ask aloud
If they were angels—but I made him know
God's bright ones better, with a bitter blow ! "

X.

So speaking, they pursue the pebbly walk
That leads to the white porch the Sunday throng,
Hand-coupled urchins in restrained talk,
And anxious pedagogue that chastens wrong,
And posied churchwarden with solemn stalk,
And gold-bedizen'd beadle flames along,
And gentle peasant, clad in buff and green,
Like a meek cowslip in the spring serene ;

XI.

And blushing maiden—modestly array'd
In spotless white,—still conscious of the glass ;
And she, the lonely widow, that hath made
A sable covenant with grief,—alas !
She veils her tears under the deep, deep shade,
While the poor kindly-hearted, as they pass,
Bend to unclouded childhood, and caress
Her boy,—so rosy !—and so fatherless !

XII.

Thus, as good Christians ought, they all draw near
The fair white temple, to the timely call
Of pleasant bells that tremble in the ear.
Now the last frock, and scarlet hood, and shawl
Fade into dusk in the dim atmosphere
Of the low porch, and Heaven has won them all,—
Saving those two, that turn aside and pass,
In velvet blossom, where all flesh is grass.

XIII.

Ah me! to see their silken manors trail'd
In purple luxuries—with restless gold,—
Flaunting the grass where widowhood has wail'd
In blotted black,—over the heapy mould
Panting wave-wantonly! They never quail'd
How the warm vanity abused the cold;
Nor saw the solemn faces of the gone
Sadly uplooking through transparent stone:

XIV.

But swept their dwellings with unquiet light,
Shocking the awful presence of the dead;
Where gracious natures would their eyes benight,
Nor wear their being with a lip too red,
Nor move too rudely in the summer bright
Of sun, but put staid sorrow in their tread,
Meting it into steps, with inward breath,
In very pity to bereaved death.

XV.

Now in the church, time-sober'd minds resign
To solemn prayer, and the loud-chaunted hymn,—
With glowing picturings of joys divine
Painting the mistlight where the roof is dim;
But youth looks upward to the window shine,
Warming with rose and purple and the swim
Of gold, as if thought-tinted by the stains
Of gorgeous light through many-colour'd panes;

XVI.

Soiling the virgin snow wherein God hath
Enrobed His angels,—and with absent eyes
Hearing of Heaven, and its directed path,
Thoughtful of slippers,—and the glorious skies
Clouding with satin,—till the preacher's wrath
Consumes his pity, and he glows, and cries
With a deep voice that trembles in its might,
And earnest eyes grown eloquent in light:

XVII.

"Oh, that the vacant eye would learn to look
On very beauty, and the heart embrace
True loveliness, and from this holy book
Drink the warm-breathing tenderness and grace
Of love indeed! Oh, that the young soul took
Its virgin passion from the glorious face
Of fair religion, and address'd its strife,
To win the riches of eternal life!

XVIII.

"Doth the vain heart love glory that is none,
And the poor excellence of vain attire?
Oh, go and drown your eyes against the sun,
The visible ruler of the starry quire,
Till boiling gold in giddy eddies run,
Dazzling the brain with orbs of living fire;
And the faint soul down darkens into night,
And dies a burning martyrdom to light.

XIX.

"Oh, go and gaze,—when the low winds of even
Breathe hymns, and Nature's many forests nod
Their gold-crown'd heads; and the rich blooms of heaven,
Sun-ripen'd, give their blushes up to God;
And mountain-rocks and cloudy steeps are riven
By founts of fire, as smitten by the rod
Of heavenly Moses,—that your thirsty sense
May quench its longings of magnificence!

XX.

"Yet suns shall perish—stars shall fade away—
Day into darkness—darkness into death—
Death into silence; the warm light of day,
The blooms of summer, the rich glowing breath
Of even—all shall wither and decay,
Like the frail furniture of dreams beneath
The touch of morn—or bubbles of rich dyes,
That break and vanish in the aching eyes."

XXI.

They hear, soul-blushing, and, repentant, shed
Unwholesome thoughts in wholesome tears, and pour
Their sin to earth,—and with low drooping head
Receive the solemn blessing, and implore
Its grace—then soberly, with chasten'd tread,
They meekly press towards the gusty door,
With humbled eyes, that go to graze upon
The lowly grass—like him of Babylon.

XXII.

The lowly grass!—Oh, water-constant mind!
Fast-ebbing holiness!—soon-fading grace
Of serious thought, as if the gushing wind
Through the low porch had wash'd it from the face
For ever!—How they lift their eyes to find
Old vanities.—Pride wins the very place
Of meekness, like a bird, and flutters now
With idle wings on the curl-conscious brow!

XXIII.

And lo! with eager looks they seek the way
Of old temptation at the lowly gate;
To feast on feathers, and on vain array,
And painted cheeks, and the rich glistering state
Of jewel-sprinkled locks.—But where are they,
The graceless haughty ones that used to wait
With lofty neck, and nods, and stiffen'd eye?—
None challenge the old homage bending by.

XXIV.

In vain they look for the ungracious bloom
Of rich apparel where it glow'd before,—
For Vanity has faded all to gloom,
And lofty Pride has stiffen'd to the core,
For impious Life to tremble at its doom,—
Set for a warning token evermore,
Whereon, as now, the giddy and the wise
Shall gaze with lifted hands and wondering eyes.

XXV.

The aged priest goes on each Sabbath morn,
But shakes not sorrow under his grey hair;
The solemn clerk goes lavender'd and shorn,
Nor stoops his back to the ungodly pair;—
And ancient lips, that pucker'd up in scorn,
Go smoothly breathing to the house of prayer;
And in the garden-plot, from day to day,
The lily blooms its long white life away.

XXVI.

And where two haughty maidens used to be,
In pride of plume, where plumy Death had trod,
Trailing their gorgeous velvets wantonly,
Most unmeet pall, over the holy sod;
There, gentle stranger, thou may'st only see
Two sombre Peacocks.——Age, with sapient nod
Marking the spot, still tarries to declare
How they once lived, and wherefore they are there.

MINOR POEMS.

A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

OH, when I was a tiny boy,
My days and nights were full of joy,
  My mates were blithe and kind !—
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the teardrop from my eye,
  To cast a look behind !

A hoop was an eternal round
Of pleasure. In those days I found
  A top a joyous thing ;—
But now those past delights I drop,
My head, alas ! is all my top,
  And careful thoughts the string !

My marbles—once my bag was stored,—
Now I must play with Elgin's lord,
  With Theseus for a taw !
My playful horse has slipt his string,
Forgotten all his capering,
  And harness'd to the law !

My kite—how fast and far it flew !
Whilst I, a sort of Franklin, drew
  My pleasure from the sky !
'Twas paper'd o'er with studious themes,
The tasks I wrote—my present dreams
  Will never soar so high !

My joys are wingless all and dead ;
My dumps are made of more than lead ;
  My flights soon find a fall ;
My fears prevail, my fancies droop,
Joy never cometh with a hoop,
  And seldom with a call !

My football's laid upon the shelf;
I am a shuttlecock myself
  The world knocks to and fro;—
My archery is all unlearn'd,
And grief against myself has turn'd
  My arrows and my bow!

No more in noontide sun I bask;
My authorship's an endless task,
  My head's ne'er out of school:
My heart is pain'd with scorn and slight,
I have too many foes to fight,
  And friends grown strangely cool!

The very chum that shared my cake
Holds out so cold a hand to shake,
  It makes me shrink and sigh:—
On this I will not dwell and hang,
The changeling would not feel a pang
  Though these should meet his eye!

No skies so blue or so serene
As then;—no leaves look half so green
  As clothed the playground tree!
All things I loved are alter'd so,
Nor does it ease my heart to know
  That change resides in me!

Oh, for the garb that mark'd the boy,
The trousers made of corduroy,
  Well ink'd with black and red;
The crownless hat, ne'er deem'd an ill—
It only let the sunshine still
  Repose upon my head!

Oh, for the riband round the neck!
The careless dog's-ears apt to deck
  My book and collar both!
How can this formal man be styled
Merely an Alexandrine child,
  A boy of larger growth?

Oh, for that small, small beer anew!
And (heaven's own type) that mild sky-blue
  That washed my sweet meals down;
The master even!—and that small Turk
That fagg'd me!—worse is now my work—
  A fag for all the town!

Oh, for the lessons learn'd by heart!
Ay, though the very birch's smart
  Should mark those hours again;
I'd "kiss the rod," and be resign'd
Beneath the stroke, and even find
  Some sugar in the cane!

The Arabian Nights rehearsed in bed!
The Fairy Tales in school-time read,
  By stealth, 'twixt verb and noun!
The angel form that always walk'd
In all my dreams, and look'd and talk'd
  Exactly like Miss Brown!

The *omne bene*—Christmas come!
The prize of merit, won for home—
  Merit had prizes then!
But now I write for days and days,
For fame—a deal of empty praise,
  Without the silver pen!

Then home, sweet home! the crowded coach—
The joyous shout—the loud approach—
  The winding horns like rams'!
The meeting sweet that made me thrill,
The sweetmeats almost sweeter still,
  No "satis" to the "jams!"—

When that I was a tiny boy
My days and nights were full of joy,
  My mates were blithe and kind!
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the teardrop from my eye,
  To cast a look behind!

FAIR INES.

I.

Oh, saw ye not fair Ines?
She's gone into the West,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest:
She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

II.

Oh, turn again, fair Ines,
Before the fall of night,
For fear the Moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivall'd bright;
And blessed will the lover be
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek
I dare not even write!

III.

Would I had been, fair Ines,
That gallant cavalier,
Who rode so gaily by thy side,
And whisper'd thee so near!
Were there no bonny dames at home,
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear?

IV.

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
Descend along the shore,
With bands of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before;
And gentle youth and maidens gay,
And snowy plumes they wore;—
It would have been a beauteous dream,
—If it had been no more!

V.

Alas, alas! fair Ines,
She went away with song,
With Music waiting on her steps,
And shoutings of the throng;
But some were sad, and felt no mirth,
But only Music's wrong,
In sounds that sang Farewell, farewell,
To her you've loved so long!

VI.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines!
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
Nor danced so light before,—
Alas for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore!
The smile that blest one lover's heart
Has broken many more!

THE DEPARTURE OF SUMMER.

SUMMER is gone on swallows' wings,
And Earth has buried all her flowers:
No more the lark, the linnet sings,
But Silence sits in faded bowers.
There is a shadow on the plain
Of Winter ere he comes again,—
There is in woods a solemn sound
Of hollow warnings whisper'd round,
As Echo in her deep recess
For once had turn'd a prophetess.
Shuddering Autumn stops to list,
And breathes his fear in sudden sighs,
With clouded face, and hazel eyes
That quench themselves, and hide in mist.

Yes, Summer's gone like pageant bright;
Its glorious days of golden light
Are gone—the mimic suns that quiver,
Then melt in Time's dark-flowing river.
Gone the sweetly-scented breeze
That spoke in music to the trees;
Gone for damp and chilly breath,
As if fresh blown o'er marble seas,
Or newly from the lungs of Death.
Gone its virgin roses' blushes,
Warm as when Aurora rushes
Freshly from the god's embrace,
With all her shame upon her face.
Old Time hath laid them in the mould;
Sure he is blind as well as old,
Whose hand relentless never spares,
Young cheeks so beauty-bright as theirs!
Gone are the flame-eyed lovers now
From where so blushing-blest they tarried
Under the hawthorn's blossom-bough,
Gone; for Day and Night are married.
All the light of love is fled:—
Alas! that negro breasts should hide
The lips that were so rosy red,
At morning and at eventide!

Delightful Summer! then adieu
Till thou shalt visit us anew:
But who without regretful sigh
Can say, adieu, and see thee fly?
Not he that e'er hath felt thy power,
His joy expanding like a flower

That cometh after rain and snow,
Looks up at heaven, and learns to glow :—
Not he that fled from Babel-strife
To the green sabbath-land of life,
To dodge dull Care 'mid cluster'd trees,
And cool his forehead in the breeze,—
Whose spirit, weary-worn, perchance,
Shook from its wings a weight of grief,
And perch'd upon an aspen leaf,
For every breath to make it dance.

Farewell !—on wings of sombre stain,
That blacken in the last blue skies,
Thou fliest ; but thou wilt come again
On the gay wings of butterflies.
Spring at thy approach will sprout
Her new Corinthian beauties out,
Leaf-woven homes, where twitter-words
Will grow to songs, and eggs to birds ;
Ambitious buds shall swell to flowers,
And April smiles to sunny hours.
Bright days shall be, and gentle nights
Full of soft breath and echo-lights,
As if the god of sun-time kept
His eyes half-open while he slept.
Roses shall be where roses were,
Not shadows, but reality ;
As if they never perish'd there,
But slept in immortality :
Nature shall thrill with new delight,
And Time's relumined river run
Warm as young blood, and dazzling bright,
As if its source were in the sun !

But say, hath Winter then no charms?
Is there no joy, no gladness warms
His aged heart? no happy wiles
To cheat the hoary one to smiles?
Onward he comes—the cruel North
Pours his furious whirlwind forth
Before him—and we breathe the breath
Of famish'd bears that howl to death.
Onward he comes from rocks that blanch
O'er solid streams that never flow,
His tears all ice, his locks all snow,
Just crept from some huge avalanche—
A thing half-breathing and half-warm,
As if one spark began to glow
Within some statue's marble form,
Or pilgrim stiffen'd in the storm.

Oh, will not Mirth's light arrows fail
To pierce that frozen coat of mail?
Oh, will not Joy but strive in vain
To light up those glazed eyes again?

No! take him in, and blaze the oak,
And pour the wine, and warm the ale;
His sides shall shake to many a joke,
His tongue shall thaw in many a tale,
His eyes grow bright, his heart be gay,
And even his palsy charm'd away.
What heeds he then the boisterous shout
Of angry winds that scold without,
Like shrewish wives at tavern door?
What heeds he then the wild uproar
Of billows bursting on the shore?
In dashing waves, in howling breeze,
There is a music that can charm him;
When safe and shelter'd, and at ease,
He hears the storm that cannot harm him.

But hark! those shouts! that sudden din
Of little hearts that laugh within.
Oh, take him where the youngsters play,
And he will grow as young as they!
They come! they come! each blue-eyed Sport,
The Twelfth-Night King and all his court—
'Tis Mirth fresh crown'd with mistletoe!
Music with her merry fiddles,
Joy "on light fantastic toe,"
Wit with all his jests and riddles,
Singing and dancing as they go,
And Love, young Love, among the rest,
A welcome—nor unbidden guest.

But still for Summer dost thou grieve?
Then read our Poets—they shall weave
A garden of green fancies still,
Where thy wish may rove at will.
They have kept for after treats
The essences of summer sweets,
And echoes of its songs that wind
In endless music through the mind:
They have stamp'd in visible traces
The "thoughts that breathe," in words that shine—
The flights of soul in sunny places—
To greet and company with thine.
These shall wing thee on to flowers—
The past or future, that shall seem
All the brighter in thy dream
For blowing in such desert hours.

The summer never shines so bright
As thought of in a winter's night ;
And the sweetest, loveliest rose
Is in the bud before it blows.
The dear one of the lover's heart
Is painted to his longing eyes
In charms she ne'er can realise—
But when she turns again to part.
Dream thou then, and bind thy brow
With wreath of fancy roses now,
And drink of Summer in the cup
Where the Muse hath mix'd it up ;
The "dance, and song, and sunburnt mirth,"*
With the warm nectar of the earth ;
Drink ! 'twill glow in every vein,
And thou shalt dream the winter through :
Then waken to the sun again,
And find thy Summer Vision true !

SONG.

FOR MUSIC.

A LAKE and a fairy boat
To sail in the moonlight clear,—
And merrily we would float
From the dragons that watch us here !

Thy gown should be snow-white silk,
And strings of orient pearls,
Like gossamers dipp'd in milk,
Should twine with thy raven curls !

Red rubies should deck thy hands,
And diamonds should be thy dower—
But fairies have broke their wands,
And wishing has lost its power !

ODE :

AUTUMN.

I.

I SAW old Autumn in the misty morn
Stand shadowless like Silence, listening
To silence, for no lonely bird would sing
Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn,

* KEATS, "Ode to a Grecian Urn."

Nor lowly hedge nor solitary thorn ;—
Shaking his languid locks all dewy bright
With tangled gossamer that fell by night,
Pearling his coronet of golden corn.

II.

Where are the songs of Summer ?—With the sun,
Oping the dusky eyelids of the South,
Till shade and silence waken up as one,
And Morning sings with a warm odorous mouth.
Where are the merry birds ?—Away, away,
On panting wings through the inclement skies,
Lest owls should prey
Undazzled at noonday,
And tear with horny beak their lustrous eyes.

III.

Where are the blooms of Summer ?—In the West,
Blushing their last to the last sunny hours,
When the mild eve by sudden night is prest
Like tearful Proserpine, snatch'd from her flowers,
To a most gloomy breast.
Where is the pride of Summer,—the green prime —
The many, many leaves all twinkling ?—Three
On the moss'd elm ; three on the naked lime
Trembling,—and one upon the old oak-tree !
Where is the Dryad's immortality ?—
Gone into mournful cypress and dark yew,
Or wearing the long gloomy Winter through
In the smooth holly's green eternity.

IV.

The squirrel gloats on his accomplish'd hoard,
The ants have brimm'd their garners with ripe grain
And honey-bees have stored
The sweets of Summer in their luscious cells ;
The swallows all have wing'd across the main ;
But here the Autumn melancholy dwells,
And sighs her tearful spells
Amongst the sunless shadows of the plain.
Alone, alone,
Upon a mossy stone,
She sits and reckons up the dead and gone,
With the last leaves for a love-rosary,
Whilst all the wither'd world looks drearily,
Like a dim picture of the drowned past
In the hush'd mind's mysterious far away,
Doubtful what ghostly thing will steal the last
Into that distance, grey upon the grey.

v.

Oh, go and sit with her, and be o'ershaded
Under the languid downfall of her hair :
She wears a coronal of flowers faded
Upon her forehead, and a face of care ;—
There is enough of wither'd everywhere
To make her bower,—and enough of gloom ;
There is enough of sadness to invite,
If only for the rose that died,—whose doom
Is Beauty's—she that with the living bloom
Of conscious cheeks most beautifies the light ;—
There is enough of sorrowing, and quite
Enough of bitter fruits the earth doth bear,—
Enough of chilly droppings for her bowl ;
Enough of fear and shadowy despair
To frame her cloudy prison for the soul !

BALLAD.

SPRING it is cheery,
Winter is dreary,
Green leaves hang, but the brown must fly ;
When he's forsaken,
Wither'd and shaken,
What can an old man do but die ?

Love will not clip him,
Maids will not lip him,
Maud and Marian pass him by ;
Youth it is sunny,
Age has no honey,—
What can an old man do but die ?

June it was jolly,
Oh, for its folly !
A dancing leg and a laughing eye ;
Youth may be silly,
Wisdom is chilly,—
What can an old man do but die ?

Friends they are scanty,
Beggars are plenty,
If he has followers, I know why ;
Gold's in his clutches
(Buying him crutches !)—
What can an old man do but die ?

HYMN TO THE SUN.

GIVER of glowing light!
Though but a god of other days,
The kings and sages
Of wiser ages
Still live and gladden in thy genial rays!

King of the tuneful lyre,
Still poets' hymns to thee belong;
Though lips are cold
Whereon of old
Thy beams all turn'd to worshipping and song!

Lord of the dreadful bow,
None triumph now for Python's death;
But thou dost save
From hungry grave
The life that hangs upon a summer breath.

Father of rosy day,
No more thy clouds of incense rise;
But waking flowers,
At morning hours,
Give out their sweets to meet thee in the skies.

God of the Delphic fane,
No more thou listenest to hymns sublime;
But they will leave
On winds at eve,
A solemn echo to the end of time.

TO A COLD BEAUTY.

I.

LADY, wouldst thou heiress be
To Winter's cold and cruel part?
When he sets the rivers free,
Thou dost still lock up thy heart;—
Thou that shouldst outlast the snow
But in the whiteness of thy brow?

II.

Scorn and cold neglect are made
For winter gloom and winter wind;
But thou wilt wrong the summer air,
Breathing it to words unkind,—
Breath which only should belong
To love, to sunlight, and to song!

III.

When the little buds unclose,
  Red, and white, and pied, and blue,
And that virgin flower, the rose,
  Opes her heart to hold the dew,
Wilt thou lock thy bosom up
With no jewel in its cup?

IV.

Let not cold December sit
  Thus in Love's peculiar throne;—
Brooklets are not prison'd now,
  But crystal frosts are all agone,
And that which hangs upon the spray,
It is no snow, but flower of May!

AUTUMN.

I.

THE Autumn skies are flush'd with gold,
And fair and bright the rivers run;
These are but streams of winter cold,
And painted mists that quench the sun.

II.

In secret boughs no sweet birds sing,
In secret boughs no bird can shroud;
These are but leaves that take to wing,
And wintry winds that pipe so loud.

III.

'Tis not trees' shade, but cloudy glooms,
That on the cheerless valleys fall;
The flowers are in their grassy tombs,
And tears of dew are on them all.

RUTH.

SHE stood breast-high amid the corn,
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripen'd ;—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veil'd a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim ;—
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks :—

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean :
Lay thy sheaf adown, and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

THE SEA OF DEATH.

A FRAGMENT.

———METHOUGHT I saw
Life swiftly treading over endless space ;
And, at her footprint, but a bygone pace,
The ocean-past, which, with increasing wave,
Swallow'd her steps like a pursuing grave.

Sad were my thoughts, that anchor'd silently
On the dead waters of that passionless sea,
Unstirr'd by any touch of living breath :
Silence hung over it, and drowsy Death,
Like a gorged sea-bird, slept with folded wings
On crowded carcases—sad passive things,
That wore the thin grey surface, like a veil
Over the calmness of their features pale.

And there were spring-faced cherubs, that did sleep
Like waterlilies on that motionless deep—
How beautiful ! with bright unruffled hair
On sleek, unfretted brows, and eyes that were
Buried in marble tombs, a pale eclipse !
And smile-bedimpled cheeks, and pleasant lips,
Meekly apart, as if the soul intense
Spake out in dreams of its own innocence :
And so they lay in loveliness, and kept
The birth-night of their peace, that Life e'en wept

With very envy of their happy fronts ;
For there were neighbour brows scarr'd by the brunts
Of strife and sorrowing, where Care had set
His crooked autograph, and marr'd the jet
Of glossy locks with hollow eyes forlorn,
And lips that curl'd in bitterness and scorn—
Wretched,—as they had breathed of this world's pain,
And so bequeath'd it to the world again
Through the beholder's heart in heavy sighs.

So lay they garmented in torpid light,
Under the pall of a transparent night,
Like solemn apparitions lull'd sublime
To everlasting rest,—and with them Time
Slept, as he sleeps upon the silent face
Of a dark dial in a sunless place.

BALLAD.

SHE'S up and gone, the graceless girl!
And robb'd my failing years ;
My blood before was thin and cold,
But now 'tis turn'd to tears ;—
My shadow falls upon my grave,
So near the brink I stand ;
She might have stay'd a little yet,
And led me by the hand !

Ay, call her on the barren moor,
And call her on the hill ;
'Tis nothing but the heron's cry,
And plover's answer shrill ;
My child is flown on wilder wings
Than they have ever spread,
And I may even walk a waste
That widen'd when she fled.

Full many a thankless child has been,
But never one like mine ;
Her meat was served on plates of gold,
Her drink was rosy wine.
But now she'll share the robin's food,
And sup the common rill,
Before her feet will turn again
To meet her father's will !

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I.

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

II.

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet!

III.

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

IV.

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

BALLAD.

SIGH on, sad heart, for Love's eclipse
And Beauty's fairest queen,
Tho' 'tis not for my peasant lips
To soil her name between :
A king might lay his sceptre down,
But I am poor and nought ;
The brow should wear a golden crown
That wears her in its thought.

The diamonds glancing in her hair,
Whose sudden beams surprise,
Might bid such humble hopes beware
The glancing of her eyes ;
Yet looking once, I look'd too long,
And if my love is sin,
Death follows on the heels of wrong,
And kills the crime within.

Her dress seem'd wove of lily leaves,
It was so pure and fine ;
Oh, lofty wears, and lowly weaves,
But hoddan-grey is mine ;
And homely hose must step apart
Where garter'd princes stand,
But may he wear my love at heart
That wins her lily hand !

Alas ! there's far from russet frieze
To silks and satin gowns,
But I doubt if God made like degrees
In courtly hearts and clowns.
My father wrong'd a maiden's mirth,
And brought her cheeks to blame,
And all that's lordly of my birth
Is my reproach and shame !

'Tis vain to weep,—'tis vain to sigh,
'Tis vain, this idle speech,
For where her happy pearls do lie
My tears may never reach ;
Yet, when I'm gone, e'en lofty pride
May say of what has been,
His love was nobly born and died,
Tho' all the rest was mean !

My speech is rude,—but speech is weak
Such love as mine to tell,
Yet had I words, I dare not speak,
So, Lady, fare thee well!
I will not wish thy better state
Was one of low degree,
But I must weep that partial fate
Made such a churl of me.

THE WATER LADY.

ALAS, the moon should ever beam
To show what man should never see!—
I saw a maiden on a stream,
And fair was she!

I stay'd awhile to see her throw
Her tresses back, that all beset
The fair horizon of her brow
With clouds of jet.

I stay'd a little while to view
Her cheek, that wore, in place of red,
The bloom of water, tender blue,
Daintily spread.

I stay'd to watch, a little space,
Her parted lips if she would sing;
The waters closed above her face
With many a ring.

And still I stay'd a little more—
Alas! she never comes again;
I throw my flowers from the shore,
And watch in vain.

I know my life will fade away,
I know that I must vainly pine,
For I am made of mortal clay,
But she's divine!

THE EXILE.

THE swallow with summer
Will wing o'er the seas,
The wind that I sigh to
Will visit thy trees,
The ship that it hastens
Thy ports will contain,
But me—I must never
See England again!

There's many that weep there,
But one weeps alone,
For the tears that are falling
So far from her own;
So far from thy own, love,
We know not our pain,
If death is between us,
Or only the main.

When the white cloud reclines
On the verge of the sea,
I fancy the white cliffs,
And dream upon thee:
But the cloud spreads it wings
To the blue heaven, and flies:
We never shall meet, love,
Except in the skies!

TO AN ABSENTEE.

O'ER hill, and dale, and distant sea,
Through all the miles that stretch between,
My thought must fly to rest on thee,
And would though worlds should intervene.

Nay, thou art now so dear, methinks
The farther we are forced apart,
Affection's firm elastic links
But bind the closer round the heart.

For now we sever each from each,
I learn what I have lost in thee;
Alas, that nothing less could teach
How great indeed my love should be!

Farewell! I did not know thy worth,
But thou art gone, and now 'tis prized:
So angels walk'd unknown on earth,
But when they flew, were recognized!

SONG.

I.

THE stars are with the voyager
Wherever he may sail;
The moon is constant to her time;
The sun will never fail;
But follow, follow round the world,
The green earth and the sea;
So love is with the lover's heart,
Wherever he may be.

II.

Wherever he may be, the stars
Must daily lose their light;
The moon will veil her in the shade,
The sun will set at night,
The sun may set, but constant love
Will shine when he's away;
So that dull night is never night,
And day is brighter day.

ODE TO THE MOON.

I.

MOTHER of light! how fairly dost thou go
Over those hoary crests, divinely led!—
Art thou that huntress of the silver bow
Fabled of old? Or rather, dost thou tread
Those cloudy summits thence to gaze below,
Like the wild chamois from her Alpine snow,
Where hunter never climb'd,—secure from dread?
How many antique fancies have I read
Of that mild presence! and how many wrought!
Wondrous and bright,
Upon the silver light,
Chasing fair figures with the artist, Thought!

II.

What art thou like?—Sometimes I see thee ride
A far-bound galley on its perilous way,
Whilst breezy waves toss up their silvery spray;—
Sometimes behold thee glide,
Cluster'd by all thy family of stars,
Like a lone widow, through the welkin wide,
Whose pallid cheek the midnight sorrow mars;—
Sometimes I watch thee on from steep to steep,
Timidly lighted by thy vestal torch,
Till in some Latmian cave I see thee creep,
To catch the young Endymion asleep,—
Leaving thy splendour at the jagged porch!—

III.

Oh, thou art beautiful, howe'er it be—
Huntress, or Dian, or whatever named;
And he the veriest Pagan that first framed
A silver idol, and ne'er worshipp'd thee!

It is too late, or thou shouldst have my knee;
Too late now for the old Ephesian vows,
And not divine the crescent on thy brows!—
Yet, call thee nothing but the mere mild Moon,
Behind those chestnut boughs,
Casting their dappled shadows at my feet,
I will be grateful for that simple boon,
In many a thoughtful verse and anthem sweet,
And bless thy dainty face whene'er we meet.

IV.

In nights far gone,—ay, far away and dead,—
Before Care fretted with a lidless eye,—
I was thy wooer on my little bed,
Letting the early hours of rest go by,
To see thee flood the heaven with milky light,
And feed thy snow-white swans, before I slept;
For thou wert then purveyor of my dreams,—
Thou wert the fairies' armourer, that kept
Their burnish'd helms, and crowns, and corselets bright,
Their spears, and glittering mails;
And ever thou didst spill in winding streams
Sparkles and midnight gleams,
For fishes to new gloss their argent scales!

V.

Why sighs?—why creeping tears?—why clasped hands?—
Is it to count the boy's expended dower?
That fairies since have broke their gifted wands?
That young Delight, like any o'erblown flower,
Gave, one by one, its sweet leaves to the ground?—
Why then, fair Moon, for all thou mark'st no hour,
Thou art a sadder dial to Old Time
Than ever I have found
On sunny garden-plot, or moss-grown tower,
Motto'd with stern and melancholy rhyme.

VI.

Why should I grieve for this?—Oh, I must yearn,
Whilst Time, conspirator with Memory,
Keeps his cold ashes in an ancient urn,
Richly emboss'd with childhood's revelry,
With leaves and cluster'd fruits, and flowers eterne
(Eternal to the world, though not to me).
Aye there will those brave sports and blossoms be,
The deathless wreath, and undecay'd festoon,
When I am hearsed within,—
Less than the pallid primrose to the Moon,
That now she watches through a vapour thin,

VII.

So let it be :—Before I lived to sigh,
Thou wert in Avon and a thousand rills,
Beautiful Orb ! and so, whene'er I lie
Trodden, thou wilt be gazing from thy hills.
Blest be thy loving light, where'er it spills,
And blessed thy fair face, O Mother mild !
Still shine, the soul of rivers as they run,
Still lend thy lonely lamp to lovers fond,
And blend their plighted shadows into one :—
Still smile at even on the bedded child,
And close his eyelids with thy silver wand !—

TO ——.

WELCOME, dear Heart, and a most kind good-morrow ;
The day is gloomy, but our looks shall shine :—
Flowers I have none to give thee, but I borrow
Their sweetness in a verse to speak for thine.

Here are red Roses, gather'd at thy cheeks,—
The white were all too happy to look white :
For love the Rose, for faith the Lily speaks ;
It withers in false hands, but here 'tis bright !

Dost love sweet Hyacinth ? Its scented leaf
Curls manifold,—all love's delights blow double :
'Tis said this floweret is inscribed with grief,—
But let that hint of a forgotten trouble.

I pluck'd the Primrose at night's dewy noon ;
Like Hope, it show'd its blossoms in the night ;—
'Twas, like Endymion, watching for the Moon !
And here are Sunflowers, amorous of light !

These golden Buttercups are April's seal,—
The Daisy stars her constellations be :
These grew so lowly, I was forced to kneel,
Therefore I pluck no Daisies but for thee !

Here's Daisies for the morn, Primrose for gloom,
Pansies and Roses for the noontide hours :—
A wight once made a dial of their bloom,—
So may thy life be measured out by flowers !

THE FORSAKEN.

THE dead are in their silent graves,
And the dew is cold above,
And the living weep and sigh
Over dust that once was love.

Once I only wept the dead,
But now the living cause my pain:
How couldst thou steal me from my tears,
To leave me to my tears again?

My mother rests beneath the sod,—
Her rest is calm and very deep:
I wish'd that she could see our loves,—
But now I gladden in her sleep.

Last night unbound my raven locks,
The morning saw them turn'd to grey;
Once they were black and well beloved,
But thou art changed,—and so are they!

The useless lock I gave thee once,
To gaze upon and think of me,
Was ta'en with smiles,—but this was torn
In sorrow that I send to thee!

AUTUMN.

THE Autumn is old,
The sere leaves are flying;—
He hath gather'd up gold,
And now he is dying;—
Old age, begin sighing!

The vintage is ripe,
The harvest is heaping;—
But some that have sow'd
Have no riches for reaping;—
Poor wretch, fall a-weeping!

The year's in the wane,
There is nothing adorning,
The night has no eve,
And the day has no morning;—
Cold winter gives warning.

The rivers run chill,
The red sun is sinking,
And I am grown old,
And life is fast shrinking;—
Here's enow for sad thinking!

ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

COME let us set our careful breasts,
Like Philomel, against the thorn,
To aggravate the inward grief
That makes her accents so forlorn.
The world has many cruel points,
Whereby our bosoms have been torn,
And there are dainty themes of grief,
In sadness to outlast the morn,—
True honour's dearth, affection's death,
Neglectful pride, and cankering scorn,
With all the piteous tales that tears
Have water'd since the world was born.

The world!—it is a wilderness,
Where tears are hung on every tree;
For thus my gloomy phantasy
Makes all things weep with me!
Come let us sit and watch the sky,
And fancy clouds where no clouds be;
Grief is enough to blot the eye,
And make heaven black with misery.
Why should birds sing such merry notes,
Unless they were more blest than we?
No sorrow ever chokes their throats,
Except sweet nightingale; for she
Was born to pain our hearts the more
With her sad melody.
Why shines the sun, except that he
Makes gloomy nooks for Grief to hide,
And pensive shades for Melancholy,
When all the earth is bright beside?
Let clay wear smiles, and green grass wave,
Mirth shall not win us back again,
Whilst man is made of his own grave,
And fairest clouds but gilded rain!

I saw my mother in her shroud,
Her cheek was cold and very pale;
And ever since I've look'd on all
As creatures only doom'd to fail!
Why do buds ope, except to die?
Ay, let us watch the roses wither,
And think of our loves' cheeks;
And oh, how quickly time doth fly
To bring Death's winter hither!
Minutes, hours, days, and weeks,
Months, years, and ages, shrink to nought;
An age past is but a thought!

Ay, let us think of him awhile,
That, with a coffin for a boat,
Rows daily o'er the Stygian moat,
And for our table choose a tomb:
There's dark enough in any skull
To charge with black a raven plume;
And for the saddest funeral thoughts
A winding-sheet hath ample room,
Where Death, with his keen-pointed style,
Hath writ the common doom.
How wide the yew-tree spreads its gloom,
And o'er the dead lets fall its dew,
As if in tears it wept for them,
The many human families
That sleep around its stem!
How cold the dead have made these stones,
With natural drops kept ever wet!
Lo! here the best, the worst, the world
Doth now remember or forget,
Are in one common ruin hurl'd,
And love and hate are calmly met;
The loveliest eyes that ever shone,
The fairest hands, and locks of jet.
Is't not enough to vex our souls,
And fill our eyes, that we have set
Our love upon a rose's leaf,
Our hearts upon a violet?
Blue eyes, red cheeks, are frailer yet;
And, sometimes, at their swift decay
Beforehand we must fret:
The roses bud and bloom again;
But love may haunt the grave of love,
And watch the mould in vain.

Oh, clasp me, sweet, whilst thou art mine,
And do not take my tears amiss;
For tears must flow to wash away
A thought that shows so stern as this;
Forgive, if somewhile I forget,
In woe to come, the present bliss.
As frighted Proserpine let fall
Her flowers at the sight of Dis,
Even so the dark and bright will kiss.
The sunniest things throw sternest shade,
And there is even a happiness
That makes the heart afraid!

Now let us with a spell invoke
The full-orb'd moon to grieve our eyes;
Not bright, not bright, but, with a cloud
Lapp'd all about her, let her rise

All pale and dim, as if from rest
The ghost of the late buried sun
Had crept into the skies.
The Moon ! she is the source of sighs,
The very face to make us sad ;
If but to think in other times
The same calm, quiet look she had,
As if the world held nothing base
Of vile and mean, of fierce and bad ;
The same fair light that shone in streams,
The fairy lamp that charm'd the lad ;
For so it is, with spent delights
She taunts men's brains, and makes them mad.

All things are touch'd with Melancholy,
Born of the secret soul's mistrust,
To feel her fair ethereal wings
Weigh'd down with vile degraded dust ;
Even the bright extremes of joy
Bring on conclusions of disgust,
Like the sweet blossoms of the May,
Whose fragrance ends in must.
Oh, give her, then, her tribute just,
Her sighs, and tears, and musings holy !
There is no music in the life
That sounds with idiot laughter solely ;
There's not a string attuned to mirth
But has its chord in Melancholy.

SONNET

ON MISTRESS NICELY, A PATTERN FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

Written after seeing Mrs Davenport in the character at Covent Garden.

SHE was a woman peerless in her station,
With household virtues wedded to her name ;
Spotless in linen, grass-bleach'd in her fame,
And pure and clear-starch'd in her conversation ;—
Thence in my Castle of Imagination
She dwells for evermore, the dainty dame,
To keep all airy draperies from shame,
And all dream furnitures in preservation :
There walketh she with keys quite silver bright,
In perfect hose, and shoes of seemly black,
Apron and stomacher of lily-white,
And decent order follows in her track ;
The burnish'd plate grows lustrous in her sight,
And polish'd floors and tables shine her back.

SONNET.

WRITTEN IN A VOLUME OF SHAKESPEARE.

How bravely Autumn paints upon the sky
The gorgeous fame of Summer which is fled!
Hues of all flowers that in their ashes lie,
Trophied in that fair light whereon they fed,
Tulip, and hyacinth, and sweet rose red,—
Like exhalations from the leafy mould,
Look here how honour glorifies the dead,
And warms their scutcheons with a glance of gold!—
Such is the memory of poets old,
Who on Parnassus' hill have bloom'd elate;
Now they are laid under their marbles cold,
And turn'd to clay, whereof they were create;
But God Apollo hath them all enroll'd,
And blazon'd on the very clouds of fate!

SONNET.

TO FANCY.

Most delicate Ariel! submissive thing,
Won by the mind's high magic to its hest,—
Invisible embassy, or secret guest,—
Weighing the light air on a lighter wing;—
Whether into the midnight moon, to bring
Illuminate visions to the eye of rest,—
Or rich romances from the florid West,—
Or to the sea, for mystic whispering,—
Still by thy charm'd allegiance to the will,
The fruitful wishes prosper in the brain,
As by the fingering of fairy skill,—
Moonlight, and waters, and soft music's strain,
Odours, and blooms, and *my* Miranda's smile,
Making this dull world an enchanted isle.

SONNET.

TO AN ENTHUSIAST.

Young ardent soul, graced with fair Nature's truth,
Spring warmth of heart, and fervency of mind,
And still a large late love of all thy kind,
Spite of the world's cold practice and Time's tooth,—
For all these gifts, I know not, in fair sooth,
Whether to give thee joy, or bid thee blind
Thine eyes with tears,—that thou has not resign'd
The passionate fire and freshness of thy youth;

For as the current of thy life shall flow,
Gilded by shine of sun or shadow-stain'd,
Through flowery valley or unwholesome fen,
Thrice blessed in thy joy, or in thy woe
Thrice cursed of thy race,—thou art ordain'd
To share beyond the lot of common men.

SONNET.

It is not death, that sometime in a sigh
This eloquent breath shall take its speechless flight;
That sometime these bright stars, that now reply
In sunlight to the sun, shall set in night;
That this warm conscious flesh shall perish quite,
And all life's ruddy springs forget to flow;
That thoughts shall cease, and the immortal sprite
Be lapp'd in alien clay and laid below;—
It is not death to know this,—but to know
That pious thoughts, which visit at new graves
In tender pilgrimage, will cease to go
So duly and so oft,—and when grass waves
Over the passed-away, there may be then
No resurrection in the minds of men.

SONNET.

By every sweet tradition of true hearts,
Graven by Time, in love with his own lore;
By all old martyrdoms and antique smarts,
Wherein Love died to be alive the more;
Yea, by the sad impression on the shore
Left by the drown'd Leander, to endear
That coast for ever, where the billow's roar
Moaneth for pity in the Poet's ear;
By Hero's faith, and the foreboding tear
That quench'd her brand's last twinkle in its fall;
By Sappho's leap, and the low rustling fear
That sigh'd around her flight;—I swear by all,
The world shall find such pattern in my act,
As if Love's great examples still were lack'd.

SONNET.

ON RECEIVING A GIFT.

Look how the golden ocean shines above
Its pebbly stones, and magnifies their girth;
So does the bright and blessed light of Love
Its own things glorify, and raise their worth.

As weeds seem flowers beneath the flattering brine,
And stones like gems, and gems as gems indeed,
Even so our tokens shine; nay, they outshine
Pebbles and pearls, and gems and coral weed;
For where be ocean waves but half so clear,
So calmly constant, and so kindly warm,
As Love's most mild and glowing atmosphere,
That hath no dregs to be upturn'd by storm?
Thus, sweet, thy gracious gifts are gifts of price,
And more than gold to doting Avarice.

SONNET.

THE curse of Adam, the old curse of all,
Though I inherit in this feverish life
Of worldly toil, vain wishes, and hard strife,
And fruitless thought, in Care's eternal thrall,
Yet more sweet honey than of bitter gall
I taste, through thee, my Eva, my sweet wife.
Then what was Man's lost Paradise!—how rife
Of bliss, since love is with him in his fall!
Such as our own pure passion still might frame,
Of this fair earth and its delightful bowers,
If no fell sorrow, like the serpent, came
To trail its venom o'er the sweetest flowers;—
But oh! as many and such tears are ours,
As only should be shed for guilt and shame!

SONNET.

LOVE, dearest Lady, such as I would speak,
Lives not within the humour of the eye;—
Not being but an outward phantasy,
That skims the surface of a tinted cheek,—
Else it would wane with beauty, and grow weak,
As if the rose made summer,—and so lie
Amongst the perishable things that die,
Unlike the love which I would give and seek:
Whose health is of no hue—to feel decay
With cheeks' decay, that have a rosy prime.
Love is its own great loveliness alway,
And takes new lustre from the touch of time;
Its bough owns no December and no May,
But bears its blossom into Winter's clime.

SONNET.

SILENCE.

THERE is a silence where hath been no sound,
  There is a silence where no sound may be,
  In the cold grave—under the deep, deep sea,
Or in wide desert where no life is found,
Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound;
  No voice is hush'd—no life treads silently,
  But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,
That never spoke, over the idle ground:
But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
  Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,
Though the dun fox or wild hyena calls,
  And owls, that flit continually between,
Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,—
There the true Silence is, self-conscious and alone.

CONTRIBUTIONS

TO

"THE GEM."*

A WIDOW

HATH always been a mark for mockery :—a standing butt for wit to level at. Jest after jest hath been huddled upon her close cap, and stuck, like burrs, upon her weeds. Her sables are a perpetual "Black Joke."

Satirists—prose and verse—have made merry with her bereavements. She is a stock character on the stage. Farce bottleth up her crocodile tears, or labelleth her empty lachrymatories. Comedy mocketh her precocious flirtations—Tragedy even girdeth at her frailty, and twitteth her with "the funeral baked meats coldly furnishing forth the marriage tables."

I confess, when I called the other day on my kinswoman G.—then in the second week of her widowhood—and saw her sitting, her young boy by her side, in her recent sables, I felt unable to reconcile her estate with any risible associations. The lady with a skeleton moiety—in the old print, in Bowles's old shop-window—seemed but a type of her condition. Her husband—a whole hemisphere in love's world—was deficient. One complete side—her left—was death-stricken. It was a matrimonial paralysis, unprovocative of laughter. I could as soon have tittered at one of those melancholy objects that drag their poor dead-alive bodies about our streets.

It seems difficult to account for the popular prejudice against lone women. There is a majority, I trust, of such honest, decorous mourners as my kinswoman : yet are widows, like the Hebrew, a proverb and a byeword amongst nations. From the first putting on of the sooty garments, they become a stock joke—chimney-sweep or blackamoor is not surer—by mere virtue of their nigritude.

* The Gem : a Literary Annual. Edited by Thomas Hood, Esq. London : W. Marshall, 1829.

Are the wanton amatory glances of a few pairs of graceless eyes, twinkling through their cunning waters, to reflect so evil a light on a whole community? Verily the sad benighted orbs of that noble relict —the Lady Rachel Russell—blinded through unserene drops for her dead Lord,—might atone for all such oglings!

Are the traditional freaks of a Dame of Ephesus, or a Wife of Bath, or a Queen of Denmark, to cast so broad a shadow over a whole sisterhood? There must be, methinks, some more general infirmity—common, probably, to all Eve-kind—to justify so sweeping a stigma.

Does the satiric spirit, perhaps, institute splenetic comparisons between the lofty poetical pretensions of posthumous tenderness and their fulfilment? The sentiments of Love especially affect a high heroical pitch, of which the human performance can present, at best, but a burlesque parody. A widow, that hath lived only for her husband, should die with him. She is flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone; and it is not seemly for a mere rib to be his survivor. The prose of her practice accords not with the poetry of her professions. She hath done with the world,—and you meet her in Regent Street. Earth hath now nothing left for her—but she swears and administers. She cannot survive him—and invests in the *Long* Annuities.

The romantic fancy resents, and the satiric spirit records, these discrepancies. By the conjugal theory itself there ought to be no widows; and, accordingly, a class that, by our milder manners, is merely ridiculed, on the ruder banks of the Ganges is literally *roasted*.*

THE FAREWELL.

TO A FRENCH AIR.

FARE thee well,
Gabrielle!
Whilst I join France,
With bright cuirass and lance!
Trumpets swell,
Gabrielle!
War-horses prance,
And cavaliers advance;
In the night,
Ere the fight,
In the night,
I'll think of thee!
And in prayer,
Lady fair!
In *thy* prayer,
Then think of me!

Death may knell,
Gabrielle!
Where my plumes dance,
By arquebuss or lance!
Then farewell,
Gabrielle!
Take my last glance!
Fair Miracle of France!

* The above was written in imitation of the style of Charles Lamb, and to render the hoax complete, was actually signed with his name.

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

'TWAS in the prime of summer-time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran, and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouch'd by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can;
But the Usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease;
So he lean'd his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees!

Leaf after leaf, he turn'd it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside;
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide:
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome;
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strain'd the dusky covers close,
And fix'd the brazen hasp:
"O God! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook,—
And, lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book!

"My gentle lad, what is't you read—
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
"It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The Usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talk'd with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod,—
Aye, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts,
Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain:
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!

"And well," quoth he, "I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme,—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe—
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder in a dream!

"One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man, and old:
I led him to a lonely field,—
The moon shone clear and cold:
'Now here,' said I, 'this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!'

"Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my foot
But lifeless flesh and bone!—

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I fear'd him all the more
For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look
That murder could not kill!

"And lo! the universal air
Seem'd lit with ghastly flame,—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame:
I took the dead man by the hand,
And call'd upon his name!

"O God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!
But when I touch'd the lifeless clay,
The blood gush'd out amain!
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain!

"My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the Devil's price:
A dozen times I groan'd; the dead
Had never groan'd but twice!

"And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the Blood-Avenging Sprite:—
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight!'

"I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme.—
My gentle Boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream!

"Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And vanish'd in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And wash'd my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young
That evening in the school!—

"O Heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in Evening Hymn:
Like a Devil of the Pit, I seem'd,
'Mid Holy Cherubim!

"And Peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain
That lighted me to bed;
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red!

"All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fever'd eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep:
For Sin had render'd unto her
The Keys of Hell to keep!

"All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That rack'd me all the time,—
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime!

"One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,—
Still urging me to go and see
The Dead Man in his grave!

"Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the Dead in the river-bed,
For the faithless stream was dry!

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dewdrop from its wing;
But I never mark'd its morning flight,
I never heard it sing:
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran,—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began;
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves
I hid the murder'd man!

"And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other where;
As soon as the midday task was done,
In secret I was there:
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare!

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep:
Or land, or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep!

"So wills the fierce Avenging Sprite,
Till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh—
The world shall see his bones!

"O God! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again—again, with a dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
It stands before me now!"—
The fearful boy look'd up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow!

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kiss'd,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walk'd between,
With gyves upon his wrist.*

ON A PICTURE OF HERO AND LEANDER.

WHY, Lover, why
Such a water-rover?
Would she love thee more
For coming *half seas over?*

Why, Cupid, why
Make the passage brighter?
Were not any boat
Better than a *lighter?*

Why, Lady, why
So in love with dipping?
Must a lad of *Greece*,
Come all over *dripping?*

Why, Maiden, why
So intrusive standing?
Must thou be on the stair
When he's on the *landing?*

A MAY-DAY.

I KNOW not what idle schemer or mad wag put such a folly into the head of my Lady Rasherly, but she resolved to celebrate a May-day after the old fashion, and convert Porkington Park—her Hampshire Leasowes—into a new Arcadia. Such revivals have always come to a bad end: the Golden Age is not to be regilt; Pastoral is gone out, and Pan extinct—Pans will not last for ever.

But Lady Rasherly's fête was fixed. A large order was sent to Ingram, of rustic celebrity, for nubbly sofas and crooked chairs; a letter was dispatched to the Manager of the P——h Theatre, begging a loan from the dramatic wardrobe; and old Jenkins, the steward, was sent through the village to assemble as many, male and female, of the barn-door kind, as he could muster. Happy for the Lady had her Hampshire peasantry been more pig-headed and hoggishly untractable, like the staple animal of the county: but the time came, and the tenants. Happy for her had the good-natured manager excused himself with a plea that the cottage-hats, and blue boddices, and russet skirts were bespoke, for that very night, by Rosina and her villagers. But the day came, and the dresses. I am told that old Jenkins and his helpmate had a world of trouble in the distribution of the borrowed plumes: this maiden turning up a pug-nose, still pugger, at a faded boddice; that damsel thrusting out a pair of original pouting lips, still more spout-like, at a rusty ribbon; carroty

* The late Admiral Burney went to school at an establishment where the unhappy Eugene Aram was usher, subsequent to his crime. The Admiral stated, that Aram was generally liked by the boys; and that he used to discourse to them about *murder*, in somewhat of the spirit which is attributed to him in the poem.—[*Note by the Author.*]

Celias wanted more roses in their hair, and dumpy Delias more flounces in their petticoats. There is a natural tact, however, in womankind as to matters of dress, that made them look tolerably when all was done: but pray except from this praise the gardener's daughter, Dolly Blossom,—a born sloven, with her horticultural hose, which she had *pruned* so often at top to *graft* at bottom, that, from long stockings, they had dwindled into short socks; and it seemed as if, by a similar process, she had coaxed her natural calves into her ankles. The men were less fortunate in their toilette: they looked slack in their tights, and tight in their slacks; to say nothing of Johnny Giles, who was so tight all over, that he looked as if he had stolen his clothes, and the clothes, turning King's evidence, were going to "*split* upon him."

In the meantime, the retainers at the Park had not been idle. The old mast was taken down from the old barn, and, stripped of its weather-cock, did duty as a May-pole. The trees and shrubs were hung with artificial garlands; and a large marquee made an agreeable contrast, in canvas, with the long lawn. An extempore wooden arbour had likewise been erected for the May Queen; and here stood my Lady Rasherly with her daughters: my Lady, with a full-moon face and a half-moon tiara, was Diana; the young ladies represented her nymphs, and they had all bows and arrows, Spanish hats and feathers, Lincoln green spensers and slashed sleeves,—the uniform of the Porkington Archery. There were, moreover, six younger young ladies—a loan from the parish school—who were to be the immediate attendants on her Sylvan Majesty, and, as they expressed it in their own simple Doric, "to *shy* flowers at her *fut!*"

And now the nymphs and swains began to assemble: Damon and Phillis, Strephon and Amaryllis—a nomenclature not a little puzzling to the performers, for Delia answered to Damon, and Chloe instead of Colin,—

"And though I called another, Abra came."

But I must treat you with a few personalities. Damon was one Darius Dobbs. He was entrusted with a fine tinsel crook and half-a-dozen sheep, which he was puzzled to keep, by hook or by crook, to the lawn; for Corydon, his fellow-shepherd, had quietly hung up his pastoral emblem, and walked off to the sign of the Rose and Crown. Poor Damon! there he sat looking the very original of Philips's line,—

"Ah, silly I, more silly than my sheep:"

And, to add to his perplexity, he could not help seeing and hearing Mary Jenks, his own sweetheart, who, having no lambs to keep, was romping where she would, and treating whom she would with a kindness by no means sneaking. Poor Darius Dobbs!

Gregory Giles was Colin; and he was sadly hampered with "two hands out of employ;" for, after feeling up his back, and down his bosom, and about his hips, he had discovered that, to save time and trouble, his stage-clothes had been made without pockets. But

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do;"

and, accordingly, he soon set Colin's fingers to work so busily, that they twiddled off all the buttons from his borrowed jacket.

Strephon was nothing particular, only a sky-blue body on a pair of chocolate-coloured legs. But Lubin was a jewel! He had formerly been a private in the Baconfield Yeomanry, and, therefore, thought proper to surmount his pastoral uniform with a cavalry cap! Such an incongruity was not to be overlooked. Old Jenkins remonstrated, but Lubin was obstinate; the steward persisted, and the other replied with a "positive negative;" and, in the end, Lubin went off in a huff to the Rose and Crown.

The force of *two* bad examples was too much for the virtue of Darius Dobbs: he threw away his crook, left his sheep to anybody, and ran off to the alehouse, and, what was worse, Colin was sent after him, and never came back!

The chief of the faithful shepherds who now remained at the Park was Hobbinol—one Josias Strong, a notorious glutton, who had won sundry wagers by devouring a leg of mutton and trimmings at a sitting. He was a big lubberly fellow, that had been born great, and had achieved greatness, but had not greatness thrust upon him. It was as much as he could do to keep his trousers,—for he was at once clown and pantaloon,—down to the knee, and more than he could do to keep them up to the waist; and, to crown all, having rashly squatted down on the lawn, the juicy herbage had left a stain behind, on his calimancoes, that still occupies the "greenest spot" in the memoirs of Baconfield.

There were some half-dozen of other rustics to the same pattern, but the fancy of my Lady Rasherly did not confine itself to the humanities. Old Joe Bradley, the blacksmith, was Pan; and truly he made a respectable satyr enough, for he came half drunk, and was rough, gruff, tawny and brawny, and bow-legged, and hadn't been shaved for a month. His cue was to walk about in buckskins, leading his own billy-goat, and he was followed up and down by his sister, Patty, whom the wags called *Patty Pan.*

The other deity was also a wet one—a Triton amongst mythologists, but Timothy Gubbins with his familiars,—the acknowledged dolt of the village, and remarkable for his weekly slumbers in the parish church. It had been ascertained that he could neither pipe, nor sing, nor dance, nor even keep sheep, so he was stuck with an urn under his arm, and a rush crown, as the God of the fishpond,—a task, simple as it was, that proved beyond his genius, for, after stupidly dozing awhile over his vase, he fell into a sound snoring sleep, out of which he cold-pigged himself by tumbling, urn and all, into his own fountain.

Misfortunes always come pick-a-back. The Rose and Crown happened to be a receiving house for the drowned, under the patronage the Humane Society, wherefore the *Water-God* insisted on going there *to be dried*, and Cuddy, who had pulled him out, insisted on going with him! These two had certainly some slight excuse for walking off to the alehouse, whereas, Sylvio thought proper to follow them without any excuse at all!

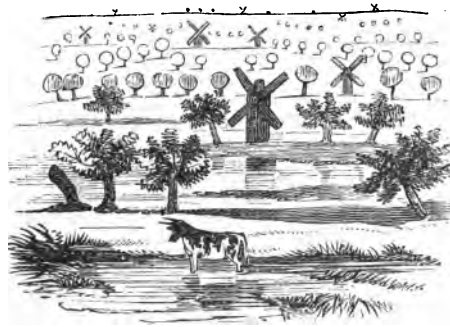
This mischance was but the prelude of new disasters. It was necessary, before beginning the sports of the day, to elect a MAY QUEEN,

and, by the influence of Lady Rasherly, the choice of the lieges fell upon Jenny Acres, a really pretty maiden, and worthy of the honour; but in the meantime, Dolly Wiggins, a brazen, strapping dairymaid, had quietly elected herself,—snatched a flower-basket from one of the six Floras, strewed her own path, and getting first to the royal arbour, squatted there firm and fast, and persisted in reigning as QUEEN in her own right. Hence arose civil and uncivil war,—and Alexis and Diggon, being interrupted in a boxing-match in the park, adjourned to the Rose and Crown to have it out; and as two can't make a ring, a round dozen of the shepherds went along with them for that purpose.

There now remained but five swains in Arcadia, and they had five nymphs apiece, besides Mary Jenks, who divided her favour equally amongst them all. There should have been next in order a singing match on the lawn, for a prize, after the fashion of Pope's Pastorals; but Corydon, one of the warblers, had bolted, and Palemon, who remained, had forgotten what was set down for him, though he obligingly offered to sing "Tom Bowling" instead. But Lady Rasherly thought proper to dispense with the song, and there being nothing else, or better, to do, she directed a movement to the marquee, in order to begin, though somewhat early, on the collation. Alas! even this was a failure. During the time of Gubbins's ducking—the Queen's coronation—and the boxing-match—Hobbinol, that great greedy lout, had been privily in the pavilion, glutting his constitutional voracity on the substantials, and he was now lying insensible and harmless, like a gorged boa-constrictor, by the side of the table. Pan, too, had been missing, and it was thought he was at the Rose and Crown,—but no such luck! He had been having a sly pull at the tent tankards, and from half drunk had got so whole drunk, that he could not hinder his goat from having a butt even at Diana herself, nor from entangling his horns in the table-cloth, by which the catastrophe of the collation was completed!

The rest of the fête consisted of a succession of misfortunes which it would be painful to dwell upon, and cruel to describe minutely. So I will but hint, briefly, how the fragments of the banquet were scrambled for by the Arcadians—how they danced afterwards round the Maypole, not tripping themselves like fairies, but tripping one another—how the Honourable Miss Rasherly, out of idleness, stood fitting the notch of an arrow to the string, and how the shaft went off of itself, and lodged, unluckily, in the calf of one of the caperers. I will leave to the imagination what suits were torn past mending or soiled beyond washing—the lamentations of old Jenkins—and the vows of Lady Rasherly and her daughters that there should be no more May-days at Porkington. Suffice it, that night found *all* the Arcadians at the Rose and Crown: and on the morrow, Diana and her nymphs were laid up with severe colds—Dolly Wiggins was out of place—Hobbinol in a surfeit—Alexis before a magistrate—Palemon at a surgeon's—Billy in the pound—and Pan in the stocks, with the fumes of the last night's liquor not yet evaporated from his grey gooseberry eyes.

CREAM OF THE COMIC ANNUALS.



A pastoral in A flat.

*THE PUGSLEY PAPERS.**

HOW the following correspondence came into my hands must remain a Waverley mystery. The Pugsley Papers were neither rescued from a garret, like the Evelyn,—collected from cartridges, like the Culloden, nor saved, like the Garrick, from being shredded into a snowstorm at a Winter Theatre. They were not snatched from a tailor's shears, like the original parchment of Magna Charta. They were neither the Legacy of a Dominie, nor the communications of My Landlord,—a consignment, like the Clinker Letters, from some Rev. Jonathan Dustwich,—nor the waifs and strays of a Twopenny Post Bag. They were not unrolled from ancient papyri. They were none of those that "line trunks, clothe spices," or paper the walls of old attics. They were neither given to me nor sold to me,—nor stolen,—nor borrowed and surreptitiously copied,—nor left in a hackney-coach, like Sheridan's play, nor misdelivered by a carrier-pigeon,—nor dreamt of, like Coleridge's Kubla Khan,—nor turned up in the Tower, like Milton's Foundling MS.,—nor dug up,—nor trumped up, like the Eastern Tales of Horam-harum Horam the Son of Asmar,—nor brought over by Rammohun Roy,—nor translated by Doctor Bowring from the Scandinavian, Batavian, Pomeranian, Spanish, or Danish, or Rus-

* Comic Annual, 1832.

sian, or Prussian, or any other language dead or living. They were not picked from the Dead Letter Office, nor purloined from the British Museum. In short, I cannot, dare not, will not, hint even at the mode of their acquisition: the reader must be content to know that, in point of authenticity, the Pugsley Papers are the extreme reverse of Lady L——'s celebrated Autographs, which were all written by the proprietor.

No. I.—*From Master* RICHARD PUGSLEY *to Master* ROBERT ROGERS, *at Number* 132 *Barbican.*

DEAR BOB,—Huzza!—Here I am in Lincolnshire! It's good-bye to Wellingtons and Cossacks, Ladies' double channels, Gentlemen's stout calf, and ditto ditto. They've all been sold off under prime cost, and the old Shoe Mart is disposed of, goodwill and fixtures, for ever and ever. Father has been made a rich Squire of by will, and we've got a house and fields and trees of our own. Such a garden, Bob!—It beats White Conduit.

Now, Bob, I'll tell you what I want. I want you to come down here for the holidays. Don't be afraid. Ask your Sister to ask your Mother to ask your Father to let you come. It's only ninety mile. If you're out of pocket-money, you can walk, and beg a lift now and then, or swing by the dickeys. Put on corduroys, and don't care for cut behind. The two prentices, George and Will, are here to be made farmers of, and brother Nick is took home from school to help in agriculture. We like farming very much, it's capital fun. Us four have got a gun, and go out shooting: it's a famous good un, and sure to go off, if you don't full cock it. Tiger is to be our shooting dog as soon as he has left off killing the sheep. He's a real savage, and worries cats beautiful. Before Father comes down, we mean to bait our bull with him.

There's plenty of New Rivers about, and we're going a fishing as soon as we have mended our top-joint. We've killed one of our sheep on the sly to get gentles. We've a pony too, to ride upon when we can catch him, but he's loose in the paddock, and has neither mane nor tail to signify to lay hold of. Isn't it prime, Bob? You *must* come. If your Mother won't give your Father leave to allow you,—run away. Remember, you turn up Goswell Street to go to Lincolnshire, and ask for Middlefen Hall. There's a pond full of frogs, but we won't pelt them till you come, but let it be before Sunday, as there's our own orchard to rob, and the fruit's to be gathered on Monday.

If you like sucking raw eggs, we know where the hens lay, and mother don't; and I'm bound there's lots of birds' nests. Do come, Bob, and I'll show you the wasps' nest, and everything that can make you comfortable. I daresay you could borrow your father's volunteer musket of him without his knowing of it; but be sure anyhow to bring the ramrod, as we have mislaid ours by firing it off. Don't forget some bird-lime, Bob—and some fish-hooks—and some different sorts of shot—and some gut and some gunpowder—and a gentle-box, and some flints,—some Mayflies,—and a powder-horn,—and a landing-net and a dog-whistle—and some porcupine quills, and

a bullet-mould—and a trolling-winch, and a shot-belt and a tin can. You pay for 'em, Bob, and I'll owe it you.—Your old friend and schoolfellow, RICHARD PUGSLEY.

No. II.—*From the Same to the Same.*

DEAR BOB,—When you come, bring us a 'bacco-pipe to load the gun with. If you don't come, it can come by the waggon. Our Public House is three mile off, and when you've walked there it's out of everything. Yours, &c., RICH. PUGSLEY.

No. III.—*From Miss* ANASTASIA PUGSLEY *to Miss* JEMIMA MOGGRIDGE, *at Gregory House Establishment for Young Ladies, Mile End.*

MY DEAR JEMIMA,—Deeply solicitous to gratify sensibility, by sympathising with our fortuitous elevation, I seize the epistolary implements to inform you, that by the testamentary disposition of a remote branch of consanguinity, our tutelary residence is removed from the metropolitan horizon to a pastoral district and its congenial pursuits. In futurity I shall be more pertinaciously superstitious in the astrological revelations of human destiny. You remember the mysterious gipsy at Hornsey Wood?—Well, the eventful fortune she obscurely intimated, though couched in vague terms, has come to pass in minutest particulars; for I perceive perspicuously, that it predicted that papa should sell off his boot and shoe business at 133 Barbican, to Clack & Son, of 144 Hatton Garden, and that we should retire, in a station of affluence, to Middlefen Hall, in Lincolnshire, by bequest of our great-great maternal uncle, Pollexfen Goldsworthy Wrigglesworth, Esq., who deceased suddenly of apoplexy at Wisbeach Market, in the ninety-third year of his venerable and lamented age.

At the risk of tedium, I will attempt a cursory delineation of our rural paradise, altho' I feel it would be morally arduous to give any idea of the romantic scenery of the Lincolnshire Fens. Conceive, as far as the visual organ expands, an immense sequestered level, abundantly irrigated with minute rivulets, and studded with tufted oaks, whilst more than a hundred windmills diversify the prospect and give a revolving animation to the scene. As for our own gardens and grounds, they are a perfect Vauxhall—excepting of course the rotunda, the orchestra, the company, the variegated lamps, the fireworks, and those very lofty trees. But I trust my dear Jemima will supersede topography by ocular inspection; and in the interim I send for acceptance a graphical view of the locality, shaded in Indian ink, which will suffice to convey an idea of the terrestrial verdure and celestial azure we enjoy, in lieu of the sable exhalations and architectural nigritude of the metropolis.

You who know my pastoral aspirings, and have been the indulgent confident of my votive tributes to the Muses, will conceive the refined nature of my enjoyment when I mention the intellectual repast of this morning. I never could enjoy Bloomfield in Barbican,—but to-day he read beautifully under our pear-tree. I look forward to the felicity

of reading Thomson's Summer with you on the green seat, and if engagements at Christmas permit your participation in the bard, there is a bower of evergreens that will be delightful for the perusal of his Winter.

I enclose, by request, an epistolary effusion from sister Dorothy, which I know will provoke your risible powers, by the domesticity of its details. You know she was always in the homely characteristics a perfect Cinderella, though I doubt whether even supernatural agency could adapt her foot to a diminutive vitrified slipper, or her hand for a prince of regal primogeniture. But I am summoned to receive, with family members, the felicitations of Lincolnshire aristocracy; though whatever necessary distinctions may prospectively occur between respective grades in life, they will only superficially affect the sentiments of eternal friendship between my dear Jemima and her affectionate friend, ANASTASIA PUGSLEY.

Cinderella.

No. IV.—*From Miss* DOROTHY PUGSLEY *to the Same.*

MY DEAR MISS JEMIMA,—Providence having been pleased to remove my domestic duties from Barbican to Lincolnshire, I trust I shall have strength of constitution to fulfil them as becomes my new allotted line of life. As we are not sent into this world to be idle, and Anastasia has declined housewifery, I have undertaken the Dairy, and the Brewery, and the Baking, and the Poultry, the Pigs and the Pastry,—and though I feel fatigued at first, use reconciles to labours and trials more severe than I at present enjoy. Altho' things may not turn out to wish at present, yet all well-directed efforts are sure to meet reward in the end, and altho' I have chumped and churned two days running, and it's nothing yet but curds and whey, I should be wrong to despair of eating butter of my own making before I die. Considering the adulteration committed by every article in London, I was never happier in any prospect than of drinking my own milk, fattening my own calves, and laying my own eggs. We cackle so much, I am sure we new-lay somewhere, tho' I cannot find out our nests; and I am looking every day to have chickens, as one pepper-and-salt-coloured hen has been sitting these two months. When a poor ignorant bird sets me such an example of patience, how can I

repine at the hardest domestic drudgery! Mother and I have worked like horses to be sure, ever since we came to the estate; but if we die in it, we know it's for the good of the family, and to agreeably surprise my Father, who is still in town winding up his books. For my own part, if it was right to look at things so selfishly, I should say I never was so happy in my life; though I own I have cried more since coming here than I ever remember before. You will confess my crosses and losses have been unusual trials, when I tell you, out of all my makings, and bakings, and brewings, and preservings, there has been nothing either eatable or drinkable; and what is more painful to an affectionate mind,—have half poisoned the whole family with home-made ketchup of toadstools, by mistake for mushrooms. When I reflect that they are preserved, I ought not to grieve about my damsons and bullaces, done by Mrs Maria Dover's receipt.

Among other things, we came into a beautiful closet of old China, which, I am shocked to say, is all destroyed by my preserving. The bullaces and damsons fomented, and blew up a great jar with a violent shock that smashed all the tea and coffee cups, and left nothing but the handles hanging in rows on the tenter-hooks. But to a resigned spirit there's always some comfort in calamities, and if the preserves work and foment so, there's some hope that my beer will, as it has been a month next Monday in the mash-tub. As for the loss of the elder-wine, candour compels me to say it was my own fault for letting the poor blind little animals crawl into the copper; but experience dictates next year not to boil the berries and kittens at the same time.

I mean to attempt cream cheese as soon as we can get cream,—but as yet we can't drive the Cows home to be milked for the Bull—he has twice hunted Grace and me into fits, and kept my poor Mother a whole morning in the pigstye. As I know you like country delicacies, you will receive a pound of my fresh butter when it comes, and I mean to add a cheese as soon as I can get one to stick together. I shall send also some family pork for Governess, of our own killing, as we wring a pig's neck on Saturday. I did hope to give you the unexpected treat of a home-made loaf, but it was forgot in the oven from ten to six, and so too black to offer. However, I hope to surprise you with one by Monday's carrier. Anastasia bids me add she will send a nosegay for respected Mrs Tombleson, if the plants don't die off before, which I am sorry to say is not improbable.

It's really shocking to see the failure of her cultivated taste, and one in particular, that must be owned a very pretty idea. When we came, there was a vast number of flower roots, but jumbled without any regular order, till Anastasia trowelled them all up and set them in again, in the quadrille figures. It must have looked sweetly elegant, if it had agreed with them, but they have all dwindled and drooped like deep declines and consumptions. Her dahlias and tulips too have turned out nothing but onions and kidney-potatoes, and her ten-week stocks have not come up in twenty. But as Shakespeare says, Adversity is a precious toad—that teaches us Patience is a jewel.

Considering the unsettled state of coming in, I must conclude, but

could not resist giving your friendliness a short account of the happy change that has occurred, and our increase of comforts. I would write more, but I know you will excuse my listening to the calls of dumb animals. It's the time I always scald the little pigs' bread and milks, and put saucers of clean water for the ducks and geese. There are the fowls' beds to make with fresh straw, and a hundred similar things that country people are obliged to think of.

Very Fond of Gardening.

The children, I am happy to say, are all well, only baby is a little fractious, we think from Grace setting him down in the nettles, and he was short-coated last week. Grace is poorly with a cold, and Anastasia has got a sore throat, from sitting up fruitlessly in the orchard to hear the nightingale ; — perhaps there may not be any in the Fens. I seem to have a trifling ague and rheumatism myself, but it may be only a stiffness from so much churning, and the great family wash-up of everything we had directly we came down, for the sake of grass-bleaching on the lawn. With these exceptions, we are all in perfect health and happiness, and unite in love, with dear Miss Jemima's affectionate friend,

DOROTHY PUGSLEY.

No. V.—*From Mrs* PUGSLEY *to Mrs* MUMFORD, *Bucklersbury.*

MY DEAR MARTHA,—In my ultimatum I informed of old Wrigglesworth paying his natural debts, and of the whole Middlefen estate coming from Lincolnshire to Barbican. I charged Mr P. to send bulletings into you with progressive reports, but between sisters, as I know you are very curious, I am going to make myself more particular. I take the opportunity of the family being all restive in bed, and the house all still, to give an account of our moving. The things all got here safe, with the exception of the Crockery and Glass, which came down with the dresser, about an hour after its arrival. Perhaps if we hadn't overloaded it with the whole of our breakables, it wouldn't have given way,—as it is, we have only one plate left, and that's chipt, and a mug without a spout to keep it in countenance. Our furniture, &c.,

came by the waggon, and I am sorry to say a poor family at the same time, and the little idle boys with their knives have carved and scarified my rosewood legs, and, what is worse, not of the same patterns: but as people say, two Lincolnshire removes are as bad as a fire of London.

The first thing I did on coming down, was to see to the sweeps going up,—but I wish I had been less precipitous, for the sooty wretches stole four good flitches of bacon, as was up the kitchen chimbly, quite unbeknown to me. We have filled up the vacancy with more, which smoke us dreadfully, but what is to be cured must be endured. My next thing was to have all holes and corners cleared out, and washed, and scrubbed, being left, like bachelor's places, in a sad state by old single W——; for a rich man, I never saw one that wanted so much cleaning out. There were heaps of dung about, as high as haystacks, and it cost me five shillings a load to have it all carted off the premises; besides heaps of good-for-nothing littering straw, that I gave to the boys for bonfires. We are not all to rights yet, but Rome wasn't built in St Thomas's day.

It was providential I hampered myself with cold provisions, for except the bacon there were no eatables in the house. What old W—— lived upon is a mystery, except salads, for we found a whole field of beet-root, which, all but a few plants for Dorothy to pickle, I had chucked away. As the ground was then clear for sowing up a crop, I directed George to plough it up, but he met with agricultural distress. He says as soon as he whipped his horses, the plough stuck its nose in the earth, and tumbled over head and heels. It seems very odd when ploughing is so easy to look at, but I trust he will do better in time. Experience makes a King Solomon of a Tom noddy.

The Rake's Progress.

I expect we shall have bushels upon bushels of corn, tho' sadly pecked by the birds, as I have had all the scarecrows taken down for fear of the children dreaming of them for Bogies. For the same dear little sakes I have had the well filled up, and the nasty

sharp iron spikes drawn out of all the rakes and harrows. Nobody shall say to my teeth, I am not a good Mother. With these precautions I trust the young ones will enjoy the country when the gipsies have left, but till then, I confine them to round the house, as it's no use shutting the stable door after you've had a child stole.

We have a good many fine fields of hay, which I mean to have reaped directly, wet or shine ; for delays are as dangerous as pickles in glazed pans. Perhaps St Swithin's is in our favour, for if the stacks are put up dampish they won't catch fire so easily, if Swing should come into these parts. The poor boys have made themselves very industrious in shooting off the birds, and hunting away all the vermin, besides cutting down trees. As I knew it was profitable to fell timber, I directed them to begin with a very ugly straggling old hollow tree next the premises, but it fell the wrong way, and knocked down the cow-house. Luckily the poor animals were all in the clover field at the time. George says it wouldn't have happened but for a violent sow, or rather sow-west,—and it's likely enough, but it's an ill wind that blows nothing to nobody.

Having writ last post to Mr P——, I have no occasion to make you a country commissioner. Anastasia, indeed, wants to have books about everything, but for my part and Dorothy's we don't put much faith in authorised receipts and directions, but trust more to nature and common sense. For instance, in fatting a goose, reason points to sage and onions, —why our own don't thrive on it, is very mysterious. We have a beautiful poultry yard, only infested with rats, — but I have made up a poison, that, I know by the poor ducks, will kill them if they eat it.

Wall Fruit.

I expected to send you a quantity of wall-fruit, for preserving, and am sorry you bought the brandy beforehand, as it has all vanished in one night by picking and stealing, notwithstanding I had ten dozen of bottles broke on purpose to stick atop of the wall. But I rather think they came over the pales, as George,

who is very thoughtless, had driven in all the new tenter hooks with the points downwards. Our apples and pears would have gone too, but luckily we heard a noise in the dark, and threw brickbats out of window, that alarmed the thieves by smashing the cowcumber frames. However, I mean on Monday to make sure of the orchard, by gathering the trees,—a pheasant in one's hand is worth two cock-sparrows in a bush. One comfort is, the house-dog is very vicious, and won't let any of us stir in or out after dark—indeed, nothing can be more furious except the bull, and at me in particular. You would think he knew my inward thoughts, and that I intend to have him roasted whole when we give our grand house-warming regalia.

With these particulars, I remain with love, my dear Dorcas, your affectionate sister, BELINDA PUGSLEY.

P.S.—I have only one anxiety here, and that is, the likelihood of being taken violently ill, nine miles off from any physical powers, with nobody that can ride in the house, and nothing but an insurmountable hunting horse in the stable. I should like, therefore, to be well doctor-stuff'd from Apothecaries' Hall, by the waggon or any other vehicle. A stitch in the side taken in time saves nine spasms. Dorothy's tincture of the rhubarb stalks in the garden doesn't answer, and it's a pity now they were not saved for pies.

A Coolness between Friends.

No. VI.—*From Mrs* PUGSLEY *to Mrs* ROGERS.

MADAM,—Although warmth has made a coolness, and our having words has caused a silence, yet as mere writing is not being on speak-

ing terms, and disconsolate parents in the case, I waive venting of animosities till a more agreeable moment. Having perused the afflicted advertisement in the *Times*, with interesting description of person, and ineffectual dragging of New River,—beg leave to say that Master Robert is safe and well,—having arrived here on Saturday night last, with almost not a shoe to his foot, and no coat at all, as was supposed to be with the approbation of parents. It appears that, not supposing the distance between the families extended to him, he walked the whole way down on the footing of a friend, to visit my son Richard, but hearing the newspapers read, quitted suddenly, the same day with the gipsies, and we haven't an idea what is become of him. Trusting this statement will relieve of all anxiety, remain, Madam, your humble Servant, BELINDA PUGSLEY.

No. VII.—*To Mr* SILAS PUGSLEY, *Parisian Depôt, Shoreditch.*

DEAR BROTHER,—My favour of the present date, is to advise of my safe arrival on Wednesday night, per opposition coach, after ninety miles of discomfort, absolutely unrivalled for cheapness, and a walk of five miles more, through lanes and roads, that for dirt and sludge may confidently defy competition,—not to mention turnings and windings, too numerous to particularise, but morally impossible to pursue on undeviating principles. The night was of so dark a quality as forbade finding the gate, but for the house-dog flying upon me by mistake for the late respectable proprietor, and almost tearing my clothes off my back by his strenuous exertions to obtain the favour of my patronage.

Conscientiously averse to the fallacious statements, so much indulged in by various competitors, truth urges to acknowledge that on arrival, I did not find things on such a footing as to ensure universal satisfaction. Mrs P., indeed, differs in her statement, but you know her success always surpassed the most sanguine expectations. Ever emulous to merit commendation by the strictest regard to principles of economy, I found her laid up with lumbago, through her studious efforts to please, and Doctor Clarke of Wisbeach in the house prescribing for it, but I am sorry to add—no abatement. Dorothy is also confined to her bed, by her unremitting assiduity and attention in the housekeeping line, and Anastasia the same, from listening for nightingales, on a fine July evening, but which is an article not always to be warranted to keep its virtue in any climate,—the other children, large and small sizes, ditto, ditto, with Grace too ill to serve in the nursery,—and the rest of the servants totally unable to execute such extensive demands. Such an unprecedented depreciation in health makes me doubt the quality of country air, so much recommended for family use, and whether constitutions have not more eligibility to offer that have been regularly town-made.

Our new residence is a large lonely Mansion, with no connexion with any other House, but standing in the heart of Lincolnshire fens, over which it looks through an advantageous opening; comprising a great variety of windmills, and drains, and willow-pollards, and an extensive assortment of similar articles, that are not much calculated

to invite inspection. In warehouses for corn, &c., it probably presents unusual advantages to the occupier, but candour compels to state that agriculture in this part of Lincolnshire is very flat. To supply language on the most moderate terms, unexampled distress in Spitalfields is nothing to the distress in ours. The corn has been deluged with rain of remarkable durability, without being able to wash the smut out of its ears; and with regard to the expected great rise in hay, our stacks have been burnt down to the ground, instead of going to the consumer. If the hounds hadn't been out, we might have fetch'd the engines, but the hunter threw George on his head, and he only revived to be sensible that the entire stock had been disposed of at an immense sacrifice. The whole amount I fear will be out of book,—as the Norwich Union refuses to liquidate the hay, on the ground that the policy was voided by the impolicy of putting it up wet. In other articles I am sorry I must write no alteration. Our bull, after killing the house-dog, and tossing William, has gone wild and had the madness to run away from his livelihood, and, what is worse, all the cows after him—except those that had burst themselves in the clover field, and a small dividend, as I may say, of one in the pound. Another item, the pigs, to save bread and milk, have been turned into the woods for acorns, and is an article producing no returns—as not one has yet come back. Poultry ditto. Sedulously cultivating an enlarged connexion in the Turkey line, such the antipathy to gipsies, the whole breed, geese and ducks inclusive, removed themselves from the premises by night, directly a strolling camp came and set up in the neighbourhood. To avoid prolixity, when I came to take stock, there was no stock to take—namely, no eggs, no butter, no cheese, no corn, no hay, no bread, no beer—no water even—nothing but the mere commodious premises, and fixtures, and goodwill—and candour compels to add, a very small quantity on hand of the last-named particular.

To add to stagnation, neither of my two sons in the business nor the two apprentices have been so diligently punctual in executing country orders with despatch and fidelity, as laudable ambition desires, but have gone about fishing and shooting—and William has suffered a loss of three fingers, by his unvarying system of high charges. He and Richard are likewise both threatened with prosecution for trespassing on the Hares in the adjoining landed interest, and Nick is obliged to decline any active share, by dislocating his shoulder in climbing a tall tree for a tomtit. As for George, tho' for the first time beyond the circumscribed limits of town custom, he indulges vanity in such unqualified pretensions to superiority of knowledge in farming, on the strength of his grandfather having belonged to the agricultural line of trade, as renders a wholesale stock of patience barely adequate to meet its demands. Thus stimulated to injudicious performance, he is as injurious to the best interests of the country as blight and mildew, and smut and rot, and glanders and pip, all combined in one texture. Between ourselves, the objects of unceasing endeavours, united with uncompromising integrity, have been assailed with so much deterioration, as makes me humbly desirous of abridging sufferings, by resuming business as a Shoe Marter at the old-established House. If Clack & Son, therefore, have not already taken possession, and respectfully

informed the vicinity, will thankfully pay reasonable compensation for loss of time and expense incurred by the bargain being off. In case parties agree, I beg you will authorise Mr Robins to have the honour to dispose of the whole Lincolnshire concern, tho' the knocking down of Middlefen Hall will be a severe blow on Mrs P. and family. Deprecating the deceitful stimulus of advertising arts, interest commands to mention,—desirable freehold estate and eligible investment —and sole reason for disposal, the proprietor going to the Continent. Example suggests likewise, a good country for hunting for fox-hounds —and a prospect too extensive to put in a newspaper. Circumstances being rendered awkward by the untoward event of the running away of the cattle, &c., it will be best to say—"The Stock to be taken as it stands;"—and an additional favour will be politely conferred, and the same thankfully acknowledged, if the auctioneer will be so kind as bring the next market town ten miles nearer, and carry the coach and the waggon once a day past the door. Earnestly requesting early attention to the above, and with sentiments of, &c.,

R. PUGSLEY, SEN.

P.S.—Richard is just come to hand dripping and half dead out of the Nene, and the two apprentices all but drowned each other in saving him. Hence occurs to add, fishing opportunities among the desirable items.

*A LETTER FROM AN EMIGRANT.**

SQUAMPASH FLATTS, *9th November* 1827.

DEAR BROTHER,—Here we are, thank Providence, safe and well, and in the finest country you ever saw. At this moment I have before me the sublime expanse of Squampash Flatts—the majestic Mudiboo winding through the midst—with the magnificent range of the Squab mountains in the distance. But the prospect is impossible to describe in a letter! I might as well attempt a Panorama in a pill-box!

We have fixed our Settlement on the left bank of the river. In crossing the rapids we lost most of our heavy baggage and all our ironwork, but by great good fortune we saved Mrs Paisley's grand piano and the children's toys. Our infant city consists of three log huts and one of clay, which however, on the second day, fell in to the ground landlords. We have now built it up again;—and, all things considered, are as comfortable as we could expect—and have christened our settlement New London, in compliment to the Old Metropolis. We have one of the loghouses to ourselves—or at least shall have when we have built a new hogstye. We burnt down the first one in making a bonfire to keep off the wild beasts, and for the present the pigs are in the parlour. As yet our rooms are rather usefully than elegantly furnished. We have gutted the Grand Upright, and it makes a convenient cupboard,—the chairs were obliged to blaze at our bivouacs, but thank Heaven we have never leisure to sit down, and so do not miss them. My boys are contented, and will be well when they have got over some awkward accidents in lopping and fell-

* Comic Annual, 1830.

ing. Mrs P. grumbles a little, but it is her custom to lament most when she is in the midst of comforts. She complains of solitude, and says she could enjoy the very stiffest of stiff visits.

A Stiff Visit.

The first time we lighted a fire in our new abode, a large serpent came down the chimney, which I looked upon as a good omen. However, as Mrs P. is not partial to snakes, and the heat is supposed

Emigration—Meeting a Settler.

to attract those reptiles, we have dispensed with fires ever since. As for wild beasts, we hear them howling and roaring round the fence

every night from dusk till daylight, but we have only been inconvenienced by one Lion. The first time he came, in order to get rid of the brute peaceably, we turned out an old ewe, with which he was well satisfied;—but ever since he comes to us as regular as clockwork for his mutton; and if we do not soon contrive to cut his acquaintance, we shall hardly have a sheep in the flock. It would have been easy to shoot him, being well provided with muskets, but Barnaby mistook our remnant of gunpowder for onion seed, and sowed it all in the kitchen garden. We did try to trap him into a pitfall; but after twice catching Mrs P., and every one of the children in turn, it was given up. They are now, however, perfectly at ease about the animal, for they never stir out of doors at all, and to make them quite comfortable, I have blocked up all the windows and barricaded the door.

We have lost only one of our number since we came; namely, Diggory, the market gardener, from Glasgow, who went out one morning to botanise, and never came back. I am much surprised at his absconding, as he had nothing but a spade to go off with. Chippendale, the carpenter, was sent after him, but did not return; and Gregory, the smith, has been out after them these two days. I have just despatched Mudge, the herdsman, to look for all three, and hope he will soon give a good account of them, as they are the most useful men in the whole settlement, and, in fact, indispensable to its existence.

The river Mudiboo is deep and rapid, and said to swarm with alligators, though I have heard but of three being seen at one time, and none of those above eighteen feet long: this, however, is immaterial, as we do not use the river fluid, which is thick and dirty, but draw all our water from natural wells and tanks. Poisonous springs are rather common, but are easily distinguished by containing no fish or living animal. Those, however, which swarm with frogs, toads, newts, efts, &c., are harmless, and may be safely used for culinary purposes.

In short, I know of no drawback but one, which, I am sanguine, may be got over hereafter, and do earnestly hope and advise, if things are no better in England than when I left, you, and as many as you can persuade, will sell off all, and come over to this African Paradise.

The drawback I speak of is this: although I have never seen any one of the creatures, it is too certain that the mountains are inhabited by a race of Monkeys, whose cunning and mischievous talents exceed even the most incredible stories of their tribe. No human art or vigilance seems of avail; we have planned ambuscades, and watched night after night, but no attempt has been made; yet the moment the guard was relaxed, we were stripped without mercy. I am convinced they must have had spies night and day on our motions, yet so secretly and cautiously, that no glimpse of one has yet been seen by any of our people. Our last crop was cut and carried off with the precision of an English harvesting. Our spirit stores—(you will be amazed to hear that these creatures pick locks with the dexterity of London burglars)—have been broken open and ransacked, though

half the establishment were on the watch; and the brutes have been off to their mountains, five miles distant, without even the dogs giving an alarm. I could almost persuade myself at times, such are their supernatural knowledge, swiftness, and invisibility, that we have to contend with evil spirits. I long for your advice, to refer to on this subject, and am, dear Philip, your loving brother,

AMBROSE MAWE.

P.S.—Since writing the above, you will be concerned to hear the body of poor Diggory has been found, horribly mangled by wild beasts. The fate of Chippendale, Gregory, and Mudge is no longer doubtful. The old Lion has brought the Lioness, and the sheep being all gone, they have made a joint attack upon the Bullock-house. The Mudiboo has overflowed, and Squampash Flatts are a swamp. I have just discovered that the Monkeys are my own rascals that I brought out from England. We are coming back as fast as we can.

SONNET ON STEAM.

BY AN UNDER-OSTLER.*

I WISH I livd a Thowsen year Ago
Wurking for Sober six and Seven milers
And dubble Stages runnen safe and slo
The Orsis cum in Them days to the Bilers
But Now by meens of Powers of Steem forces
A-turning Coches into Smoakey Kettels
The Bilers seam a Cumming to the Orses
And Helps and naggs Will sune be out of Vittels
Poor Bruits I wunder How we bee to Liv
When sutch a change of Orses is our Faits
No nothink need Be sifted in a Siv
May them Blowd ingins all Blow up their Grates
And Theaves of Oslers crib the Coles and Giv
Their blackgard Hannimuls a Feed of Slaits!

* Comic Annual, 1830.

Soap-orifics and Sud-orifics.

*A REPORT FROM BELOW.**

"Blow high, blow low."—*Sea Song.*

As Mister B. and Mistress B.
One night were sitting down to tea,
With toast and muffins hot—
They heard a loud and sudden bounce,
That made the very china flounce,
They could not for a time pronounce
If they were safe or shot—
For Memory brought a deed to match
At Deptford done by night—
Before one eye appear'd a Patch
In t'other eye a Blight!

To be belabour'd out of life,
Without some small attempt at strife,
Our nature will not grovel;
One impulse moved both man and dame,
He seized the tongs—she did the same,
Leaving the ruffian, if he came,
The poker and the shovel.

* Comic Annual, 1830.

Suppose the couple standing so,
When rushing footsteps from below
Made pulses fast and fervent,
And first burst in the frantic cat,
All steaming like a brewer's vat,
And then—as white as my cravat—
Poor Mary May, the servant!

Lord, how the couple's teeth did chatter!
Master and mistress both flew at her,
"Speak! Fire? or Murder? What's the matter?"
Till Mary, getting breath,
Upon her tale began to touch
With rapid tongue, full trotting, such
As if she thought she had too much
To tell before her death :—

"We was both, Ma'am, in the washhouse, Ma'am, a-standing at our tubs,
And Mrs Round was seconding what little things I rubs;
'Mary,' says she to me, 'I say,'—and there she stops for coughin',
'That dratted copper flue has took to smokin' very often,
But please the pigs,'—for that's her way of swearing in a passion,
'I'll blow it up, and not be set a coughin' in this fashion!'
Well, down she takes my master's horn—I mean his horn for loading,
And empties every grain alive for to set the flue exploding.
'Lawk, Mrs Round!' says I, and stares, 'that quantum is unproper;
I'm sartin sure it can't not take a pound to sky a copper;
You'll powder both our heads off, so I tells you, with its puff;'
But she only dried her fingers, and she takes a pinch of snuff.
Well, when the pinch is over—'Teach your grandmother to suck
A powder-horn,' says she.—'Well,' says I, 'I wish you luck.'
Them words sets up her back, so with her hands upon her hips,
'Come,' says she, quite in a huff, 'come, keep your tongue inside your lips;
Afore ever you was born, I was well used to things like these;
I shall put it in the grate, and let it burn up by degrees.'
So in it goes, and bounce—O Lord! it gives us such a rattle,
I thought we both were canonized, like Sogers in a battle!
Up goes the copper like a squib, and us on both our backs,
And bless the tubs, they bundled off, and split all into cracks.
Well, there I fainted dead away, and might have been cut shorter,
But Providence was kind, and brought me to with scalding water.
I first looks round for Mrs Round, and sees her at a distance,
As stiff as starch, and look'd as dead as anything in existence,
All scorch'd and grimed; and more than that, I sees the copper slap
Right on her head, for all the world like a percussion copper cap.
Well, I crooks her little fingers, and crumps them well up together,
As humanity pints out, and burnt her nostrums with a feather;
But for all as I can do to restore her to her mortality,
She never gives a sign of a return to sensuality.

Thinks I, well there she lies, as dead as my own late departed mother,
Well, she'll wash no more in this world, whatever she does in t'other;
So I gives myself to scramble up the linens for a minute,
Lawk, sich a shirt! thinks I, it's well my master wasn't in it;
Oh! I never, never, never, never, never, see a sight so shockin';
Here lays a leg, and there a leg—I mean, you know, a stocking—
Bodies all slit and torn to rags, and many a tatter'd skirt,
And arms burnt off, and sides and backs all scotch'd and black with dirt;
But as nobody was in 'em—none but—nobody was hurt!
Well, there I am, a-scrambling up the things, all in a lump,
When, mercy on us! such a groan as makes my heart to jump;
And there she is, a-lying with a crazy sort of eye,
A-staring at the washhouse roof, laid open to the sky:
Then she beckons with a finger, and so down to her I reaches,
And puts my ear agin her mouth to hear her dying speeches,
For, poor soul! she has a husband and young orphans, as I knew;
Well, Ma'am, you won't believe it, but it's Gospel fact and true,
But these words is all she whisper'd—'Why, where *is* the powder blew?'"

"Skying a Copper."

"If the Coach goes at six, pray what time goes the Basket?"

*THE LAST SHILLING.**

HE was evidently a foreigner, and poor. As I sat at the opposite corner of the Southgate stage, I took a mental inventory of his wardrobe. A military cloak much the worse for wear—a blue coat, the worse for tear—a napless hat—a shirt neither white nor brown—a pair of mud-colour gloves, open at each thumb—grey trousers too short for his legs—and brown boots too long for his feet.

From some words he dropt, I found that he had come direct from Paris, to undertake the duties of French teacher at an English academy; and his companion, the English classical usher, had been sent to London, to meet and conduct him to his suburban destination.

Poor devil! thought I, thou art going into a bitter bad line of business; and the hundredth share which I had taken in the boyish persecutions of my own French master—an emigré of the old noblesse—smote violently on my conscience. At Edmonton the coach stopped. The coachman alighted, pulled the bell of a mansion inscribed in large letters, Vespasian House; and deposited the foreigner's trunks and boxes on the footpath. The English classical

* Comic Annual, 1833.

usher stepped briskly out, and deposited a shilling in the coachman's anticipatory hand. Monsieur followed the example, and with some precipitation prepared to enter the gate of the fore-garden, but the driver stood in the way.

"I want another shilling," said the coachman.

"You agreed to take a shilling a head," said the English master.

"You said you would take one shilling for my head," said the French master.

"It's for the luggage," said the coachman.

The Frenchman seemed thunderstruck; but there was no help for it. He pulled out a small weazle-bellied, brown silk purse, but there was nothing in it save a medal of Napoleon. Then he felt his breast-pockets, then his side-pockets, and then his waistcoat-pockets; but they were all empty, excepting a metal snuff-box, and that was empty too. Lastly he felt the pockets in the flaps of his coat, taking out a meagre would-be white handkerchief, and shaking it; but not a dump. I rather suspect he anticipated the result—but he went through the operations *seriatim*, with the true French gravity. At last he turned to his companion, with a "Mistare Barbiere, be as good to lend me one shelling."

Mr Barber thus appealed to, went through something of the same ceremony. Like a blue-bottle cleaning itself, he passed his hands over his breast—round his hips, and down the outside of his thighs,—but the sense of feeling could detect nothing like a coin.

"You agreed for a shilling, and you shall have no more," said the man with empty pockets.

"No—no—no—you shall have no mor," said the moneyless Frenchman.

By this time the housemaid of Vespasian House, tired of standing with the door in her hand, had come down to the garden-gate, and, willing to make herself generally useful, laid her hand on one of the foreigner's trunks.

"It shan't go till I'm paid my shilling," said the coachman, taking hold of the handle at the other end.

The good-natured housemaid instantly let go of the trunk, and seemed suddenly to be bent double by a violent cramp, or stitch, in her right side,—while her hand groped busily under her gown. But it was in vain. There was nothing in that pocket but some curl-papers, and a brass thimble.

The stitch or cramp then seemed to attack her other side; again she stooped and fumbled, while Hope and Doubt struggled together on her rosy face. At last Hope triumphed,—from the extremest corner of the huge dimity pouch she fished up a solitary coin, and thrust it exultingly into the obdurate palm.

"It won't do," said the coachman, casting a wary eye on the metal, and holding out for the inspection of the trio a silver-washed coronation medal, which had been purchased of a Jew for twopence the year before.

The poor girl quietly set down the trunk which she had again taken up, and restored the deceitful medal to her pocket. In the meantime the arithmetical usher had arrived at the gate in his way out, but was

stopped by the embargo on the luggage. "What's the matter now?" asked the man of figures.

"If you please, sir," said the housemaid, dropping a low curtsey, "it's this impudent fellow of a coachman will stand here for his rights."

"He wants a shilling more than his fare," said Mr Barber.

"He does want more than his fare shilling," reiterated the Frenchman.

"Coachman! what the devil are we waiting here for?" shouted a stentorian voice from the rear of the stage.

"Bless me, John, are we to stay here all day?" cried a shrill voice from the stage's interior.

"If you don't get up shortly I shall get down," bellowed a voice from the box.

At this crisis the English usher drew his fellow-tutor aside, and whispered something in his ear that made him go through the old manual exercise. He slapped his pantaloons—flapped his coat-tails—and felt about his bosom. "I haven't got one," said he, and with a shake of the head and a hurried bow, he set off at the pace of a two-penny postman.

"I a'n't going to stand here all day," said the coachman, getting out of all reasonable patience.

"You're an infernal scoundrelly villain," said Mr Barber, getting out of all classical English.

"You are a—what Mr Barber says," said the foreigner.

"Thank God and his goodness," ejaculated the housemaid, "here comes the Doctor;" and the portly figure of the pedagogue himself came striding pompously down the gravel-walk. He had two thick lips and a double chin, which all began wagging together.

"Well, well; what's all this argumentative elocution? I command taciturnity!"

"I'm a shilling short," said the coachman.

"He says he has got one short shilling," said the foreigner.

"Poo—poo—poo," said the thick lips and double-chin. "Pay the fellow his superfluous claim, and appeal to magisterial authority."

"It's what we mean to do, sir," said the English usher, "but"—and he laid his lips mysteriously to the Doctor's ear.

"A pecuniary bagatelle," said the Doctor. "It's palpable extortion,—but I'll disburse it,—and you have a legislatorial remedy for his avaricious demands." As the man of pomp said this, he thrust his fore-finger into an empty waistcoat pocket—then into its fellow—and then into every pocket he had—but without any other product than a bunch of keys, two ginger lozenges, and the French mark.

"It's very peculiar," said the Doctor; "I had a prepossession of having currency to that amount. The coachman must call to-morrow for it at Vespasian House—or stay—I perceive my housekeeper. Mrs Plummer! pray just step hither and liquidate this little commercial obligation."

Now, whether Mrs Plummer had or had not a shilling, Mrs Plummer only knows; for she did not condescend to make any search for it,—and if she had none, she was right not to take the trouble. How-

ever, she attempted to carry the point by a *coup de main.* Snatching up one of the boxes, she motioned the housemaid to do the like, exclaiming in a shrill treble key,—"Here's a pretty work indeed, about a paltry shilling! If it's worth having, it's worth calling again for, —and I suppose Vespasian House is not going to run away!"

"But may be *I* am," said the inflexible coachman, seizing a trunk with each hand.

"John, I insist on being let out," screamed the lady in the coach. "I shall be too late for dinner," roared the Thunderer in the dickey. As for the passenger on the box, he had made off during the latter part of the altercation.

"What shall we do?" said the English classical usher.

"God and his goodness only knows!" said the housemaid.

"I am a stranger in this country," said the Frenchman.

"You must pay the money," said the coachman.

"And here it is, you brute," said Mrs Plummer, who had made a trip to the house in the meantime; but whether she had coined it, or raised it by a subscription among the pupils, I know no more than

The Man in the Moon.

Fancy Portrait :—M. Brunel.

*ODE TO M. BRUNEL.**

"Well said, old Mole ! canst work i' the dark so fast? a worthy pioncer !—*Hamlet.*

WELL !—Monsieur Brunel,
How prospers now thy mighty undertaking,
To join by a hollow way the Bankside friends
Of Rotherhithe and Wapping ?
Never be stopping,
But poking, groping, in the dark keep making
An archway, underneath the Dabs and Gudgeons,
For Collier men and pitchy old Curmudgeons,
To cross the water in inverse proportion,
Walk under steamboats under the keel's ridge,
To keep down all extortion,
And without sculls to diddle London Bridge!
In a fresh hunt, a new Great Bore to worry,
Thou didst to earth thy human terriers follow,
Hopeful at last from Middlesex to Surrey,
To give us the "View hollow."
In short it was thy aim, right north and south,
To put a pipe into old Thames's mouth ;
Alas ! half-way thou hadst proceeded, when
Old Thames, through roof not waterproof,
Came, like "a tide in the affairs of men,"

* Comic Annual, 1831.

And with a mighty stormy kind of roar,
Reproachful of thy wrong,
Burst out in that old song
Of Incledon's, beginning "Cease, rude Bore!—"
Sad is it, worthy of one's tears,
Just when one seems the most successful,
To find one's self o'er head and ears
In difficulties most distressful!
Other great speculations have been nursed,
Till want of proceeds laid them on a shelf;
But thy concern was at the worst,
When it began to *liquidate* itself!
But now Dame Fortune has her false face hidden,
And languishes thy Tunnel,—so to paint,
Under a slow incurable complaint,
Bed-ridden!
Why, when thus Thames—bed-bother'd—why repine!
Do try a spare bed at the Serpentine!
Yet let none think thee dazed, or crazed, or stupid;
And sunk beneath thy own and Thames's craft;
Let them not style thee some Mechanic Cupid
Pining and pouting o'er a broken shaft!
I'll tell thee with thy tunnel what to do;
Light up thy boxes, build a bin or two,
The wine does better than such water trades:
Stick up a sign—the sign of the Bore's Head;
I've drawn it ready for thee in black lead,
And make thy cellar subterrane,—Thy Shades!

The Broken Shaft.

A PLAN FOR WRITING BLANK VERSE IN RHYME.

IN A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.*

RESPECTED SIR,—In a morning paper justly celebrated for the acuteness of its reporters, and their almost prophetic insight into character and motives—the Rhodian length of their leaps towards results, and the magnitude of their inferences, beyond the drawing of Meux's dray-horses,—there appeared, a few days since, the following paragraph :—

"Mansion House. Yesterday, a tall emaciated being, in a brown coat, indicating his age to be about forty-five, and the raggedness of which gave a great air of mental ingenuity and intelligence to his countenance, was introduced by the officers to the Lord Mayor. It was evident from his preliminary bow that he had made some discoveries in the art of poetry, which he wished to lay before his Lordship, but the Lord Mayor perceiving by his accent that he had already submitted his project to several of the leading Publishers, referred him back to the same jurisdiction, and the unfortunate Votary of the Muses withdrew, declaring by another bow, that he should offer his plan to the Editor of the Comic Annual."

The unfortunate above referred to, sir, is myself, and with regard to the Muses, indeed a votary, though not a £10 one, if the qualification depends on my pocket—but for the idea of addressing myself to the Editor of the "Comic Annual," I am indebted solely to the assumption of the gentlemen of the Press. That I have made a discovery is true, in common with Hervey, and Herschell, and Galileo, and Roger Bacon,—or rather, I should say with Columbus—my invention concerning a whole hemisphere, as it were, in the world of poetry—in short, the whole continent of blank verse. To an immense number of readers this literary land has been hitherto a complete *terra incognita*, and from one sole reason,—the want of that harmony which makes the close of one line chime with the end of another. They have no relish for numbers that turn up blank, and wonder accordingly at the epithet of "Prize," prefixed to Poems of the kind which emanate in —I was going to say from—the University of Oxford. Thus many very worthy members of society are unable to appreciate the Paradise Lost, the Task, the Chase, or the Seasons,—the Winter especially—without rhyme. Others, again, can read the Poems in question, but with a limited enjoyment; as certain persons can admire the architectural beauties of Salisbury steeple, but would like it better with a ring of bells. For either of these tastes my discovery will provide, without affronting the palate of any other; for although the lover of rhyme will find in it a prodigality hitherto unknown, the heroic character of blank verse will not suffer in the least, but each line will "do as it likes with its own," and sound as independently of the next as "milkmaid" and "water-carrier." I have the honour to subjoin

* Comic Annual, 1832.

a specimen—and if, through your publicity, Mr Murray should be induced to make me an offer for an Edition of "Paradise Lost" on this principle, for the Family Library, it will be an eternal obligation on, Respected Sir, your most obliged, and humble servant,

* * * * * * *

A NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

Even is come; and from the dark Park, hark,
The signal of the setting sun—one gun!
And six is sounding from the chime, prime time
To go and see the Drury-Lane Dane slain,—
Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out,—
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,
Denying to his frantic clutch much touch;—
Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride
Four horses as no other man can span;
Or in the small Olympic Pit, sit split
Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.

A-lad-in, or the Wonderful Lamp.

Anon Night comes, and with her wings brings things
Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung;
The gas up-blazes with its bright white light,
And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl,

About the streets and take up Pall-Mall Sal,
Who, hasting to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.

Now thieves to enter for your cash, smash, crash,
Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep,
But frighten'd by Policeman B 3, flee,
And while they're going, whisper low, "No go!"

Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,
And sleepers waking, grumble—"Drat that cat!"
Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will.

White Favours.

Now Bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise
In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor
Georgy, or Charley, or Billy, willy-nilly ;—
But Nursemaid, in a nightmare rest, chest-press'd,
Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,
And that she hears—what faith is man's !—Ann's banns
And his, from Reverend Mr Rice, twice, thrice :
White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,
That upward goes, shows Rose knows those bows' woes !

*A LETTER FROM A MARKET GARDENER TO THE SECRETARY OF THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.**

SIR,—The Satiety having Bean pleasd to Complement Me before I beg Leaf to lie before Them agin as follow in particullers witch I hop They will luck upon with a Sowth Aspic.

* Comic Annual, 1830.

Sir—last year I paid my Atentions to a Tater & the Satiety was pleasd to be gratifid at the Innlargement of my Kidnis. This ear I have turnd my Eyes to Gozberris.—I am happy to Say I have allmost sucksidid in Making them too Big for Bottlin. I beg to Present sum of itch kind—Pleas obsarve a Green Goose is larger in Siz then a Red Goosebry. Sir as to Cherris my atention has Bean cheafly occupid by the Black Arts. Sum of them are as big as Crickt Balls as will be seen I send a Sample tyed on a Wauking-stick. I send lickwise a Potle of stray berris witch I hop will reach. They air so large as to object to lay more nor too in a Bed. Also a Potle of Hobbies and one of my new Pins, of a remarkably sharp flaviour. I hop they will cum to Hand in time to be at your Feat. Respective Black red & White Currency I have growd equely Large, so as one Bunch is not to be Put into a Galley Pot without jamming. My Pitches has not ben Strong, and their is no Show on My Walls of the Plumb line. Damsins will Be moor Plentifle & their is no Want of common Bullies about Lunnon. Please inform if propper to classify the Slow with the creepers.

Concerning Graps I have bin recommanded by mixing Wines with Warter Mellons, the later is improved in its juice—but have douts of the fack. Of the Patgonian Pickleing Coucumber, I hav maid Trial of, and have hops of Growing one up to Markit by sitting one End agin my front dore. On account of its Proggressiveness I propos calling it Pickleus Perriginatus if Aproved of.

Sir, about Improving the common Stocks.—Of Haws I have some hops but am disponding about my Hyps. I have quite faled in cultuvating them into Cramberris. I have allso atempted to Mull Blackberis, but am satisfid them & the Mulberris is of diferent Genius. Pleas observe of Aples I have found a Grafft of the common Crab from its Straglin sideways of use to Hispalliers. I should lick to be infourmd weather Scotch Granite is a variety of the Pom Granite & weather as sum say so pore a frute, and Nothing but Stone.

Sir,—My Engine Corn has been all eat up by the Burds namely Rocks and Ravines. In like manner I had a full Shew of Pees but was distroyd by the Sparers. There as bean grate Mischef dun beside by Entymollogy—in some parts a complet Patch of Blight. Their has bean a grate Deal too of Robin by boys and men picking and stealing but their has bean so many axidents by Steel Traps I don't like setting on 'em.

Sir I particklly wish the Satiety to be called to considder the Case what follows, as I think mite be maid Transaxtionable in the next Reports.—

My Wif had a Tomb Cat that dyd. Being a torture Shell and a Grate feverit, we had Him berrid in the Guardian, and for the sake of inrichment of the Mould I had the carks deposeted under the roots of a Gosberry Bush. The Frute being up till then of the smooth kind. But the next Seson's Frute after the Cat was berrid, the Gozberris was all hairy.—& moor Remarkable the Catpilers of the same bush, was All of the same hairy Discription. I am Sir Your humble servant

THOMAS FROST.

DOMESTIC ASIDES;

OR, TRUTH IN PARENTHESES.*

"I REALLY take it very kind,
This visit, Mrs Skinner!
I have not seen you such an age,—
(The wretch has come to dinner!)

"Your daughters, too, what loves of girls—
What heads for painters' easels!
Come here and kiss the infant, dears,—
(And give it p'rhaps the measles!)

"Your charming boys I see are home
From Reverend Mr Russel's;
'Twas very kind to bring them both,—
(What boots for my new Brussels!)

"What! little Clara left at home?
Well now I call that shabby:
I should have loved to kiss her so,—
(A flabby, dabby, babby!)

"And Mr S., I hope he's well,
Ah! though he lives so handy,
He never now drops in to sup,—
(The better for our brandy!)

"Come, take a seat—I long to hear
About Matilda's marriage;
You're come of course to spend the day,—
(Thank Heaven, I hear the carriage!)

"What! must you go?—next time I hope
You'll give me longer measure;
Nay, I shall see you down the stairs,—
(With most uncommon pleasure!)

"Good-bye! good-bye! remember all,
Next time you'll take your dinners!
(Now, David, mind I'm not at home
In future to the Skinners!")

A Moderate Income.

* Comic Annual, 1831.

*THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.**

I ONCE, for a very short time indeed, had the honour of being a schoolmaster, and was invested with the important office of "rearing the tender thought," and "teaching the young idea how to shoot;" of educating in the principles of the Established Church, and bestowing the strictest attention to morals. The case was this: my young friend G——, a graduate of Oxford, and an ingenious and worthy man, thought proper, some months back, to establish, or endeavour to establish, an academy for young gentlemen, in my immediate vicinity. He had already procured nine day-pupils to begin with, whom he himself taught,—prudence as yet prohibiting the employment of ushers,—when he was summoned hastily to attend upon a dying relative in Hampshire, from whom he had some expectations. This was a dilemma to poor G——, who had no one to leave in charge

A Branch Coach.

of his three classes; and he could not bear the idea of playing truant himself so soon after commencing business. In his extremity he applied to me as his forlorn hope, and one forlorn enough; for it is well known among my friends, that I have little Latin, and less Greek.

* Comic Annual, 1832.

and am, on every account, a worse accountant. I urged these objections to G——, but in vain, for he had no "friend in need," learned or unlearned, within any reasonable distance; and, as he said to comfort me, "in three or four days merely the boys could not *unlearn* much of anything."

At last I gave way to his importunity. On Thursday night, he started from the tree of knowledge by a branch coach; and at nine on Friday morning, I found myself sitting at his desk in the novel character of pedagogue. I am sorry to say, not one of the boys played truant, or was confined at home with a violent illness. There they were, nine little mischievous wretches, goggling, tittering, pointing, winking, grimacing, and mocking at authority, in a way enough to invoke two Elisha bears out of Southgate Wood. To put a stop to this indecorum, I put on my spectacles, stuck my cane upright in the desk, with the fool's-cap atop—but they inspired little terror; worn out at last, I seized the cane, and rushing from my dais, well flogged —I believe it is called flogging—the boy, a Creole, nearest me; who, though far from the biggest, was much more daring and impertinent than the rest. So far my random selection was judicious; but it appeared afterwards, that I had chastised an only son, whose mother had expressly stipulated for him an exemption from all punishment. I suspect, with the moral prudence of fond mothers, she had informed the little imp of the circumstance, for this Indian-Pickle fought and kicked his preceptor as unceremoniously as he would have scuffled with Black Diana or Agamemnon. My first move, however, had a salutary effect; the urchins settled, or made believe to settle, to their tasks; but I soon perceived that the genuine industry and application belonged to one, a clever-looking boy, who, with pen and paper before him, was sitting at the further end of a long desk, as great a contrast to the others as the Good to the Bad Apprentice in Hogarth. I could see his tongue even at work at one corner of his mouth,—a very common sign of boyish assiduity,—and his eyes never left his task but occasionally to glance towards his master, as if in anticipation of the approving smile, to which he looked forward as the prize of industry. I had already selected him inwardly for a favourite, and resolved to devote my best abilities to his instruction, when I saw him hand the paper, with a sly glance, to his neighbour, from whom it passed rapidly down the desk, accompanied by a running titter, and sidelong looks, that convinced me the supposed copy was, indeed, a copy not of "Obey your superiors," or "Age commands respect," but of the head of the college, and, as a glimpse showed, a head with very ludicrous features. Being somewhat fatigued with my last execution, I suffered the cane of justice to sleep, and inflicted the fools'-cap—literally the fool's—for no clown in pantomime, the great Grimaldi not excepted, could have made a more laughter-stirring use of the costume. The little enormities, who only tittered before, now shouted outright, and nothing but the enchanted wand of bamboo could flap them into solemnity. Order was restored, for they saw I was, like Earl Grey, resolved to "stand by my order;" and while I was deliberating in some perplexity, how to begin business, the two biggest boys came forward voluntarily, and standing as much as they could in a circle,

presented themselves, and began to read as the first Greek class. Mr Irving may boast of his prophets as much as he will; but in proportion to numbers of our congregations, I had far more reason to be proud of my gabblers in an unknown tongue. I, of course, discovered no lapsus lingua in the performance, and after a due course of gibberish, the first class dismissed itself, with a brace of bows and an evident degree of self-satisfaction at being so perfect in the present, after being so imperfect in the past. I own this first act of our solemn farce made me rather nervous against the next, which proved to be the Latin class, and I have no doubt to an adept would have seemed as much a Latin comedy as those performed at the Westminster School. We got

A Second Course.

through the second course quite correct, as before, and I found, with some satisfaction, that the third was a dish of English Syntax, where I *was* able to detect flaws, and the heaps of errors that I had to arrest made me thoroughly sensible of the bliss of ignorance in the Greek and Latin. A general lesson in English reading ensued, through which we glided smoothly enough, till we came to a sandbank in the shape of a Latin quotation, which I was requested to English. It was something like this:—"Nemo mortalius omnibus hora sapit," which I rendered, "No mortal knows at what hour the omnibus starts"—and with this translation the whole school was perfectly satisfied. Nine more bows.

My horror now approached: I saw the little wretches lug out their

slates, and begin to cuff out the old sums, a sight that made me wish all the slates at the roof of the house. I knew very well that when the army of nine attacked my Bonny-castle, it would not long hold out. Unluckily, from inexperience, I gave them all the same question to work, and the consequence was, each brought up a different result—nor would my practical knowledge of Practice allow me to judge of their merits. I had no resource but, Lavater-like, to go by Physiognomy, and accordingly selected the solution of the most mathematical-looking boy. But Lavater betrayed me. Master White, a chowder-headed lout of a lad, as dull as a pig of lead, and as mulishly obstinate as Muley Abdallah, persisted that his answer was correct, and at last appealed to the superior authority of a Tutor's Key, that he had kept by stealth in his desk. From this instant my importance declined, and the urchins evidently began to question, with some justice, what right I had to rule nine, who was not competent to the Rule of Three. By way of a diversion, I invited my pupils to a walk; but I wish G—— had been more circumstantial in his instructions before he left. Two of the boys pleaded sick headaches to remain behind; and I led the rest, through my arithmetical failure, under very slender

Drawing Lots.

government, by the most unfortunate route I could have chosen,—in fact, past the very windows of their parents, who complained afterwards that they walked more like bears than boys, and that if Mr

G—— had drawn lots for one at a raffle, he could not have been more unfortunate in his new usher.

To avoid observation, which I did not court, I led them aside into a meadow, and pulling out a volume of "Paradise Lost," left the boys to amuse themselves as they pleased. They pleased, accordingly, to get up a little boxing-match, à-la-Crib and Molineux—between Master White and the little Creole, of which I was informed only by a final shout and a stream of blood that trickled, or treacled, from the flat nose of the child of colour. Luckily, as I thought, he was near home, whither I sent him for washing and consolation, and in return for which, in the course of a quarter of an hour, while still in the field, a black footman, in powder blue turned up with yellow, brought me the following note:—

"Mrs. Col. Christopher informs Mr G——'s Usher, that as the vulgar practice of pugilism is allowed at Spring Grove Academy, Master Adolphus Ferdinand Christopher will in future be educated at home; particularly as she understands Master C. was punished in the morning, in a way that only becomes blacks and slaves.—To the new Usher at Mr G——'s."

Irritated at this event and its commentary, I resolved to punish Master White, but Master White was nowhere to be found, having expelled himself and run away home, where he complained to his parents of the new usher's deficiencies, and told the whole story of the sum in Practice, begging earnestly to be removed from a school where, as he said, it was impossible for him to improve himself. The prayer of the petition was heard, and on the morrow, Mr White's son was minus at Spring Grove Academy. Calling in the remainder, I ordered a march homewards, where I arrived just in time to hear the sham headaches of the two invalids go off with an alarming explosion—for they had thus concerted an opportunity for playing with gunpowder and prohibited arms. Here was another discharge from the school, for no parents think that their children look the better without eyebrows, and accordingly, when they went home for the night, the fathers and mothers resolved to send them to some other school, where no powder was allowed, except upon the head of the master. I was too much hurt to resume schooling after the boys' bad behaviour, and so gave them a half-holiday; and never, oh never, did I so estimate the blessing of sleep, as on that night when I closed my eyelids on all my pupils! But, alas! sleep brought its sorrows:—I saw boys fighting, flourishing slates, and brandishing squibs and crackers in my visions; and through all,—such is the transparency of dreams,—I beheld the stern shadow of G—— looking unutterable reproaches.

The next morning, with many painful recollections, brought one of pleasure; I remembered that it was the King's Birthday, and in a fit of very sincere loyalty, gave the whole school—alas! reduced by one half—a whole holiday. Thus I got over the end of the week, and Sunday, literally a day of rest, was spent by the urchins at their own homes. It may seem sinful to wish for the death of a fellow-creature, but I could not help thinking of G——'s relative along with what is

called a happy release; and he really was so kind, as we learned by an express from G——, as to break-up just after his arrival, and that G—— consequently would return in time to resume his scholastic duties on the Monday morning. With infinite pleasure I heard this good bad news from Mrs G——, who never interfered in the classical part of the house, and was consequently all unconscious of the reduction in the Spring Grove Establishment. I forged an excuse for immediately leaving off school; "resigned, I kissed the rod" that I resigned, and as I departed no master but my own, was overwhelmed

"Coming Events cast their Shadows before."

by a torrent of grateful acknowledgments of the service I had done the school, which, as Mrs G—— protested, could never have got on without me. How it got on I left G—— to discover, and I am told he behaved rather like Macduff at the loss of his "little ones"—but luckily, I had given myself warning before his arrival, and escaped from one porch of the Academy at that nick of time when the Archodidasculus was entering by another, perfectly convinced that, however adapted to "live and learn," I should never be able to live and teach.

*SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.**

THE OBSERVER.

"IT'S very strange," said the coachman,—looking at me over his left shoulder—"I never see it afore—But I've made three observations through life."

Bat—so called for shortness, though in feet and inches he was rather an Upper Benjamin—was anything but what Othello denominates "a puny whipster." He had brandished the whip for full thirty years, at an average of as many miles a day; the product of which, calculated according to Cocker, appears in a respectable sum total of six figures deep.

Now an experience picked up in a progress of some three hundred thousand miles is not to be slighted; so I leaned with my best ear over the coachman's shoulder, in order to catch every syllable.

"I have set on the box, man and boy," said Bat, looking straight ahead between his leaders, "a matter of full thirty year, and what's more, never missing a day—barring the Friday I was married; and one of my remarks is—I never see a sailor in top-boots."

"Now, I think of it, Bat," said I, a little disconcerted at my windfall from the tree of knowledge, "I have had some experience in travelling myself, and certainly do not recollect such a phenomenon."

"I'll take my oath you haven't," said Bat, giving the near leader a little switch of self-satisfaction: "I once driv the Phenomenon myself. There's no such thing in nature. And I'll tell you another remarkable remark I've made through life—I never yet see a Jew pedlar with a Newfoundland dog."

"As for that, Bat," said I, perhaps willing to retort upon him a little of my own disappointment, "though I cannot call such a sight to mind—I will not undertake to say I have never met with such an association."

"If you have, you're a lucky man," said Bat, somewhat sharply, and with a smart cut on the wheeler; "I belong to an association too, and we've none of us seen it. There's a hundred members, and I've inquired of every man of 'em, for it's my remark. But some people see a deal more than their fellows. Mayhap you've seen the other thing I've observed through life, and that's this—I've never observed a black man driving a long stage."

"Never, Bat," said I, desiring to conciliate him, "never in the whole course of my stage practice; and for many years of my life I was a daily visitant to Richmond."

"And no one else has ever seen it," said Bat. "That's a correct remark, anyhow. As for Richmond, he never drove a team in his life, for I asked him the question myself, just after his fight with Shelton."

* Comic Annual, 1833.

THE CONTRAST.

"I hope the Leviathan is outward-bound," I ejaculated, half aloud, as I beheld the kit-kat portion of the Man-Mountain occupying the whole frame of the coach-window. But Hope deceived as usual; and in he came.

I ought rather to have said he essayed to come in,—for it was only after repeated experiments upon material substances, that he contrived to enter the vehicle edgeways,—if such blunt bodies may be said to

The Great Mail Contractor.

have an edge at all. As I contemplated his bulk, I could not help thinking of the mighty Lambert, and was ready to exclaim with Gratiano, "A Daniel! a second Daniel!"

The Brobdingnaggian had barely subsided in his seat, when the opposite door opened, and in stepped a Lilliputian! The conjunction was whimsical. Yonder, thought I, is the Irish Giant, and the other is the dwarf, Count Borulawski. This coach is their travelling caravan—and as for myself, I am no doubt the showman.

I was amusing myself with this and kindred fancies, when a hand suddenly held up something at the coach-window. "It's my luggage," said the Giant, with a small penny-trumpet of a pipe, and taking possession of a mere golden pippin of a bundle.

"The three large trunks and the biggest carpet-bag are *my* property," said the Dwarf, with a voice as unexpectedly stentorian.

"Warm day, sir," squeaked the Giant by way of small talk.

"Prodigious preponderance of caloric in the atmosphere," thundered the Dwarf, by way of big talk.

"Have you paid your fare, gentlemen?" asked the coachman, looking in at the door.

"I have paid half of mine," said the Stupendous, "and its booked. My name is Lightfoot."

"Mine is Heavyside," said the Pigmy, "and I have disbursed the sum total."

The door slammed—the whip cracked—sixteen horseshoes made a clatter, and away bowled the "New Safety;" but had barely rolled two hundred yards, when it gave an alarming bound over some loose paving stones, followed by a very critical swing. The Dwarf, in a tone louder than ever, gave vent to a prodigious oath; the Giant said, "Dear me!"

There will something come of this, said I to myself; so feigning sleep, I leaned back in a corner, with a wary ear to their conversation. The Gog had been that morning to the Exhibition of Fleas in Regent Street, and thought them "prodigious!" The Runtling had visited the Great Whale at Charing-Cross, and "thought little of it." The Goliah spoke with wonder of the "vast extent of view from the top of the Monument." The David was "disappointed by the prospect from Plinlimmon." The Hurlothrumbo was "amazed by the grandeur of St Paul's." The Tom Thumb spoke slightingly of St Peter's at Rome. In theatricals their taste held the same mathematical proportion. Gog "must say he liked the Minors best." The "Wee Thing" declared for the Majors. The Man-Mountain's favourite was Miss *Foote*=twelve inches. The Manikin preferred Miss *Cubitt*=eighteen.

The Great Desert—Halt of the Caravan.

The conversation and the contrast flourished in full flower through several stages, till we stopped to dine at the Salisbury Arms, and then—

The Folio took a chair at the ordinary—
The Duodecimo required "a room to himself."
The Puppet bespoke a leg of mutton—
The Colossus ordered a mutton-chop.
The Imp rang the bell for "the loaf"—
The Monster called for a roll.
A magnum of port was decanted for the Minimum—
A short pint of sherry was set before the Maximum.
We heard the Mite bellowing by himself, "The Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!"
The Mammoth hummed "The Streamlet."
The Tiny, we learned, was bound to Plimpton Magna—
The Huge, we found, was going to Plimpton Parva.
A hundred other circumstances have escaped from Memory through the holes that time has made in her sieve: but I remember distinctly, as we passed the bar in our passage outwards, that while
The Pigmy bussed the landlady—a buxom widow, fat, fair, and forty—
The Giant kissed her daughter—a child ten years old, and remarkably small for her age.

JOHN DAY.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.*

"A Day after the Fair."—*Old Proverb.*

JOHN DAY he was the biggest man
  Of all the coachman kind,
With back too broad to be conceived
  By any narrow mind.

The very horses knew his weight
  When he was in the rear,
And wish'd his box a Christmas-box
  To come but once a year.

Alas! against the shafts of love
  What armour can avail?
Soon Cupid sent an arrow through
  His scarlet coat of mail.

The barmaid of the Crown he loved,
  From whom he never ranged;
For though he changed his horses there,
  His love he never changed.

* Comic Annual, 1832.

He thought her fairest of all fares,
So fondly love prefers;
And often, among twelve outsides,
Deem'd no outside like hers.

One day as she was sitting down
Beside the porter-pump,
He came, and knelt with all his fat,
And made an offer plump.

Said she, "My taste will never learn
To like so huge a man,
So I must beg you will come here
As little as you can."

But still he stoutly urged his suit,
With vows, and sighs, and tears,
Yet could not pierce her heart, although
He drove the "Dart" for years.

In vain he woo'd, in vain he sued;
The maid was cold and proud,
And sent him off to Coventry,
While on his way to Stroud.

He fretted all the way to Stroud,
And thence all back to town;
The course of love was never smooth,
So his went up and down.

At last her coldness made him pine
To merely bones and skin,
But still he loved like one resolved
To love through thick and thin.

"O Mary! view my wasted back,
And see my dwindled calf;
Though I have never had a wife,
I've lost my better half."

Alas! in vain he still assail'd,
Her heart withstood the dint;
Though he had carried sixteen stone,
He could not move a flint.

Worn out, at last he made a vow
To break his being's link;

For he was so reduced in size
  At nothing he could shrink.

Now some will talk in water's praise,
  And waste a deal of breath,
But John, though he drank nothing else,
  He drank himself to death.

The cruel maid that caused his love
  Found out the fatal close,
For looking in the butt, she saw
  The butt-end of his woes.

Some say his spirit haunts the Crown,
  But that is only talk—
For after riding all his life,
  His ghost objects to walk.

The Box Seat.

The Sublime and the Ridiculous.

*THE PARISH REVOLUTION.**

"From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step."

Alarming news from the country—Awful insurrection at Stoke Pogis—The Military called out—Flight of the Mayor.

WE are concerned to state, that accounts were received in town at a late hour last night, of an alarming state of things at Stoke Pogis. Nothing private is yet made public; but reports speak of very serious occurrences. The number of killed is not known, as no despatches have been received.

Further Particulars.

Nothing is known yet; papers have been received down to the 4th of November, but they are not up to anything.

Further further Particulars. (*Private Letter.*)

It is scarcely possible for you, my dear Charles, to conceive the difficulties and anarchical manifestations of turbulence, which threaten

* Comic Annual, 1831.

and disturb your old birthplace, poor Stoke Pogis. To the reflecting mind, the circumstances which hourly transpire afford ample food for speculation and moral reasoning. To see the constituted authorities of a place, however mistaken or misguided by erring benevolence, plunging into a fearful struggle with an irritated, infuriated, and I may say, armed populace, is a sight which opens a field for terrified conjecture. I look around me with doubt, agitation, and dismay; because, whilst I venerate those to whom the sway of a part of a state may be said to be intrusted, I cannot but yield to the conviction that the abuse of power must be felt to be an overstep of authority in the best intentioned of the Magistracy. This even you will allow. Being on the spot, my dear Charles, an eye-witness of these fearful scenes, I feel how impossible it is for me to give you any idea of the prospects which surround me. To say that I think all will end well, is to trespass beyond the confines of hope; but whilst I admit that there is strong ground for apprehending the worst, I cannot shut my eyes to the conviction, that if firm measures, tempered with concession, be resorted to, it is far from being out of the pale of probability that serenity may be re-established. In hazarding this conclusion, however, you must not consider me as at all forgetting the responsibilities which attach to a decidedly formed opinion. O Charles! you who are in the quiet of London, can little dream of the conflicting elements which form the storm of this devoted village, I fear you will be wearied with all these details; but I thought at this distance, at which you are from me, you would wish me to run the risk of wearying you rather than omit any of the interesting circumstances. Let Edward read this; his heart, which I know beats for the Parish, will bleed for us. I am, &c. H. J. P.

P.S.—Nothing further has yet occurred, but you shall hear from me again to-morrow.

Another Account.

Symptoms of disunion have for some time past prevailed between the authorities of Stoke Pogis, and a part of the inhabitants. The primum mobile or first mobbing, originated in an order of the Mayor's, that all tavern doors should shut at eleven. Many complied, and shut, but the door of the Rampant Lion openly resisted the order. A more recent notice has produced a new and more dangerous irritation on our too combustible population. A proclamation against Guy Fauxes and Fireworks was understood to be in preparation, by command of the chief Magistrate. If his Worship had listened to the earnest and prudential advice of the rest of the bench, the obnoxious placard would not have been issued till the 6th, but he had it posted up on the 4th, and by his precipitation has plunged Stoke Pogis into a convulsion, that nothing but Time's soothing syrup can alleviate.

From another quarter.

We are all here in the greatest alarm! a general rising of the inhabitants took place this morning, and they have continued in a dis-

turbed state ever since. Everybody is in a bustle and indicating some popular movement. Seditious cries are heard! the bell-man is going his rounds, and on repeating "God save the King!" is saluted with "Hang the crier!" Organized bands of boys are going about collecting sticks, &c., whether for barricades or bonfires is not known; many of them singing the famous Gunpowder Hymn, "Pray remember," &c. These are features that remind us of the most inflammable times. Several strangers of suspicious gentility arrived here last night, and privately engaged a barn; they are now busily distributing handbills amongst the crowd: surely some horrible tragedy is in preparation!

A Later Account.

The alarm increases. Several families have taken flight by the waggon, and the office of Mr Stewart, the overseer, is besieged by persons desirous of being passed to their own parish. He seems embarrassed and irresolute, and returns evasive answers. The worst fears are entertaining.

Fresh Intelligence.

The cause of the overseer's hesitation has transpired. The pass-cart and horse have been lent to a tradesman, for a day's pleasure, and are not returned. Nothing can exceed the indignation of the paupers! they are all pouring towards the poorhouse, headed by Timothy Gubbins, a desperate drunken character, but the idol of the Workhouse. The constables are retiring before this formidable body. The following notice is said to be posted up at the Town-hall: "Stick No Bills."

Eleven o'clock.

The mob have proceeded to outrage—the poor poorhouse has not a whole pane of glass in its whole frame! The magistrates, with Mr Higginbottom at their head, have agreed to call out the military; and he has sent word that he will come as soon as he has put on his uniform.

A terrific column of little boys has just run down the High Street, it is said to see a fight at the Green Dragon. There is an immense crowd in the Market-place. Some of the leading shopkeepers have had a conference with the Mayor, and the people are now being informed by a placard of the result. Gracious heaven! how opposite is it to the hopes of all moderate men—"The Mare is Hobstinate—He is at the Roes and Crown—But refuses to treat."

Twelve o'clock.

The military has arrived, and is placed under his own command. He has marched himself in a body to the market-place, and is now drawn up one deep in front of the Pound. The mob are in possession of the walls, and have chalked upon them the following proclamation: "Stokian Pogians be firm! stick up for bonfires! stand to your squibs!"

Quarter-past Twelve.

Mr Wigsby, the Master of the Free School, has declared on the side of Liberty, and has obtained an audience of the Mayor. He is to return in fifteen minutes for his Worship's decision.

Half-past Twelve.

During the interval, the Mayor has sworn in two special constables, and will concede nothing. When the excitement of the mob was represented to him by Mr Wigsby, he pointed to a truncheon on a table, and answered, "They may do their worsest." The exasperation is awful—the most frightful cries are uttered, "Huzza for Guys! Gubbins for ever! and no Higginbottom!" The military has been ordered to clear the streets, but his lock is not flinty enough, and his gun refuses to fire on the people.

. . . . . .

The constables have just obtained a slight advantage, they made a charge altogether, and almost upset a Guy. On the left-hand side of the way they have been less successful; Mr Huggins, the beadle, attempted to take possession of an important street post, but was repulsed by a boy with a cracker. At the same moment Mr Blogg, the churchwarden, was defeated in a desperate attempt to force a *passage* up a *court*.

One o'clock.

The military always dines at one, and has retreated to the Pig and Puncheon. There is a report that the head constable is taken with all his staff.

Two o'clock.

A flying watchman has just informed us that the police are victorious on all points, and the same has been confirmed by a retreating

Good Entertainment for Man and Horse.

constable. He states that the Pound is full—Gubbins in the stocks,

and Dobbs in the cage. That the whole mob would have been routed but for a very corpulent man, who rallied them on running away.

Half-past three.

The check sustained by the mob proves to have been a reverse, the constables are the sufferers. The cage is chopped to faggots, we haven't a pound, and the stocks are rapidly falling. Mr Wigsby has gone again to the Mayor with overtures, the people demand the release of Dobbs and Gubbins, and the demolition of the stocks, the pound, and the cage. As these are already destroyed, and Gubbins and Dobbs are at large, it is confidently hoped by all moderate men, that his Worship will accede to the terms.

Four o'clock.

The Mayor has rejected the terms. It is confidently affirmed that after this decision, he secretly ordered a post-chaise, and has set off with a pair of post-horses as fast as they can't gallop. A meeting of the principal tradesmen has taken place, and the butcher, the baker, the grocer, the cheesemonger, and the publican, have agreed to compose a Provisional Government. In the meantime the mob are loud in their joy,—they are letting off squibs and crackers, and rockets, and devils, in all directions, and quiet is completely restored.

We subjoin two documents,—one containing the articles drawn up by the Provisional Government and Mr Wigsby; the other, the genuine narrative of a spectator.

DEAR CHARLES,—The events of the last few hours, since I closed my minute narration, are pregnant with fate; and no words that I can utter on paper will give you an idea of their interest. Up to the hour at which I closed my sheet, anxiety regulated the movement of every watchful bosom; but since then, the approaches to tranquillity have met with barriers and interruptions. To the meditative mind, these popular paroxysms have their desolating deductions. Oh, my Charles, I myself am almost sunk into an Agitator—so much do we take the colour from the dye in which our reasoning faculties are steeped. I stop the press—yes, Charles, I stop the press of circumstances to say, that a dawn of the Pacific is gleaming over the Atlantic of our disturbances; and I am enabled, by the kindness of Constable Adams, to send you a Copy of the Preliminaries, which are pretty well agreed upon, and only wait to be ratified. I close my letter in haste. That peace may descend on the Olive Tree of Stoke Pogis, is the earnest prayer of, &c. H. J. P.

P.S.—Show the Articles to Edward. He will, with his benevolence, at once see that they are indeed precious articles for Stoke Pogis.

CONDITIONS.

1. That for the future, widows in Stoke Pogis shall be allowed their thirds, and Novembers their fifths.

2. That the property of Guys shall be held inviolable, and their persons respected.

3. That no arson be allowed, but all bonfires shall be burnt by the common hangman.
4. That every rocket shall be allowed an hour to leave the place.
5. That the freedom of Stoke Pogis be presented to Madame Hengler, in a cartridge-box.
6. That the military shall not be called out, uncalled for.
7. That the parish beadle, for the time being, be authorised to stand no nonsense.
8. That his Majesty's mail be permitted to pass on the night in question.
9. That all animosities be buried in oblivion, at the Parish expense.
10. That the ashes of old bonfires be never raked up.

(*Signed*) { WAGSTAFF, High Constable. / WIGSBY.

An Anti Climax.

The Narrowtiv of a High Whitness who seed every Think proceed out of a Back-winder up Fore Pears to Mrs Humphris.

O Mrs Humphris! Littel did I Dram, at my Tim of Life, to see Wat is before me. The hole Parrish is Throne into a pannikin! The Revelations has reeched Stock Poggis—and the people is riz agin the Kings rain, and all the Pours that be. All this Blessed Mourning Mrs Griggs and Me as bean siting abscondingly at the tiptop of the Hows crying for lowness. We have lackd our too selves in the back Attical Rome, and nothing can come up to our Hanksiety. Some say it is like the Frentch Plot—sum say sum thing moor arter the

Dutch Patten is on the car-pit, and if so we shall Be flored like Brussels. Well, I never did like them Brown holland brum gals.

Our Winder overlooks all the High Street, xcept jest ware Mister Higgins jutts out Behind. What a prospectus !—All riotism and hubbub.—There is a lowd speechifying round the Gabble end of the Hows. The Mare is arranging the Populous from one of his own long winders.—Poor Man !—for all his fine goold Cheer, who wood Sit in his shews !

I hobserve Mr Tuder's bauld hed uncommon hactiv in the Mobb, and so is Mister Waggstaff the Constable, considdering his rummatiz has only left one Harm disaffected to show his loyalness with. He and his men air staving the mobbs Heds to make them Suppurate. They are trying to Custardise the Ringleders But as yet hav Captivated Noboddy. There is no end to accidence. Three unsensible boddis are Carrion over the way on Three Cheers, but weather Naybers or Gyes, is dubbious. Master Gollop too, is jest gon By on one of his Ants Shuters, with a Bunch of exploded Squibs gone off in his Trowsirs. It makes Mrs G. and Me tremble like Axle trees, for our Hone nevvies. Wile we ware at the open Winder they sliped out. With sich Broils in the Street who nose what Scraps they may git

Breaking the News.

into. Mister J. is gon off with his muskitry to militate agin the mobb; and I fear without anny Sand Witches in his Cartrich Box. Mrs Griggs is in the Sam state of Singularity as meself. Onely think, Mrs H. of two Loan Wiming looken Down on such a Heifervescence, and as Hignorant as the unbiggotted Babe of the state of our Husbandry ! to had to our Convexity, the Botcher has not Bean. No moor as the

Backer and We shold here Nothing if Mister Higgins hadn't hollowed up Fore Storys. What news he brakes! That wicked Wigsby as reffused to Reed the Riot Ax, and the Town Clark is no Schollard! Isn't that a bad Herring!

O Mrs Humphris! It is unpossible to throe ones hies from one End of Stock Poggis to the other, without grate Pane. Nothing is seed but Wivs asking for Huzbinds—nothing is heard but childerin looking for Farthers. Mr Hatband the Undertacker as jist bean squibed and obligated for safeness to inter his own Hows. Mr Higgins blames the unflexable Stubbleness of the Marc and says a littel timely Concusion wood have been of Preventive Servis. Haven nose! For my Part I don't believe all the Concussion on Hearth wood hav prevented the Regolater bein scarified by a Squib and runnin agin the Rockit—or that it could unshatter Pore Master Gollop, or squentch Wider Welshis rix of Haze witch is now Flamming and smocking in two volumes. The ingins as been, but could not Play for want of Pips witch is too often the Case with Parrish inginuity. Wile affares are in this friteful Posturs, thank Haven I have one grate comfit. Mr J. is cum back on his legs from Twelve to one tired in the extreams with Being a Standing Army, and his Uniformity spatterdashed all over. He says his hone saving was onely thro leaving His retrenchments.

The Eagle Assurance.

Pore Mr Griggs has cum in after his Wif in a state of g aggeration. He says the Boys hav maid a Bone Fire of his fence and Pales upon Pales cant put it out. Severil Shells of

bastic nater as been picked up in his Back Yard and the old Cro's nest as been Perpetrated rite thro by a Rockit. We hav sent out the Def Shopmun to here wat he can and he says their is so Manny Crackers going he dont no witch report to Belive, but the Fishmongerers has Cotchd and with all his Stock compleatly Guttid. The Brazers next Dore is lickwise in Hashes,—but it is hopped he has assurance enuf to cover him All over.—They say nothing can save the Dwellins adjourning. O Mrs H. how greatful ought J. and I to bee that our hone Premiss and propperty is next to nothing! The effex of the lit on Bildings is marvulous. The Turrit of St Magnum Bonum is quit clear and you can tell wat Time it is by the Clock verry planely only it stands!

The noise is enuf to Drive won deleterious! Too Specious Conestabbles is persewing littel Tidmash down the Hi Street and Sho grate fermness, but I trembel for the Pelisse. Peple drop in with New News every Momentum. Sum say All is Lost—and the town Criar is missin. Mrs Griggs is quit retched at herein five littel Boys is thrown off a spirituous Cob among the Catherend Weals. But I hope it wants cobbobboration. Another Yuth its sed has had his hies Blasted by sum blowd Gun Powder. You Mrs H. are Patrimonial, and may supose how these flying rummers Upsetts a Mothers Sperrits.

O Mrs Humphris how I envy you that is not tossing on the ragging bellows of these Flatulent Times, but living under a Mild Dispotic

Tumultum in Parvo.

Govinment in such Sequestrated spots as Lonnon and Padington. May you never go thro such Transubstantiation as I have bean riting in! Things that stood for Sentries as bean removed in a Minuet—and the verry effigis of wat was venerablest is now Burning in Bone Fires. The Worshipfull chaer is emty. The Mare as gon off clandestiny with a pare of Hossis, and without his diner. They say he complanes that his Corperation did not stik to him as it shold have dun But went over to the other Side. Pore Sole—in sich a case I

dont wunder he lost his Stommich. Yisterdy he was at the summut of Pour. Them that hours ago ware enjoying parrish officiousness as been turned out of there Dignittis! Mr Barber says in futer all the Perukial Authoritis will be Wigs.

Pray let me no wat his Magisty and the Prim Minestir think of Stock Poggis's constitution, and believe me conclusively my deer Mrs Humphris most frendly and trully BRIDGET JONES.

THE FURLOUGH.

AN IRISH ANECDOTE.*

"Time was called."—*Boxiana.*

IN the autumn of 1825, some private affairs called me into the sister kingdom; and as I did not travel, like Polyphemus, with my eye out, I gathered a few samples of Irish character, amongst which was the following incident.

I was standing one morning at the window of "mine inn," when my attention was attracted by a scene that took place beneath. The Belfast coach was standing at the door, and on the roof, in front, sat a solitary outside passenger, a fine young fellow in the uniform of the Connaught Rangers. Below, by the front wheel, stood an old woman, seemingly his mother, a young man, and a younger woman, sister or sweetheart; and they were all earnestly entreating the young soldier to descend from his seat on the coach.

"Come down wid ye, Thady,"—the speaker was the old woman,—"come down now to your ould mother. Sure it's flog ye they will, and strip the flesh off the bones I giv ye. Come down, Thady, darlin!"

"It's honour, mother," was the short reply of the soldier; and with clenched hands and set teeth he took a stiffer posture on the coach.

"Thady, come down—come down, ye fool of the world—come along down wid ye!" The tone of the present appeal was more impatient and peremptory than the last; and the answer was more promptly and sternly pronounced: "It's honour, brother!" and the body of the speaker rose more rigidly erect than ever on the roof.

"O Thady, come down! sure it's me, your own Kathleen, that bids ye. Come down, or ye'll break the heart of me, Thady, jewel; come down then!" The poor girl wrung her hands as she said it, and cast a look upward, that had a visible effect on the muscles of the soldier's countenance. There was more tenderness in his tone, but it conveyed the same resolution as before.

"It's honour, honour bright, Kathleen!" and, as if to defend himself from another glance, he fixed his look steadfastly in front, while the renewed entreaties burst from all three in chorus, with the same answer.

"Come down, Thady, honey!—Thady, ye fool, come down!—O Thady, come down to me!"

* Comic Annual, 1830.

"It's honour, mother!—It's honour, brother:—Honour bright, my own Kathleen!"

Although the poor fellow was a private, this appeal was so public, that I did not hesitate to go down and inquire into the particulars of the distress. It appeared that he had been home, on furlough, to visit his family,—and having exceeded as he thought the term of his leave, he was going to rejoin his regiment, and to undergo the penalty of his neglect. I asked him when the furlough expired.

"The first of March, your honour—bad luck to it of all the black days in the world—and here it is, come sudden on me like a shot!"

"The first of March!—why, my good fellow, you have a day to spare then,—the first of March will not be here till to-morrow. It is Leap Year, and February has twenty-nine days."

The soldier was thunderstruck.—"Twenty-nine days is it?—You're sartin of that same!—O Mother, Mother!—the Divil fly away wid yere ould Almanack—a base cratur of a book, to be deceaven one, afther living so long in the family of us!"

His first impulse was to cut a caper on the roof of the coach, and throw up his cap, with a loud Hurrah!—His second, was to throw himself into the arms of his Kathleen, and the third, was to wring my hand off in acknowledgment.

"It's a happy man I am, your Honour, for my word's saved, and all by your Honour's manes.—Long life to your Honour for the same! —May ye live a long hundred—and lape-years every one of them!"

Single Blessedness.

*NUMBER ONE.**

VERSIFIED FROM THE PROSE OF A YOUNG LADY.

It's very hard !—and so it is,
To live in such a row,—
And witness this, that every Miss
But me, has got a Beau.
For Love goes calling up and down,
But here he seems to shun ;
I'm sure he has been ask'd enough
To call at Number One !

I'm sick of all the double knocks
That come to Number Four !
At Number Three, I often see
A lover at the door ;—
And one in blue, at Number Two,
Calls daily like a dun.
It's very hard they come so near
And not to Number One !

* Comic Annual, 1830.

Miss Bell, I hear, has got a dear
Exactly to her mind,—
By sitting at the window-pane
Without a bit of blind ;—
But I go in the balcony,
Which she has never done,
Yet arts that thrive at Number Five
Don't take at Number One !

'Tis hard with plenty in the street,
And plenty passing by,—
There's nice young men at Number Ten,
But only rather shy ;—
And Mrs Smith across the way
Has got a grown-up son,
But la ! he hardly seems to know
There is a Number One !

There's Mr Wick at Number Nine,
But he's intent on pelf,
And though he's pious, will not love
His neighbour as himself.
At Number Seven there was a sale—
The goods had quite a run !
And here I've got my single lot
On hand at Number One !

My mother often sits at work
And talks of props and stays,
And what a comfort I shall be
In her declining days :
The very maids about the house
Have set me down a nun—
The sweethearts all belong to them
That call at Number One !

Once only, when the flue took fire,
One Friday afternoon,
Young Mr Long came kindly in
And told me not to swoon :—
Why can't he come again without
The Phœnix and the Sun !—
We cannot always have a flue
On fire at Number One !

I am not old ! I am not plain !
Nor awkward in my gait ;
I am not crooked, like the bride
That went from Number Eight :—
I'm sure white satin made her look
As brown as any bun—
But even beauty has no chance,
I think, at Number One !

At Number Six they say Miss Rose
Has slain a score of hearts,
And Cupid, for her sake, has been
Quite prodigal of darts.
The Imp they show with bended bow,
I wish he had a gun !—
But if he had, he'd never deign
To shoot with Number One.

It's very hard, and so it is,
To live in such a row !
And here's a ballad-singer come
To aggravate my woe ;—
Oh, take away your foolish song
And tones enough to stun—
There is "Nae luck about the house,"
I know, at Number One!

A Double Knock.

*THE DROWNING DUCKS.**

AMONGST the sights that Mrs Bond
Enjoy'd yet grieved at more than others,
Were little ducklings in a pond,
Swimming about beside their mothers—
Small things like living waterlilies,
But yellow as the daffo-*dillies.*

"It's very hard," she used to moan,
"That other people have their ducklings
To grace their waters—mine alone
Have never any pretty chucklings."
For why !—each little yellow navy
Went down—all downy—to old Davy !

* Comic Annual, 1830.

She had a lake—a pond I mean—
  Its wave was rather thick than pearly ;
She had two ducks, their napes were green—
  She had a drake, his tail was curly ;—
Yet spite of drake, and ducks, and pond,
No little ducks had Mrs Bond !

The birds were both the best of mothers—
  The nests had eggs—the eggs had luck—
The infant D.'s came forth like others—
  But there, alas ! the matter stuck !
They might as well have all died addle,
As die when they began to paddle !

For when, as native instinct taught her,
  The mother set her brood afloat,
They sank ere long right under water,
  Like any overloaded boat ;
They were web-footed too to see,
As ducks and spiders ought to be !

No peccant humour in a gander
  Brought havoc on her little folks,—
No poaching cook—a frying pander
  To appetite,—destroy'd their yolks ;—
Beneath her very eyes, Od' rot 'em !
They went, like plummets, to the bottom.

The thing was strange—a contradiction
  It seem'd of Nature and her works !
For little ducks, beyond conviction,
  Should float without the help of corks :
Great Johnson it bewilder'd him
To hear of ducks that could not swim.

Poor Mrs Bond ! what could she do
  But change the breed—and she tried divers,
Which dived as all seem'd born to do ;
  No little ones were e'er survivors—
Like those that copy gems, I'm thinking,
They were all given to die-sinking !

In vain their downy coats were shorn ;
  They flounder'd still !—Batch after batch went !
The little fools seem'd only born
  And hatch'd for nothing but a hatchment !
Whene'er they launch'd—O sight of wonder !
Like fires the water "got them under !"

No woman ever gave their lucks
  A better chance than Mrs Bond did ;

At last, quite out of heart and ducks,
She gave her pond up, and desponded;
For Death among the waterlilies
Cried "*Duc* ad me" to all her dillies!

But though resolved to breed no more,
She brooded often on this riddle—
Alas! 'twas darker than before!
At last, about the summer's middle,
What Johnson, Mrs Bond, or none did,
To clear the matter up the Sun did!

The thirsty Sirius, doglike, drank
So deep, his furious tongue to cool,
The shallow waters sank and sank,
And lo! from out the wasted pool,
Too hot to hold them any longer,
There crawl'd some eels as big as conger!

I wish all folks would look a bit
In such a case below the surface;
But when the eels were caught and split
By Mrs Bond, just think of *her* face,
In each inside at once to spy
A duckling turn'd to giblet-pie!

The sight at once explain'd the case,
Making the Dame look rather silly;
The tenants of that *Eely Place*
Had found the way to *Pick a dilly*,
And so, by under-water suction,
Had wrought the little ducks' abduction.

A Poacher.

Too Cold to Bear.

*AN ASSENT TO THE SUMMUT OF MOUNT' BLANK.**

IT was on the 1st of Augst,—I remember by my wags cumming dew, and I wanted to be riz,—that Me and master maid our minds up to the Mounting. I find Master as oppend an acount with the Keep Sack—but as that is a cut abov, and rit in by only Lords and Laddies, I am redeuced to a Peer in the pagis of the Comick Anual —Mr H. giving leaves.

Wile we waited at Sham Money, our minds sevral tims misgiv, but considdring only twelve Gentelmen and never a footmun had bin up, we determind to make ourselves particler, and so highered gides to sho us up. For a long tim the whether was dout full weather—first it snew—then thew—and then friz—and that was most agreeabil for a tempting. The first thing I did was to change my blew and wite livry, as I guest we shood hav enuf of blew and wite on the mounting —but put on a dred nort for fear of every thing—takin care to hav my pockets well cramd with sand witches, and, as proved arterwards, they broke my falls very much when I slipd on my bred and ams. The

* Comic Annual, 1832.

land Lord was so kind as lend me His green gaws tap room blind for my eyes, and I recumend no boddy to go up any Snowhill without green vales—for the hice dazls like winkin. Sum of the gides wanted me to ware a sort of crimpt skaits,—but thoght my feet would be the stifer for a cramp on—and declind binding any think xcept my list garters rounq my Shews. I did all this by advize of John Mary Cuthay the Chief Gide, who had bin 8 tims up to every think. Thus a tired we sit out, on our feat, like Capting Paris, with our Nor poles in our hands,—Master in verry good sperrits, and has for me I was quit ellivatted to think what a figger the Summut of Mount Blank wood cut down the airys of Portland Plaice.

Arter sliping and slidding for ours, we cum to the first principle Glazier. To give a correct noshun, let any won suppose a man in fustions with a fraim and glass and puttey and a dimond pensel, and it's quit the revers of that. It's the sam with the Mare of Glass. If you dont think of a mare or any think maid of glass you have it xactly. We was three ours gitting over the Glazier, and then come to the Grand Mullets, ware our beds was bespoak—that is, nothing but clean sheats of sno,—and never a warmin pan. To protect our heds we struck our poles agin the rock, with a cloath over them, but it looked like a verry litle tent to so much mounting. There we was, —all Sno with us Sollitory figgers atop. Nothink can give the sublime idear of it but a twelf Cake.

The Gides pinted out from hear the Pick de Middy, but I was too cold to understand Frentch—and we see a real Shammy leeping, as Master sed, from scrag to scrag, and from pint to pint, for vittles and drink—but to me it looked like jumpin a bout to warm him self. His springs in the middel of Winter I realy beleave as uncredible. Nothink else was muving xcept Havelaunches, witch is stupendus Sno balls in high situations, as leaves their plaices without warnin, and makes a deal of mischef in howses and famlies. We shot of our pistle, but has it maid little or no noise, didnt ear the remarkbly fine ekko.

We dind at the Grand Mullets on cold foul and a shivver of am, with a little O de Colon, agen stomical panes. Wat was moor cumfortble we found haf a bottel of brandey, left behind by sum one before, and by way of return we left behind a littel crewit of Chilly Viniger for the next cummer, whoever he mite be or not. After this repass'd we went to our subblime rests, I may say, in the Wurld's garrits, up 150 pare of stares. As faling out of Bed was dangerus, we riz a wal of stons on each side. Knowing how comfortble Master sleeps at Home, I regretted his unaccommodation, and particklly as he was verry restless, and evry tim he stird kickd me about the Hed. I laid awack a good wile thinking how littel Farther, down in Summerset Sheer, thoght I was up in Mount Blank Sheer; but at long and last I went of like a top, and dremt of Summuts. Won may sleep on wus pillers than Nap Sacks.

Next mornin we riz erly, having still a good deal to git up, and skrambled on agin, by crivises and crax as maid our flesh crawl on hands and nees to look at. Master wanted to desend in a crack, but as he mite not git up in a crack agin, his letting himself down was

unrecomended. Arter menny ours works, we cum to the Grand Plato. Master called it a vast Amphi-Theater; and so it is, except Du-Crow and the Horses and evry thing. Hear we brekfisted, but was surprizd as our stomicks not having moor hedges, Master only eting a Chickin wing, and me only eting all the rest. We had littel need to not eat,—the most uneasy part to go was to cum. In about too ours we cum to a Sno wall, up rite as high as St Paul's; that maid us come to an alt, and I cood not help saying out, Wat is only too human legs to 200 feet! Howsumever, after a bottel of Wine we was abel to proceed in a zig zag direxion,—the Gides axing the way, and cutting steps afore. After a deal of moor white Slavery, we sucsided in gitting up to the Mounting's top, and no body can hav a distant idea of it, but them as is there. Such Sno! And ice enuf to serve all the Fish Mungers, and the grate Routs till the end of the Wurld!

I regrets my joy at cumming to the top maid me forget all I ment to do at it; and in partickler to thro a tumble over hed and heals, as was my mane object in going up. Howsumever, I shall allways be abel to say Me and Master as bin to the Summut of Mount Blank, and so has a little butterfly. I ought to mension the curiousness of seeing one there, but we did not ketch it, as it was too far abov us.

We dissented down in much shorter time, and without anny axident xcept Masters sliding telliscope, witch roled of the ice. Wen we cum agin to Sham Money, the Land Lord askd our names to be rit in the book, as was dun, by Mr W. in prose, but by me in poetry—

"Mount Blank is very hard to be cum at,
But me and Master as bin to its Summut."

JOHN JONES.

Figu ing in the Album of Mont Blanc.

No Bankrupt though I Breaks.

*A HORSE DEALER**

IS a double dealer, for he dealeth more in double meanings than your punster. When he giveth his word it signifieth little, howbeit it standeth for two significations. He putteth his promises like his colts, in a break. Over his mouth. Truth, like the turnpike-man, writeth up No Trust. Whenever he speaketh, his spoke hath more turns than the fore-wheel. He telleth lies, not white only, or black, but likewise grey, bay, chestnut, brown, cream, and roan, piebald and skewbald. He sweareth as many oaths out of court as any man, and more in; for he will swear two ways about a horse's dam. If, by God's grace, he be something honest, it is only a dapple, for he can be fair and unfair at once. He hath much imagination, for he selleth a complete set of capital harness, of which there be no traces. He advertiseth a coach, warranted on its first wheels, and truly the hind pair are wanting to the bargain. A carriage that hath travelled twenty summers and winters, he describeth well-seasoned. He knocketh down machine-horses that have been knocked up on the road, but is so tender of heart to his animals, that he parteth with none for a fault; "for," as he sayeth, "blindness or lameness be misfortunes." A nag, proper only for dog's meat, he writeth down, but

* Comic Annual, 1832.

crieth up, "fit to go to any hounds;" or, as may be, "would suit a timid gentleman." String-halt he calleth "grand action," and kicking "lifting the feet well up." If a mare have the farcical disease, he nameth her "out of Comedy," and selleth Blackbird for a racer because he hath a running thrush. Horses that drink only water, he justly warranteth to be "temperate," and if dead lame, declareth them "good in all their paces," seeing that they can go but one. Roaring he calleth "sound," and a steed that high bloweth in running, he compareth to Eclipse, for he outstrippeth the wind. Another might be entered at a steeplechase, for why—he is as fast as a church. Thoroughpin with him is synonymous with "perfect leg." If a nag cougheth, 'tis "a clever hack." If his knees be fractured, he is "well broke for

Rear Admiral.

gig or saddle." If he reareth, he is "above sixteen hands high." If he hath drawn a tierce in a cart, he is a good fencer. If he biteth, he shows good courage; and he is playful merely, though he should play the devil. If he runneth away, he calleth him "off the Gretna Road, and has been used to carry a lady." If a cob stumbleth, he considereth him a true goer, and addeth "The proprietor parteth from him to go abroad." Thus, without much profession of religion, yet is he truly Christian-like in practice, for he dealeth not in detraction, and would not disparage the character even of a brute. Like unto Love, he is blind unto all blemishes, and seeth only a virtue, meanwhile he gazeth at a vice. He taketh the kick of a nag's hoof like a love token, saying

only, before standers-by, "Poor fellow! he knoweth me!"—and is content rather to pass as a bad rider, than that the horse should be held restive or over-mettlesome, which discharges him from its back. If it hath bitten him beside, and moreover bruised his limb against a coach-wheel, then, constantly returning good for evil, he giveth it but the better character, and recommendeth it before all the studs in his stable. In short, the worse a horse may be, the more he chanteth his praise, like a crow that croweth over Old Ball, whose lot it is on a common to meet with the Common Lot.

*THE FALL.**

"Down, down, down, ten thousand fathoms deep."
COUNT FATHOM.

WHO does not know that dreadful gulf, where Niagara falls,
Where eagle unto eagle screams, to vulture vulture calls;
Where down beneath, Despair and Death in liquid darkness grope,
And upward, on the foam there shines a rainbow without Hope;

The Fall of St Lawrence.

While, hung with clouds of Fear and Doubt, the unreturning wave
Suddenly gives an awful plunge, like life into the grave;

* Comic Annual, 1833.

And many a hapless mortal there hath dived to bale or bliss;
One—only one—hath ever lived to rise from that abyss!
O Heaven! it turns me now to ice, with chill of fear extreme,
To think of my frail bark adrift on that tumultuous stream!
In vain with desperate sinews, strung by love of life and light,
I urged that coffin, my canoe, against the current's might:
On—on—still on—direct for doom, the river rush'd in force,
And fearfully the stream of Time raced with it in its course.
My eyes I closed—I dared not look the way towards the goal;
But still I view'd the horrid close, and dreamt it in my soul.
Plainly, as through transparent lids, I saw the fleeting shore,
And lofty trees, like winged things, flit by for evermore;
Plainly—but with no prophet sense—I heard the sullen sound,
The torrent's voice—and felt the mist, like death-sweat gathering round.
O agony! O life! My home! and those that made it sweet:
Ere I could pray, the torrent lay beneath my very feet.
With frightful whirl, more swift than thought, I pass'd the dizzy edge,
Bound after bound, with hideous bruise, I dash'd from ledge to ledge,
From crag to crag,—in speechless pain,—from midnight deep to deep;
I did not die,—but anguish stunn'd my senses into sleep.
How long entranced, or whither dived, no clue I have to find:
At last the gradual light of life came dawning o'er my mind;
And through my brain there thrill'd a cry,—a cry as shrill as birds'
Of vulture or of eagle kind,—but this was set to words:—
"It's Edgar Huntley in his cap and nightgown, I declares!
He's been a walking in his sleep, and pitch'd all down the stairs!"

A Cataract.

*THE ILLUMINATI.**

"Light, I say, light!"—OTHELLO.

THOSE who have peeped into the portfolios of Mr Geoffrey Crayon, will easily remember his graphic sketches of a locality called Little Britain, and his amusing portraits of its two leading families, the Lambs and the Trotters. I imagine the deserved popularity of the draughtsman made him much in request at routs, soirées, and conversazioni, or so acute an observer would not have failed to notice a nocturnal characteristic of the same neighbourhood,—I mean the frequent and alarming glares of light that illuminate its firmament; but in spite of which, no parish engine rumbles down the steps of St Botolph, the fire-ladders hang undisturbed in their chains, and the turncock smokes placidly in the taproom of the Rose and Crown. For this remarkable apathy, my own more domestic habits enable me to account.

It is the fortune, or misfortune, of the house where I lodge, to confront that of Mr Wix, "Wax and Tallow Chandler to his Majesty;" and certainly no individual ever burned so much to evince his loyalty. He and his windows are always framing an excuse for an illumination. The kindling aptitude ascribed to Eupyrions, and Lucifers, and Chlorate Matches, is nothing to his. Contrary to Hoyle's rules for loo, a single court card is sufficient with him for "a blaze." He knows and keeps the birthdays of all royal personages, and shows by tallow in tins how they wax in years. As sure as the Park guns go off in the morning, he fires his six-pounders in the evening; as sure as a newsman's horn is sounded in the street, it blows the same spark into a flame. In some cases, his inflammability was such, he has been known to ignite, and exhibit fire, where he should have shed water. He was once—it is still a local joke—within an ace of rejoicing at Marr's Murder.

During the long war he was really a nuisance, and what is worse, not indictable. For one not unused to the melting mood, he was strangely given to rejoicing. Other people were content to light up for the great victories, but he commemorated the slightest skirmishes. In civil events the same, whether favourable to Whig or Tory. Like the lover of Bessy Bell and Mary Gray, he divided his flame between them. He lighted when the Administration of the Duke of Wellington came in, and he lighted when it went out,—in short, it seemed, as with the Roman Catholics, that candle-burning was a part of his religion, and that he had got his religion itself from an illuminated missal.

To aggravate this propensity, Mr Sperm, the great oil merchant, lives nearly opposite to Mr Wix, and his principle and his interest coincide exactly with those of his neighbour. Mr Sperm possesses a very large star,—and, like certain managers, he brings it forward as often as he can. He is quite as lax in his political creed as the chandler, and will light up on the lightest occasions,—for instance, let there be

* Comic Annual, 1832.

but a peal of bells, and the Genius of the Ring directly invokes the Genius of the Lamp. In short, Mr Wix and Mr Sperm both resemble the same thing—a merchant-man getting rid of goods by means of lighters.

As the other inhabitants do not always choose to follow the example of these two, I have known our illuminations to be very select—the great oil and tallow establishments blazing all alone in their glory. On other occasions—for instance, the rejoicings for that Bill which Lord L. calls a Bill of Panes and Penalties—I have seen our street assume the motley appearance of a chessboard, alternately dark and bright—to say nothing of Mrs Frampton's lodging-house, where every tenant was of a different sentiment—and the several floors afforded a striking example of the Clare Obscure.

Among general illuminations, I remember none more so than the one on the accession of his late Majesty—but what so universally brightened the Great Britain might be expected to light the Little one. It was in reality an unrivalled exhibition of its kind, and I propose therefore to give some account of it, the situation of my apartment having afforded unusual opportunities—for it is at the angle of a corner house, and thus while its easterly windows stare into those of the Rumbold family, its northern ones squint aside into the sashes of that elderly spinster Miss Winter.

It must have been an extreme fit of loyalty that put such a thought into the penurious mind of Miss W., but she resolved for once in her life to illuminate. I could see her at a large dining-table—so called by courtesy, for it never dined—reviewing a regiment of glass custard-cups—so called also by courtesy, for they never held custard—and another division of tall jelly-glasses, equally unknown to jellies. I might have thought that she meant for once to give a very light supper, had I not seen her fill them all with oil from a little tin can, and afterwards she furnished them with a floating wick. They were then ranged on the window-frame, alternately tall and short; and after this costly preparation, which, by the heaving of her neckerchief, she visibly sighed over, she folded her arms demurely before her, and, by the light of her solitary rush taper, sat down to await the extravagant call of "Light up!"

The elder Miss Rumbold—the parents were out of town—was not idle in the meantime. She packed all the little R.'s off to bed—(I did not see them have any supper)—and then, having got rid of the family branches, began on the tin ones. She had fixed her headquarters in the drawing-room, from whence I saw Caroline and Henry detached, with separate parcels of tins and candles, to do the same office for the floors above and below. But no such luck! After a while, the street door gently opened, and forth sneaked the two deserters, of course to see better illuminations than their own. At the slam of the door behind them Miss Rumbold comprehended the full calamity: first, she threw up her arms, then her eyes, then clenched her teeth and then her hands; going through all the pantomine for distress of mind—but she had no time for grieving, and indeed but little for rejoicing. Mr Wix's was beginning to glitter. Tearing up and down stairs like a lamplighter on his ladder, she fur-

nished all the blank windows, and then returned to the drawing-room; and what was evidently her favourite fancy, she had completed and hung up two festoons of artificial flowers; but alas! her stock on hand fell short a whole foot of the third window—I am afraid for want of the very bouquet in Caroline's bonnet. Removing the unfortunate garlands, she rushed out full speed, and the next moment I saw her in the story above, rapidly unpapering her curls, and making herself as fit as time allowed, to sit in state in the drawing-room, by the light of twenty-seven long sixes.

A violent uproar now recalled my attention to Number 29, where the mob had begun to call out to Miss Winter for her Northern Lights. Miss W. was at her post and rushed with her rush to comply with the demand: but a sudden twitter of nervousness aggravating her old palsy, she could not persuade her wavering taper to alight on any one of the cottons. There was a deal of coquetting indeed between wick and wick, but nothing like a mutual flame. In vain the thin lover-like candle kept hovering over its

All at Sixes and Sevens.

intended, and shedding tears of grease at every repulse; not a glimmer replied to its glance, till at last, weary of love and light, it fairly leaped out of its tin socket, and drowned its own twinkle in a tall jelly-glass. The patience of the mob, already of a thin texture, was torn to rags by this conclusion; they saw that if she would, Miss Winter never *could* illuminate: but as this was an unwelcome truth, they broke it

to her with a volley of stones, that destroyed her little Vauxhall in a moment, and in a twinkle left her nothing to twinkle with!

Shocked at this catastrophe, I turned with some anxiety to Miss Rumbold's, but with admirable presence of mind she had lighted every alternate candle in her windows, and was thus able to present a respectable front at a short notice. The mob, however, made as much uproar as at Miss Winter's, though the noise was different in character, and more resembled the boisterous merriment which attends upon Punch. In fact, Miss Rumbold had a Fantoccini overhead she little dreamt of. Awakened by the unusual light, the younger Rumbolds had rushed from bed to the window, where, exhilarated by childish spirits and the appearance of a gala, they had got up an extempore Juvenile Ball, and were dancing with all their might in their little nightcaps and nightgowns. In vain the unconscious Matilda pointed to her candles, and added her own private pair from the table to the centre window; in vain she wrung her hands, or squeezed them on her bosom: the more she protested in dumb show, the more the mob shouted; and the more the mob shouted, the wilder the imps jigged about. At last Matilda seemed to take some hint; she vanished from the drawing-room like a ghost, and reappeared like a Fury in the nursery—a pair of large hands vigorously flourished and flogged—the heels of the Corps de Ballet flew up higher than their heads—the mob shouted louder than ever—and exeunt omnes.

This interlude being over, the rabble moved on to Mr Wix's, whose every window, as usual, shone "like nine good deeds in a naughty world," and he obtained nine cheers for the display. Poor Mr Sperm was not so fortunate. He had been struggling manfully with a sharp nor-wester to light up his star, but one obstinate limb persisted in showing which way the wind blew. It was a point not to be gained, and though far from red hot, it caused a hiss that reached even to Number 14, and frightened all the Flowerdews. Number 14, as the Clown expresses it in Twelfth Night, was "as lustrous as ebony." In vain Mrs Flowerdew pleaded from one window, and Mr Flowerdew harangued from the other, while Flowerdew junior hammered and tugged at the space between; the glaziers and their friends unglazed everything; and I hope the worthy family, the next time they have a Crown and Anchor, will remember to have them the right side uppermost. Green and yellow lamps decline to hang upon hooks that are topsyturvy, and the blue and red are just as particular.

I forgot to say that during the past proceedings my eyes had frequently glanced towards Number 28. Its occupier, Mr Brookbank, was in some remote way connected with the royal household, and had openly expressed his intention of surprising Little Britain. And in truth Little Britain was surprised enough when it beheld at Mr Brookbank's nothing but a few sorry flambeaux: he talked to the mob, indeed, of a transparency of Peace and Plenty, but as they could see no sign of either, and they had plenty of stones, they again broke the peace. I am sorry to say that, in this instance, the mob were wrong, for there *was* a transparency, but as it was lighted from the outer side, Mr B.'s Peace and Plenty smiled on nobody but himself.

There was only one more disorder, and it occurred at the very house that I help to inhabit. Not that we were dim by any means, for we had been liberal customers to Mr Sperm and to Mr Wix · the tallow of one flared in all our panes, and the oil of the other fed a brilliant W. P. Alas! it was these fiery initials, enigmatical as those at Belshazzar's banquet, that caused all our troubles. The million could make out the meaning of the W, but the other letter, divided in conjecture among them, was literally a split P. Curiosity increased to furiosity, and what might have happened nobody only knows, if my landlady had not proclaimed that her W had spent such a double allowance of lamps, that her R had been obliged to retrench.

To aid her oratory, the rabble were luckily attracted from our own display by a splendour greater even than usual at Number 9. The warehouseman of Mr Wix—*like Master like Man*—had got up an illumination of his own, by leaving a firebrand among the tallow, that

Ignis Fatuus.

soon caused the breaking out of an Insurrection in Grease, and where candles had hitherto been lighted only by Retail, they were now ignited by Wholesale ; or, as my landlady said—"All the fat was in the fire!"

I ventured to ask her, when all was over, what she thought of the lighting-up, and she gave me her opinion in the following sentiment, in the prayer of which I most heartily concur. "Illuminations," she said, "were very pretty things to look at, and no doubt new Kings ought to be illuminated ; but what with the toil, and what with the oil, and what with the grease, and what with the mob, she hoped it would be long, very long before we had a new King again!"

Four Inside.

*CONVEYANCING.**

Oh, London is the place for all
In love with loco-motion!
Still to and fro the people go
Like billows of the ocean;
Machine or man, or caravan,
Can all be had for paying,
When great estates, or heavy weights,
Or bodies want conveying.

There's always hacks about in packs,
Wherein you may be shaken,
And Jarvis is not always *drunk*,
Though always *overtaken;*
In racing tricks he'll never mix,
His nags are in their last days,
And *slow* to go, although they show
As if they had their *fast days!*

Then if you like a single horse,
This age is quite a *cab-age*,
A car not quite so small and light
As those of our Queen *Mab* age;
The horses have been *broken well*,
All danger is rescinded,
For some have *broken both their knees*,
And some are *broken-winded.*

* Comic Annual, 1830.

If you've a friend at Chelsea end,
The stages are worth knowing;
There is a sort, we call 'em short,
Although the longest going—
For some will stop at Hatchett's shop
Till you grow faint and sicky,
Perched up behind, at last to find
Your dinner is all *dickey!*

Long stages run from every yard;
But if you're wise and frugal,
You'll never go with any Guard
That plays upon the bugle,
"Ye banks and braes," and other lays,
And ditties everlasting,
Like miners going all your way,
With *boring* and with *blasting*.

Instead of *journeys*, people now
May go upon a *Gurney*,
With steam to do the horses' work,
By *powers of attorney;*
Though with a load it may explode,
And you may all be *un*-done!
And find you're going *up to Heaven*,
Instead of *up to London!*

To speak of every kind of coach,
It is not my intention:
But there is still one vehicle
Deserves a little mention;
The world a sage has call'd a stage,
With all its living lumber,
And Malthus swears it always bears
Above the proper number.

The law will transfer house or land
For ever and a day hence,
For lighter things, watch, brooches, rings,
You'll never want conveyance;
Ho! stop the thief! my handkerchief!
It is no sight for laughter—
Away it goes, and leaves my nose
To join in running after!

Van Demon's Land.

*A LETTER FROM A SETTLER FOR LIFE IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.**

To Mary, at No. 45 Mount Street Grosvenor Square.

DEAR MARY—Littel did I Think wen I advertisd in the Tims for annother Plaice of taking wan in Vandemin's land. But so it his and hear I am amung Kangerooses and Savidges and other Forriners. But goverment offering to Yung Wimmin to find them in Vittles and Drink and Close and Husbands was turms not to be sneazed at, so I writ to the Outlandish Seckertary and he was so Kind as Grant.

Wen this cums to Hand go to Number 22 Pimpernel Plaice And mind and go betwixt Six and sevin For your own Sake cos then the fammilys Having Diner give my kind love to betty Housmad and Say I am safe of my Jurney to Forrin parts And I hope Master as never Mist the wine and brought Them into trubble on My accounts. But I did not Like to leav for Ever And Ever without treeting my Frends

* Comic Annual, 1833.

and feller servents and Drinking to all their fairwells. In my Flury wen the Bell rung I forgot to take My own Key out of missis Tekaddy but I hope sum wan had the thought And it is in Good hands but shall Be obleeged to no. Lickwise thro my Loness of Sperrits my lox of Hares quite went out of My Hed as was prommist to Be giv to Gorge and Willum and the too Futmen at the too Next dores But I hop and Trust betty pacifid them with lox of Her hone as I begd to Be dun wen I rit Her from dover. O Mary wen I furst see the dover Wite clifts out of site wat with squemishness and Felings I all most repentid givin Ingland warning And had douts if I was goin to better my self. But the stewerd was verry kind tho I could make Him no returns xcept by Dustin the ship for Him And helpin to wash up his dishes. Their was 50 moor Young Wimmin of us and By way of passing tim We agread to tell our Histris of our selves taken by Turns But they all turned out Alick we had All left on acount of Testacious masters And crustacious Mississis and becos the Wurks was to much For our Strenths but betwixt yew and Me the reel truths was beeing Flirted with and unprommist by Perfidus yung men. With sich exampils befour there Minds I wunder sum of them was unprudent enuff to Lissen to the Salers whom are coverd with Pitch but famus for Not Stiking to there Wurds. has for Me the Mate chose to be verry Partickler wan nite Setting on a Skane of Rops but I giv Him is Anser and lucky I did for Am infourmd he as Got too more Marred Wives in a state of Biggamy thank Goodness wan can marry in new Wurlds without mates. Since I have bean in My pressent Sitiation I have had betwen too and three offers for My Hands and expex them Evry day to go to fistcufs about Me this is sum thing lick treeting Wimmin as Wimmin ought to be treetid Nun of your sarsy Buchers and Backers as brakes there Prommissis the sam as Pi Crust wen its maid Lite and shrivvry And then laffs in Your face and say they can have anny Gal they lick round the Square. I dont menshun nams but Eddard as drives the Fancy bred will no Wat I mean. As soon as ever the Botes rode to Land I don't agrivate the Truth to say their was haf a duzzin Bows apeace to Hand us out to shoar and sum go so Far as say they was offered to thro Specking Trumpits afore they left the Shipside. Be that as it May or may Not I am tould We maid a Verry pritty site all Wauking too and too in our bridle wite Gownds with the Union Jacks afore Us to pay humbel Respex to kernel Arther who behaived verry Gentlemanny and Complementid us on our Hansom apearances and Purlitely sed he Wisht us All in the United States. The Salers was so gallaunt as giv three chears wen We left there Ship and sed if so be they had not Bean without Canons they Wood have salutid us all round. Servents mite live Long enuff in Lonnon without Being sich persons of Distinkshun. For my hone Part, cumming amung strangers and Pig in Pokes, prudence Dicktatid not to be askt out At the verry furst cumming in howsumever All is setteld And the match is aproved off by Kernel Arther and the Brightish goverment, who as agread to giv me away. thems wat I call Honners as we used to Say at wist. Wan thing in My favers was my voice and my noing the song of the Plane Gould Ring witch the Van Demons had never Herd afore I

wood recummend all as meens cumming to Bring as menny of the fashingable Songs and Ballets as they Can—and to get sum nolliges of music as fortnately for me I was Abel to by meens of praxtising on Missis Piney Forty wen the fammily Was at ramsgit. of Coarse you and betty Will xpect Me to indulge in Pearsonallitis about my intendid to tell Yew wat he is lick he is Not at All lick Eddard as driv the Fancy bred and Noboddy else yew No. I wood send yew His picter Dun by himself only its no more lick Him then Chork is to Cheas. In spit of the Short Tim for Luv to take Roots I am convinst he is very Passionet of coarse As to his temper I cant Speek As yet as I hav not Tride it. O mary littel did I think too Munth ago of sending yew Brid Cake and Weddin favers wen I say this I am only Figgering in speach for Yew must Not look for sich Things from this Part of the Wurld I dont mean this by Way of discurridgement Wat I meen to say is this If so be Yung Wimmin prefers a state of Silly Bessy they Had better remane ware they was Born but as far as Reel down rite Coarting and no nonsens is concarnd This is the Plaice for my Munny a Gal has only to cum out hear And theirs duzzens will jump at her like Cox at Gusberris. it will Be a reel kindnes to say as Much to Hannah at 48 and Hester Brown and Peggy Oldfield and partickler poor Charlotte they needent Fear about being Plane for Yew may tell Them in this land Faces dont make stumbling Blox and if the Hole cargo was as uggly As sin Lots wood git marrid. Deer Mary if so Be you feel disposd to cum Out of Your self I will aford evry Falicity towards your hapiness. I dont want to hurt your Felines but since the Cotchman as giv yew up I dont think Yew have annother String to your Bo to say nothink of Not being so young As yew was Ten Yeer ago and faces Will ware out as well as scrubbin brushes. theirs a verry nice yung man is quite a Willin to offer to Yew providid you cum the verry Next vessle for He has Maid up his mind not to Wait

Ring-Doves.

beyond the Kupid and Sikey, as the ship is on the Pint of Saling I cant rite Moor at pressent xcept for them as has shily shalying sweat harts to Thretten with cumming to Vandemins And witch will soon sho wether its Cubbard Love or true Love I have seen Enuff of Bows

droping in at supertime and falling out the next morning after borrowin Wans wages. Wen yew see anny Frends giv my Distant love to Them and say My being Gone to annother wurld dont impear my Memmery but I often Thinks of Number 22 and the two Next Dores. yew may Disclose my matterymonial Prospex to betty as we have always had a Deal of Confidens. And I remane with the Gratest asurance Your affexionat Frend

Susan Gale—as his to be Simco.

P.S. Deer mary my Furst Match beeing broke off short hope Yew will not take it Ill but I have Marrid the yung Man as was to Hav waited for Yew but as Yew hav never seen one Annother trusts yew will Not take Him to hart or abrade by Return of Postesses he has behaved Perfickly honnerable And has got a verry United frend of his Hone to be atacht to Yew in lew of Him. adew.

*SONNET.**

Allegory—A moral vehicle.—*Dictionary.*

I HAD a gig-horse, and I called him Pleasure,
Because on Sundays, for a little jaunt,
He was so fast and showy, quite a treasure;
Although he sometimes kick'd, and shied aslant.
I had a chaise, and christen'd it Enjoyment,
With yellow body, and the wheels of red,
Because 'twas only used for one employment,
Namely, to go wherever Pleasure led.
I had a wife, her nickname was Delight;
A son called Frolic, who was never still:
Alas! how often dark succeeds to bright!
Delight was thrown, and Frolic had a spill,
Enjoyment was upset and shatter'd quite,
And Pleasure fell a splitter on *Paine's Hill!*

EPICUREAN REMINISCENCES OF A SENTIMENTALIST.†

"My *Tables! Meat* it is, *I set it* down!"—HAMLET.

I THINK it was spring—but not certain I am—
When my passion began first to work;
But I know we were certainly looking for lamb,
And the season was over for pork.

'Twas at Christmas, I think, when I met with Miss Chase,
Yes,—for Morris had ask'd me to dine,—

* Comic Annual, 1830. † Comic Annual, 1831.

And I thought I had never beheld such a face,
Or so noble a turkey and chine.

Placed close by her side, it made others quite wild
With sheer envy to witness my luck;
How she blush'd as I gave her some turtle, and smiled
As I afterwards offer'd some duck.

I look'd and I languish'd, alas! to my cost,
Through three courses of dishes and meats;
Getting deeper in love—but my heart was quite lost
When it came to the trifle and sweets!

With a rent-roll that told of my houses and land,
To her parents I told my designs—
And then to herself I presented my hand,
With a very fine pottle of pines!

I asked her to have me for weal or for woe,
And she did not object in the least;—
I can't tell the date—but we married, I know,
Just in time to have game at the feast.

We went to———, it certainly was the seaside;
For the next, the most blessed of morns,
I remember how fondly I gazed at my bride,
Sitting down to a plateful of prawns.

Oh, never may memory lose sight of that year,
But still hallow the time as it ought;
That season the "grass" was remarkably dear,
And the peas at a guinea a quart.

So happy, like hours, all our days seem'd to haste,
A fond pair, such as poets have drawn,
So united in heart—so congenial in taste,
We were both of us partial to brawn!

A long life I look'd for of bliss with my bride,
But then Death—I ne'er dreamt about that!
Oh, there's nothing is certain in life, as I cried
When my turbot eloped with the cat!

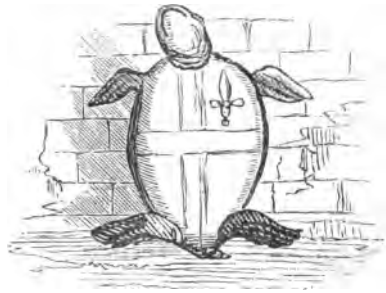
My dearest took ill at the turn of the year,
But the cause no physician could nab;
But something it seem'd like consumption, I fear,
It was just after supping on crab.

In vain she was doctor'd, in vain she was dosed,
Still her strength and her appetite pined;
She lost relish for what she had relish'd the most,
Even salmon she deeply declined!

For months still I linger'd in hope and in doubt,
While her form it grew wasted and thin;
But the last dying spark of existence went out
As the oysters were just coming in!

She died, and she left me, the saddest of men,
To indulge in a widower's moan;
Oh, I felt all the power of solitude then,
As I ate my first natives alone!

But when I beheld Virtue's friends in their cloaks,
And with sorrowful crape on their hats,
Oh, my grief pour'd a flood! and the out-of-door folks
Were all crying—I think it was sprats!



"The City Remembrancer."

SAINT MARK'S EVE.

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.*

"THE Devil choke thee with un!"—as Master Giles the Yeoman said this, he banged down a hand, in size and colour like a ham, on the old-fashioned oak table;—"I do say the Devil choke thee with un!"

The Dame made no reply:—she was choking with passion and a fowl's liver—the original cause of the dispute. A great deal has been said and sung of the advantage of congenial tastes amongst married people, but true it is, the variances of our Kentish couple arose from this very coincidence in gusto. They were both fond of the little delicacy in question, but the Dame had managed to secure the morsel for herself, and this was sufficient to cause a storm of very high words, —which, properly understood, signifies very low language. Their meal-times seldom passed over without some contention of the sort,—as sure as the knives and forks clashed, so did they—being, in fact, equally

* Comic Annual, 1830.

greedy and disagreedy—and when they did pick a quarrel, they picked it to the bone.

It was reported that on some occasions they had not even contented themselves with hard speeches, but that they had come to scuffling—he taking to boxing, and she to pinching—though in a far less ami-

Boxer and Pincher.

cable manner than is practised by the takers of snuff. On the present difference, however, they were satisfied with "wishing each other dead with all their hearts"—and there seemed little doubt of the sincerity of the aspiration, on looking at their malignant faces,—for they made a horrible picture in this frame of mind.

Now it happened that this quarrel took place on the morning of St Mark,—a saint who was supposed on that Festival to favour his votaries with a peep into the Book of Fate. For it was the popular belief in those days, that if a person should keep watch towards midnight, beside the church, the apparitions of all those of the parish who were to be taken by Death before the next anniversary would be seen entering the porch. The Yeoman, like his neighbours, believed most devoutly in this superstition; and in the very moment that he breathed the unseemly aspiration aforesaid, it occurred to him that the Even was at hand when, by observing the rite of St Mark, he might know to a certainty whether this unchristian wish was to be one of those that bear fruit. Accordingly, a little before midnight he stole quietly out of the house, and in something of a sexton-like spirit set forth on his way to the church.

In the meantime the Dame called to mind the same ceremonial; and having the like motive for curiosity with her husband, she also put on her cloak and calash, and set out, though by a different path, on the same errand.

The night of the saint was as dark and chill as the mysteries he

was supposed to reveal, the moon throwing but a short occasional glance, as the sluggish masses of cloud were driven slowly across her face. Thus it fell out that our two adventurers were quite unconscious of being in company, till a sudden glimpse of moonlight showed them

Second Sight.

to each other, only a few yards apart—both, through a natural panic, as pale as ghosts, and both making eagerly towards the church porch. Much as they had just wished for this vision, they could not help quaking and stopping on the spot, as if turned to a pair of tombstones, and in this position the dark again threw a sudden curtain over them, and they disappeared from each other.

It will be supposed the two came only to one conclusion, each conceiving that St Mark had marked the other to himself. With this comfortable knowledge, the widow and widower elect hied home again by the roads they came ; and as their custom was to sit apart after a quarrel, they repaired, each ignorant of the other's excursion, to separate chambers.

By and by, being called to supper, instead of sulking as aforetime, they came down together, each being secretly in the best humour, though mutually suspected of the worst ; and amongst other things on the table, there was a calf's sweetbread, being one of those very dainties that had often set them together by the ears. The Dame looked and longed, but she refrained from its appropriation, thinking within herself that she could give up sweetbreads *for one year:* and

the Farmer made a similar reflection. After pushing the dish to and fro several times, by a common impulse they divided the treat; and then, having supped, they retired amicably to rest, whereas until then, they had never gone to bed without falling out. The truth was, each looked upon the other as being already in the churchyard mould, or quite "moulded to their wish."

On the morrow, which happened to be the Dame's birthday, the Farmer was the first to wake, and *knowing what he knew*, and having besides but just roused himself out of a dream strictly confirmatory of the late vigil, he did not scruple to salute his wife, and wish her many happy returns of the day. The wife, *who knew as much as he*, very readily wished him the same, having in truth but just rubbed out of her eyes the pattern of a widow's bonnet, that had been submitted to her in her sleep. She took care, however, to give the fowl's liver at dinner to the doomed man, considering that, when he was dead and gone, she could have them, if she pleased, seven days in the week; and the Farmer, on his part, took care to help her to many tid-bits. Their feeling towards each other was that of an impatient host with regard to an unwelcome guest, showing scarcely a bare civility while in expectation of his stay, but overloading him with hospitality when made certain of his departure.

In this manner they went on for some six months, and though without any addition of love between them, and as much selfishness as ever, yet living in a subservience to the comforts and inclinations of each other, sometimes not to be found even amongst couples of sincerer affections. There were as many causes for quarrel as ever, but every day it became less worth while to quarrel; so letting bygones be bygones, they were indifferent to the present, and thought only of the future, considering each other (to adopt a common phrase) "as *good* as dead."

Ten months wore away, and the Farmer's birthday arrived in its turn. The Dame, who had passed an uncomfortable night, having dreamt, in truth, that she did not much like herself in mourning, saluted him as soon as the day dawned, and with a sigh wished him many years to come. The Farmer repaid her in kind, the sigh included; his own visions having been of the painful sort, for he had dreamt of having a headache from wearing a black hatband, and the malady still clung to him when awake. The whole morning was spent in silent meditation and melancholy on both sides, and when dinner came, although the most favourite dishes were upon the table, they could not eat. The Farmer, resting his elbows upon the board, with his face between his hands, gazed wistfully on his wife,—scooping her eyes, as it were, out of their sockets, stripping the flesh off her cheeks, and in fancy converting her whole head into a mere Caput Mortuum. The Dame, leaning back in her high arm-chair, regarded the Yeoman quite as ruefully,—by the same process of imagination picking his sturdy bones, and bleaching his ruddy visage to the complexion of a plaster cast. Their minds, travelling in the same direction, and at an equal rate, arrived together at the same reflection; but the Farmer was the first to give it utterance:

"Thee'd be miss'd, Dame, if thee were to die!"

The Dame started. Although she had nothing but Death at that moment before her eyes, she was far from dreaming of her own exit, and at this rebound of her thoughts against herself, she felt as if an extra-cold coffin-plate had been suddenly nailed on her chest; recovering, however, from the first shock, her thoughts flowed into their old channel, and she retorted in the same spirit:—"I wish, Master, thee may live so long as I!"

The Farmer, in his own mind, wished to live rather longer; for, at the utmost, he considered that his wife's bill of mortality had but two months to run. The calculation made him sorrowful: during the last few months she had consulted his appetite, bent to his humour, and dovetailed her own inclinations into his, in a manner that could never be supplied; and he thought of her, if not in the language, at least in the spirit, of the Lady in Lalla Rookh—

"I never taught a bright gazelle
To watch me with its dark black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!"

His wife, from being at first useful to him, had become agreeable, and at last dear; and as he contemplated her approaching fate, he could not help thinking out audibly, "that he should be a lonesome man when she was gone." The Dame, this time, heard the survivorship foreboded without starting; but she marvelled much at what she thought the infatuation of a doomed man. So perfect was her faith in the infallibility of St Mark, that she had even seen the symptoms of mortal disease, as palpable as plague spots, on the devoted Yeoman. Giving his body up, therefore, for lost, a strong sense of duty persuaded her that it was imperative on her, as a Christian, to warn the unsuspecting Farmer of his dissolution. Accordingly, with a solemnity adapted to the subject, a tenderness of recent growth, and a Momento Mori face, she broached the matter in the following question—

"Master, how bee'st?"

"As hearty, Dame, as a buck,"—the Dame shook her head,—"and I wish thee the like," at which he shook his head himself.

A dead silence ensued:—the Farmer was as unprepared as ever.—There is a great fancy for breaking the truth by dropping it gently,—an experiment which has never answered any more than with ironstone china. The Dame felt this, and thinking it better to throw the news at her husband at once, she told him in as many words that he was a dead man.

It was now the Yeoman's turn to be staggered. By a parallel course of reasoning, he had just wrought himself up to a similar disclosure, and the Dame's death-warrant was just ready upon his tongue, when he met with his own despatch, signed, sealed, and delivered. Conscience instantly pointed out the oracle from which she had derived the omen, and he turned as pale as "the pale of society"—the colourless complexion of late hours.

St Martin had numbered his years; and remainder days seemed discounted by St Thomas. Like a criminal cast to die, he doubted if the die was cast, and appealed to his wife:—

"Thee hast watch'd, Dame, at the church porch, then?"

"Ay, Master."

"And thee didst see me spirituously?"

"In the brown wrap, with the boot-hose. Thee were coming to the church by Fairthorn Gap; in the while I were coming by the holly hedge."—For a minute the Farmer paused—but the next, he burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, peal after peal, and each higher than the last, according to the hysterical gamut of the hyæna. The poor woman had but one explanation for this phenomenon—she thought it a delirium—a lightening before death, and was beginning to wring her hands, and lament, when she was checked by the merry Yeoman:—

"Dame, thee bee'st a fool. It was I myself thee seed at the church porch. I seed thee too,—with a notice to quit upon thy face,—but, thanks to God, thee beest a-living, and that is more than I cared to say of thee this day ten-month!"

Bear and For-Bear.

The Dame made no answer. Her heart was too full to speak, but throwing her arms round her husband, she showed that she shared in his sentiment. And from that hour, by practising a careful abstinence from offence, or a temperate sufferance of its appearance, they became the most united couple in the county—but it must be said, that their comfort was not complete till they had seen each other in safety over the perilous anniversary of St Mark's Eve.

*I'M NOT A SINGLE MAN.**

"Double, single, and the rub."—HOYLE.
"This, this is Solitude."—BYRON.

I.

WELL, I confess, I did not guess
A simple marriage vow
Would make me find all womenkind
Such unkind women now!

* Comic Annual, 1831.

They need not, sure, as *distant* be
As Java or Japan,—
Yet every Miss reminds me this—
I'm not a single man!

II.

Once they made choice of my bass voice
To share in each duet;
So well I danced, I somehow chanced
To stand in every set:
They now declare I cannot sing,
And dance on Bruin's plan;
Me draw—me paint—me anything!—
I'm not a single man!

III.

Once I was ask'd advice, and task'd
What works to buy or not,
And "would I read that passage out
I so admired in Scott?"
They then could bear to hear one read;
But if I now began,
How they would snub "My pretty page"—
I'm not a single man!

IV.

One used to stitch a collar then,
Another hemm'd a frill;
I had more purses netted then
Than I could hope to fill.
I once could get a button on,
But now I never can—
My buttons then were Bachelor's—
I'm not a single man!

V.

Oh, how they hated politics
Thrust on me by papa!
But now my chat, they all leave that
To entertain mamma—
Mamma, who praises her own self,
Instead of Jane or Ann,
And lays "her girls" upon the shelf—
I'm not a single man!

VI.

Ah me! how strange it is the change,
In parlour and in hall;
They treat me so, if I but go
To make a morning call.
If they had hair in papers once,
Bolt up the stairs they ran;

They now sit still in deshabille—
I'm not a single man !

VII.

Miss Mary Bond was once so fond
Of Romans and of Greeks,
She daily sought my cabinet
To study my antiques ;
Well, now she doesn't care a dump
For ancient pot or pan,
Her taste at once is modernised—
I'm not a single man !

VIII.

My spouse is fond of homely life,
And all that sort of thing ;
I go to balls without my wife,
And never wear a ring :
And yet each Miss to whom I come,
As strange as Genghis Khan,
Knows by some sign, I can't divine,
I'm not a single man !

IX.

Go where I will, I but intrude ;
I'm left in crowded rooms,
Like Zimmerman on Solitude,
Or Hervey at his Tombs.
From head to heel, they make me feel
Of quite another clan ;
Compell'd to own, though left alone,
I'm not a single man !

X.

Miss Towne, the toast, though she can boast
A nose of Roman line,
Will turn up even that in scorn
Of compliments of mine :
She should have seen that I have been
Her sex's partisan,
And really married all I could—
I'm not a single man !

XI.

'Tis hard to see how others fare,
Whilst I rejected stand ;
Will no one take my arm because
They cannot have my hand ?
Miss Parry, that for some would go
A trip to Hindostan,
With me don't care to mount a stair—
I'm not a single man !

XII.

Some change, of course, should be in force,
But surely not so much;
There may be hands I may not squeeze,
But must I never touch?
Must I forbear to hand a chair
And not pick up a fan?
But I have been myself pick'd up—
I'm not a single man!

XIII.

Others may hint a lady's tint
Is purest red and white—
May say her eyes are like the skies,
So very blue and bright;
I must not say that she *has eyes*,
Or, if I so began,
I have my fears about my ears—
I'm not a single man!

XIV.

I must confess I did not guess
A simple marriage vow
Would make me find all woman-kind
Such unkind women now;
I might be hash'd to death, or smash'd
By Mr Pickford's van,
Without, I fear, a single tear—
I'm not a single man!

A B chelor of Hearts.

*A GREENWICH PENSIONER**

IS a sort of stranded marine animal, that the receding tide of life has left high and dry on the shore. He pines for his element like a sea-bear, and misses his briny washings and wettings. What the ocean could not do, the land does, for it makes him sick: he cannot digest properly unless the body is rolled and tumbled about like a barrel-churn. Terra-firma is good enough he thinks to touch at for wood and water, but nothing more. There is no wind, he swears, ashore—every day of his life is a dead calm,—a thing above all others he detests: he would like it better for an occasional earthquake. Walk he cannot, the ground being so still and steady that he is puzzled to keep his legs; and ride he will not, for he disdains a craft whose rudder is forward and not astern.

Inland scenery is his especial aversion. He despises a tree "before the mast," and would give all the singing birds of creation for a boatswain's whistle. He hates prospects, but enjoys retrospects. An old boat, a stray anchor, or decayed mooring-ring, will set him dreaming for hours. He splices sea and land ideas together. He reads of "shooting off a tie at Battersea," and it reminds him of a ball carrying away his own pigtail. "Canvassing for a situation," recalls running with all sails set for a station at Aboukir. He has the advantage of our Economists as to the "Standard of Value," knowing it to be the British ensign. The announcement of "an arrival of foreign vessels, with our ports open," claps him into a paradise of prize money, with Poll of the *Pint*. He wonders sometimes at "petitions to be discharged from the Fleet," but sympathises with those in the Marshalsea Court, as subject to a sea court-martial. Finally, try him even in the learned languages, by asking him for the meaning of "Georgius Rex," and he will answer, without hesitation, "The wrecks of the Royal George."

* Comic Annual, 1830.

Enjoying the "Tails of My Landlord."

*THE BURNING OF THE LOVE-LETTER.**

"Sometimes they were put to the proof, by what was called the Fiery Ordeal."—*Hist. Eng.*

NO morning ever seem'd so long!—
I tried to read with all my might!
In my left hand "My Landlord's Tales,"
And threepence ready in my right.

'Twas twelve at last—my heart beat high!—
The postman rattled at the door!—
And just upon her road to church,
I dropt the "Bride of Lammermoor!"

I seized the note—I flew upstairs—
Flung-to the door, and lock'd me in;
With panting haste I tore the seal,
And kiss'd the B in Benjamin!

* Comic Annual, 1830.

'Twas full of love—to rhyme with dove—
And all that tender sort of thing—
Of sweet and meet—and heart and dart—
But not a word about a ring!

In doubt I cast it in the flame,
And stood to watch the latest spark—
And saw the love all end in smoke,
Without a Parson and a Clerk!

*THE ANGLER'S FAREWELL.**

"Resign'd, I kissed the rod."

WELL! I think it is time to put up!
For it does not accord with my notions,
Wrist, elbow, and chine,
Stiff from throwing the line,
To take nothing at last by my motions!

Gentle and Simple.

I ground-bait my way as I go,
And dip in at each watery dimple;
But however I wish
To inveigle the fish,
To my *gentle* they will not play *simple!*

* Comic Annual, 1830.

Though my float goes so swimmingly on,
My bad luck never seems to diminish;
It would seem that the Bream
Must be scarce in the stream,
And the *Chub*, though it's chubby, be *thinnish!*

Not a Trout there can be in the place,
Not a Grayling or Rud worth the mention;
And although at my hook
With *attention* I look,
I can ne'er see my hook with *a Tench on!*

At a brandling once Gudgeon would gape,
But they seem upon different terms now;
Have they taken advice
Of the "*Council of Nice*,"
And rejected their "*Diet of Worms*," now?

In vain my live minnow I spin,
Not a Pike seems to think it worth snatching;
For the gut I have brought,
I had better have bought
A good *rope* that was used to *Jack-ketching!*

Not a nibble has ruffled my cork,
It is vain in this river to search then;
I may wait till it's night,
Without any bite,
And at *roost-time* have never a *Perch* then!

No Roach can I meet with—no Bleak,
Save what in the air is so sharp now;
Not a Dace have I got,
And I fear it is not
"Carpe diem," a day for the Carp now!

Oh, there is not a one-pound prize
To be got in this fresh-water lottery!
What then can I deem
Of so fishless a stream,
But that 'tis—like St Mary's—*Ottery!*

For an Eel I have learn'd how to try,
By a method of Walton's own showing,—
But a fisherman feels
Little prospect of Eels
In a path that's devoted to towing!

I have tried all the water for miles,
Till I'm weary of dipping and casting,
And hungry and faint,—
Let the Fancy just paint
What it is, *without Fish*, to be *Fasting!*

And the rain drizzles down very fast,
While my dinner-time sounds from a far bell,—
So, wet to the skin,
I'll e'en back to my inn,
Where at least I am sure of a *Bar-bell!*

SEA SONG.

AFTER DIBDIN.*

PURE water it plays a good part in
The swabbing the decks and all that—
And it finds its own level for sartin—
For it sartinly drinks very flat.
For my part, a drop of the creatur
I never could think was a fault,
For if Tars should swig water by natur,
The sea would have never been salt!
Then off with it into a jorum,
And make it strong, sharpish, or sweet,
For if I've any sense of decorum
It never was meant to be neat!

One day when I was but half sober—
Half measures I always disdain—

A Bottle Jack.

I walk'd into a shop that sold soda,
And ax'd for some water-champagne.
Well, the lubber he drew and he drew, boys,
Till I'd shipp'd my six bottles or more,
And blow off my last limb but it's true, boys,
Why, I warn't half so drunk as afore!

* Comic Annual, 1830.

Then off with it into a jorum,
And make it strong, sharpish, or sweet,
For if I've any sense of decorum,
It never was meant to be neat.

*A SINGULAR EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET HOUSE.**

"Our Crummie is a dainty cow."—*Scotch Song.*

ON that first Saturday in May,
When Lords and Ladies, great and grand,
Repair to see what each R.A.
Has done since last they sought the Strand,
In red, brown, yellow, green, or blue,
In short, what's call'd the private view,—
Amongst the guests—the deuce knows how
She got in there without a row—

Moving in the First Circles.

There came a large and vulgar dame,
With arms deep red, and face the same,
Showing in temper not a saint;
No one could guess for why she came,
Unless perchance to "scour the paint."

From wall to wall she forced her way,
Elbow'd Lord Durham—poked Lord Grey—
Stamp'd Stafford's toes to make him move,
And Devonshire's Duke received a shove;
The great Lord Chancellor felt her nudge,
She made the Vice, his Honour, budge,
And gave a pinch to Park the Judge.

* Comic Annual, 1832.

As for the ladies, in this stir,
The highest rank gave way to her.

From Number one and Number two,
She search'd the pictures through and through,
On benches stood to inspect the high ones,
And squatted down to scan the shy ones ;
And as she went from part to part,
A deeper red each cheek became,
Her very eyes lit up in flame,
That made each looker-on exclaim,
"Really an ardent love of art!"
Alas! amidst her inquisition,
Fate brought her to a sad condition ;
She might have run against Lord Milton,
And still have stared at deeds in oil,
But ah! her picture-joy to spoil,
She came full butt on Mr Hilton.

The keeper, mute, with staring eyes,
Like a lay-figure for surprise,
At last thus stammer'd out, "How now!
Woman—where, woman, is your ticket,
That ought to let you through our wicket?"
Says woman, "Where is David's Cow?"
Said Mr H., with expedition,
"There's no Cow in the Exhibition."
"No Cow!"—but here her tongue in verity
Set off with steam and rail celerity :—

"No Cow! there an't no Cow! then the more's the shame and pity,
Hang you and the R.A.'s, and all the Hanging Committee!
No Cow—but hold your tongue, for you needn't talk to me—
You can't talk up the Cow, you can't, to where it ought to be ;
I haven't seen a picture, high or low, or anyhow,
Or in any of the rooms, to be compared with David's Cow.
You may talk of your Landseers, and of your Coopers, and your Wards,
Why, hanging is too good for them, and yet here they are on cords!
They're only fit for window frames, and shutters, and street-doors—
David will paint 'em any day at Red Lions or Blue Boars ;
Why, Morland was a fool to him at a little pig or sow.
It's really hard it an't hung up—I could cry about the Cow!
But I know well what it is, and why—they're jealous of David's fame,
But to vent it on the Cow, poor thing, is a cruelty and a shame.
Do you think it might hang bye and bye, if you cannot hang it now?
David has made a party up to come and see his Cow.
If it only hung three days a week, for an example to the learners,
Why can't it hang up, turn about, with that picture of Mr Turner's?
Or do you think from Mr Etty you need apprehend a row,
If now and then you cut him down to hang up David's Cow?

I can't think where their tastes have been, to not have such a creature,
Although I say, that should not say, it was prettier than Nature;
It must be hung—and shall be hung, for, Mr H., I vow,
I daren't take home the catalogue, unless it's got the Cow!
As we only want it to be seen, I should not so much care,
If it was only round the stone man's neck, a-coming up the stair;
Or down there in the marble room, where all the figures stand,
Where one of them Three Graces might just hold it in her hand;
Or may be Bailey's Charity the favour would allow
It would really be a charity to hang up David's Cow.
We haven't nowhere else to go if you don't hang it here,
The Water-Colour place allows no oilman to appear,
And the British Gallery sticks to Dutch, Teniers, and Gerrard Douw,
And the Suffolk Gallery will not do—it's not a Suffolk Cow.
I wish you'd seen him painting her, he hardly took his meals
Till she was painted on the board correct from head to heels;
His heart and soul was in his Cow, and almost made him shabby,
He hardly whipp'd the boys at all, or help'd to nurse the babby.
And when he had her all complete and painted over red,
He got so grand, I really thought him going off his head.
Now hang it, Mr Hilton, do just hang it anyhow
Poor David, he will hang himself unless you hang his Cow;
And if it's unconvenient, and drawn too big by half,
David sha'n't send next year except a very little calf."

Beef à-la-Daube.

*THE YEOMANRY.**

AMONGST the agitations of the day, there is none more unaccountable to a peaceable man in a time of peace than the resistance to the disbanding of the Yeomanry. It is of course impossible for any one so unconnected with party as myself to divine the ministerial motives for the measure; but judging from my own experience, I should have expected that every private at least would have mounted his best hunter to make a jump at the offer. It appears, however, that a part of the military body in question betrays a strong disinclination to dismiss; and certain troops have even offered their services gratuitously, and been accepted, although it is evident that such a troop, to be consistent, ought to refuse, when called upon to act, to make any charge whatever.

A Field Officer.

Amongst my Scottish reminiscences, I have a vivid recollection of once encountering, on the road from Dundee to Perth, a party of soldiers, having in their custody a poor fellow in the garb of a peasant, and secured by handcuffs. He looked somewhat melancholy, as he well might, under the uncertainty whether he was to be flogged within an inch of his life, or shot to death, for such were the punishments of his offence, which I understood to be desertion, or disbanding himself without leave. It was natural to conclude, that no ordinary disgust at a military life would induce a man to incur such heavy penalties. With what gratitude would *he* have accepted his discharge! He would surely have embraced the offer of being let off with no outlay of gunpowder! And yet he was a regular, in the receipt of pay, and with the prospect and opportunity, so rare to our Yeomanry, of winning laurels, and covering himself with glory!

It has been argued, on high authority, as a reason for retaining the troops in question, that they are the most *constitutional* force that could be selected; and truly of their general robustness there can be

* Comic Annual, 1833.

but one opinion. However, if a domestic force of the kind ought to be kept up, would it not be advisable, and humane, and fair, to give the manufacturing body a turn, and form troops of the sedentary weavers and other artisans, who stand so much more in need of out-of-door exercise? The farmer, from the nature of his business, has *field*-days enough, to say nothing of the charges and throwings-off he enjoys in hunting and coursing, besides riding periodically to and from market, or the neighbouring fairs. Indeed, the true English yeoman is generally, thanks to these sports and employments, so constantly in the saddle, that instead of volunteering into any cavalry, it might be supposed he would be glad to feel his own legs a little, and enjoy the household comforts of the chimney-corner and the elbow-chair. As regards their effectiveness, I have had the pleasure of seeing a troop fire at a target for a subscription silver cup; and it convinced me, that if I had felt inclined to *roast* them, their own *fire* was the very best one for my purpose. On another occasion I had the gratification of beholding a charge, and as they succeeded in dispersing themselves, it may be inferred that they might possibly do as much by a mob. Still there seemed hardly excitement enough, or amusement enough, except to the spectators, in such playing at soldiers, to induce honest, hearty, fox-hunting farmers to wish to become veterans. To tell the truth, I have heard before now repentant grumblings from practical agriculturists, who had too rashly adopted the uniform, and have seen even their horses betray an inclination to back out of the line. The more therefore is my surprise, on all accounts, to hear that the Yeomanry are so unwilling to be dispensed with, and relieved from inactive service; for though the song tells us of a "Soldier tired of war's alarms," there is no doubt that to a soldier of spirit, the most tiresome thing in the world is to have no alarms at all.

"I vish ve could be disbandy'd."

In the meantime, I have been at some pains to ascertain the sentiments of the yeowomanry on the subject, and if they all feel in common with Dame ——, the disbanding will be a most popular measure amongst the farmers' wives. I had no sooner communicated the news,

through the old lady's trumpet, than she exclaimed, that "it was the best hearing she had had for many a long day! The sogering work unsettled both men and horses—it took her husband's head off his business, and it threw herself off the old mare, at the last fair, along of a showman's trumpet. Besides, it set all the farm servants a-sogering too, and when they went to the Wake, only old Roger came back again to say they had all 'listed. They had more sense, however, than their master, for they all wanted to be disbanded the next morning. As for the master, he'd never been the same man since he put on the uniform; but had got a hectoring, swaggering way with him, as if everybody that didn't agree in politics, and especially about the Corn Bill, was to be bored and slashed with sword and pistol. Then there was the constant dread that in his practising, cut six would either come home to him, or do a mischief to his neighbours; and after a reviewing there was no bearing him, it put him so up in his stirrups, and on coming home, he'd think nothing of slivering off all the hollyoaks as he brandished and flourished up the front garden. Another thing, and that was no trifle, was the accidents; she couldn't tell how it was, whether he thought too much of himself, and too little of his horse, but he always got a tumble with the yeomanry, though he'd fox-hunt by the year together without a fall. What was worse, a fall always made him crusty, and when he was crusty, he made a point to get into his cups, which made him more crusty still. Thank God, as yet he had never been of any use to his country, and it was her daily prayer that he might never be called out, as he had so many enemies and old grudges in the neighbourhood, there would be sure to be murder on one side or the other. For my own part," she concluded, "I think the Parliament is quite right in these hard times to turn the farmers' swords again into ploughshares, for they have less to care about the rising of rioters than the falling of wheat." The old lady then hunted out what she called a yeomanry letter from her husband's brother, and having her permission to make it public, I have thought proper to christen it

AN UNFAVOURABLE REVIEW.

"You remember Philiphaugh, Sir?"
"Umph!" said the Major, "the less we say about that, John, the better."
OLD MORTALITY.

To Mr Robert Cherry, the Orchard, Kent.

DEAR BOB,—It's no use your making more stir about the barley Business has no business to stand before king and country, and I couldn't go to Ashford Market and the Review at the same time. The Earl called out the Yeomanry for a grand field-day at Bumper Daggle Bottom Common, and to say nothing of its being my horse duty to attend, I wouldn't have lost my sight for the whole barley in Kent. Besides the Earl, the great Duke did us the honour to come and see the troops go through everything, and it rained all the time.

Except for the crops, a more unfavouring day couldn't have been picked out for man or beast, and many a nag has got a consequential cough.

The ground was very good, with only one leap, that nobody took, but the weather was terribly against. It blew equinoxious gales, and rained like watering-pots with the rose off. But as somebody said, one cannot always have their reviews cut and dry.

"Pour on, I will endure."

We set out from Ashford at ten, and was two hours going to Bumper Daggle Bottom Common, but it's full six mile. The Bumper Daggle's dress is rather handsome and fighting like — blue, having a turn-up with white, and we might have been called cap-a-pee, but Mr P., the contractor of our caps, made them all too small for our heads. Luckily the clothes fit, except Mr Lambert's, who couldn't find a jacket big enough; but he scorned to shrink, and wore it loose on his shoulder, like a hussar. As for arms, we had all sorts, and as regards horses, I am sorry to say all sorts of legs—what with splints, and quitters, and ring-bone, and grease. The Major's, I noticed, had a bad spavin, and was no better for being fired with a ramrod, which old Clinker the blacksmith forgot to take out of his piece.

We mustard very strong—about sixty—besides two volunteers, one an invalid, because he had been ordered to ride for exercise, and the other because he had nothing else to do, and he did nothing when he came. We must have been a disagreeable site to eyes as is unaffected towards Government,—though how Hopper's horse would behave in putting down riots I can't guess, for he did nothing but make revolutions himself, as if he was still in the thrashing-mill. But you know yomanry an't reglers, and can't be expected to be veterans all at once. The worst of our mistakes was about the cullers. Old Ensign Cobb, of the White Horse, has a Political Union club meets at his house, and when he came to unfurl, he had brought the wrong flag: instead of "Royal Bumper Daggle," it was "No Boromongers." It made a reglar horse laugh among the cavalry; and old Cobb took such dudgeon at us, he deserted home to the White Horse, and cut the concern without drawing a sword. The Captain ordered Jack

Blower to sound the recal to him, but sum wag on the rout had stuck a bung up his trumpet; and he galloped off just as crusty about it as Old Cobb. Our next trouble was with Simkin, but you know he is anything but Simkin and Martial. He rid one of his own docked waggon-horses—but for appearance sake had tied on a long regulation false tale, that made his horse kick astonishing, till his four loose shoes flew off like a game at koits. Of course nobody liked to stand nigh him, and he was obliged to be drawn up in single order by himself, but not having any one to talk to, he soon got weary of it, and left the ground. This was some excuse for him—but not for Dale, that deserted from his company,—some said his horse bolted with him, but I'll swear I seed him spur. Up to this we had only one more deserter, and that was Marks, on his iron-grey mare; for she heard her foal whinnying at home, and attended to that call more than to a deaf and dumb trumpet. Biggs didn't come at all; he had his nag stole that very morning, as it was waiting for him, pistols and all.

Seeing a Review.

What with these goings off and gaps, our ranks got in such disorder, that the Earl, tho' he is a Tory, was obliged to act as a rank Reformer. We got into line middling well, as far as the different sizes of our horses would admit, and the Duke rode up and down us, and I am sorry to say was compelled to a reprimand. Morgan Giles had been at a fox-hunt the day before, and persisted in wearing the brush as a feather in his cap. As fox-tails isn't regulation, his Grace ordered it out, but Morgan was very high, and at last threw up his commission into a tree, and trotted home to Wickham Hall, along with Private Dick, who, as Morgan's whipper-in, thought he was under obligations to follow his master.

We got thro' sword exercise decent well,—only Barber shaved Crofts' mare with his saber, which he needn't have done, as she was clipt before: and Holdsworth slashed off his cob's off ear. It was cut and run with her in course; and I hope he got safe home. We don't know what Hawksley might have thrusted, as his sword objected to be called out in wet weather, and stuck to its sheath like pitch; but

he went thro' all the cuts very correct with his umbrella. For my own part, candour compels to state I swished off my left-hand man's feather; but tho' it might have been worse, and I apologized as well as I could for my horse fretting, he was foolish enough to huff at, and swear was done on purpose, and so galloped home, I suspect, to write me a calling-out challenge. Challenge or not, if I fight him with anything but fists, I'm not one of the Yeomanry. An accident's an accident, and much more pardonable than Hawksley opening his umbrella plump in the face of the Captain's blood charger; and ten times more mortifying for an officer to be carried back willy-nilly to Ashford in the very middle of the Review. Luckily before Hawksley frightened any more he was called off to hold his umbrella over Mrs H., as Mrs Morgan had taken in nine ladies, and couldn't accommodate more in her close carriage, without making it too close.

After sword exercise we shot pistols, and I must say, very well and distinct; only, old Dunn didn't fire; but he's deaf as a post, and I wonder how he was called out. Talking of volleys, I am sorry to say we fired one before without word of command; but it was all thro' Day on his shooting pony putting up a partridge, and in the heat of the moment letting fly, and as he is our fugelman, we all did the same. Lucky for the bird it was very strong on the wing, or the troop must have brought it down; howsomever the Earl looked very grave, and said something that Day didn't choose to take from him, being a qualified man, and taking out a reglar license, so he went off to his own ground, where he might shoot without being called to account. Contrary to reason and expectation, there was very few horses shied at the firing; but we saw Bluff lying full length, and was afraid it was a bust; but we found his horse, being a very quiet one, had run away from the noise. He was throwd on his back in the mud, but refused to leave the ground. Being a man of spirit, and military inclind, he got up behind Bates; but Bates's horse objecting to such back-gammon, rear'd and threw doublets. As his knees was broke, Bates and Bluff was forced to lead him away, and the troop lost two more men, tho' for once against their own wills.

As for Roper, he had bragged how he could stand fire, but seeing a great light over the village, he set off full swing to look after his ricks and barns.

The next thing to be done was charging, and between you and me, I was most anxious about that, as many of us could only ride up to a certain *pitch*. As you've often been throwd, you'll know what I mean. To tell the truth, when the word came, I seed some lay hold of their saddles, but Barnes had better have laid hold of anything else in the world, for it turn'd round with him at the first start. Simpkin fell at the same time insensibly, but the doctor dismounted and was very happy to attend him without making any charge whatever. All the rest went off gallantly, either galloping or cantering, tho' as they say at Canterbury races, there was some wonderful tailing on account of the difference of the nags. Grimsby's mare was the last of the lot, and for her backwardness in charging we called her the Mare of Bristol, but he took the jest no better than Cobb did, and when we wheel'd to

the right, he was left. Between friends, I was not sorry when the word came to pull up,—such crossing, and jostling, and foul riding; but two farmers seemed to like it, for they never halted when the rest did, but galloped on out of sight. I have since heard they had matched their two nags the day before to run two miles for a sovereign. I don't think a sovereign should divert a man from his king: but I can't write the result, as they never came back,—I suppose on account of the wet. The rains, to speak cavalry like, had got beyond bearing-reins; and when we formed line again, it was like a laundress's clothes line, for there wasn't a dry shirt on it. One man on a lame horse rode particularly restive, and objected in such critical weather to a long review. He wouldn't be cholora morbus'd, he said, for Duke or Devil, but should put his horse up and go home by the blue stage; by way of answer he was ordered to give up his arms and his jacket, which he did very offhand as it was wet thro'. Howsomever it was thought prudent to dispense with us till fine weather, so we was formed into a circle—9 bobble square, and the Duke thanked us in a short speech for being so regular, and loyal, and soldier-like, after which every man that had kept his seat gave three cheers.

An Objection to Crossing the Line.

On the whole the thing might have been very gratifying, but on reviewing the field-day, the asthmas and agues are uncommonly numerous, and to say nothing of the horses that are amiss with coffs and colds—there are three dead and seven lame for life. The Earl has been very much blamed under the rose among the privates for fixing upon a hunting-day, which I forgot to say carried away a dozen that were mounted on their hunters. I am sorry to say there was so few left at the end of all, as to suffer themselves to be hissed into the town by the little boys and gals, and called the Horse Gomerils; and that consequently the corpse as a body is as good as defunct. Not that there were many resign'd at the end of the review, as his Lordship gave a grand dinner on the following day tc the troop: but I am

sorry to say, a great many was so unhandsome as to throw up the very day after. The common excuse among them was something of not liking to wet their swords against their countrymen.

For my own part, as the Yeomanry cannot go on, I shall stick to it honorably, and as any man of spirit would do in my case; but don't be afraid of my attending Market, come what will, and selling the barley at the best quotation.—I am, dear Brother, Your's and the Colonel's to command,

JAMES CHERRY.

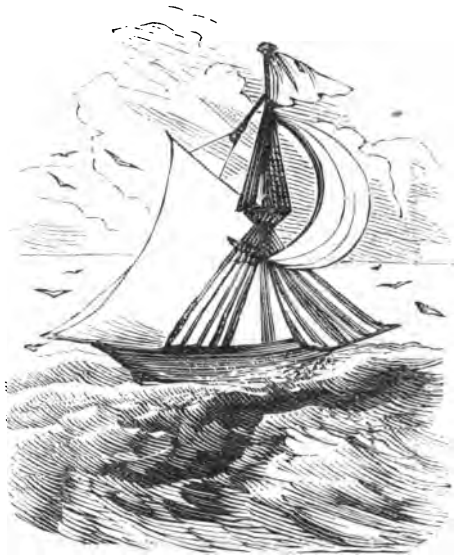
P.S.—I forgot to tell what will make you laugh. Barlow wouldn't ride with spurs, because he said they made his horse prick his ears.

Peace Officers.

Our poor corps, small as it is, I understand is like to act in divisions. Some wish to be infantry instead of cavalry; and the farmers from the hop grounds want to be Polish Lancers.

I have just learned Ballard and nine more of the men was ordered to keep the ground; but it seems they left before the troop came on it. They say in excuse, they stood in the rain till they were ready to drop; and as we didn't come an hour after time, they thought everything was postponed. "None but the brave," they said, "deserve the fair;" and till it *was* fair, they wouldn't attend again.

The mare you lent Ballard, I am sorry to say, got kicked in several places, and had her shoulder put out; we was advised to give her a swim in the sea, and I am still more sorry to say, in swimming her we drownded her. As for my own nag, I am afraid he has got stringhalt; but one comfort is, I think it diverts him from kicking.



"She walks the waters like a thing of life."

*I'M GOING TO BOMBAY.**

"Nothing venture, nothing have."—*Old Proverb.*
"Every Indiaman has at least two mates."—*Falconer's Marine Guide.*

I.

My hair is brown, my eyes are blue,
And reckon'd rather bright;
I'm shapely, if they tell me true,
And just the proper height;
My skin has been admired in verse,
And call'd as fair as day—
If I *am* fair, so much the worse,
I'm going to Bombay!

II.

At school I pass'd with some éclât;
I learn'd my French in France;
De Wint gave lessons how to draw,
And D'Egville how to dance;—

* Comic Annual, 1832.

Crevelli taught me how to sing,
And Cramer how to play—
It really is the strangest thing—
I'm going to Bombay!

III.

I've been to Bath and Cheltenham Wells,
But not their springs to sip,—
To Ramsgate—not to pick up shells,—
To Brighton—not to dip.
I've tour'd the Lakes, and scour'd the coast
From Scarboro' to Torquay—
But though of time I've made the most,
I'm going to Bombay!

IV.

By Pa and Ma I'm daily told
To marry now's my time,
For though I'm very far from old,
I'm rather in my prime.
They say while we have any sun
We ought to make our hay—
But India has so hot an one,
I'm going to Bombay!

V.

My cousin writes from Hyderapot
My only chance to snatch,
And says the climate is so hot,
It's sure to light a match.
She's married to a son of Mars,
With very handsome pay,
And swears I ought to thank my stars
I'm going to Bombay!

VI.

She says that I shall much delight
To taste their Indian treats;
But what she likes may turn me quite,
Their strange outlandish meats.
If I can eat rupees, who knows?
Or dine, the Indian way,
On doolies and on bungalows—
I'm going to Bombay!

VII.

She says that I shall much enjoy,—
I don't know what she means,—
To take the air and buy some toy,
In my own palankeens,—
I like to drive my pony-chair,
Or ride our dapple grey—

But elephants are horses there—
I'm going to Bombay!

VIII.

Farewell, farewell, my parents dear!
My friends, farewell to them!
And oh, what costs a sadder tear,
Good bye, to Mr M.!—
If I should find an Indian vault,
Or fall a tiger's prey,
Or steep in salt, it's all *his* fault
I'm going to Bombay!

IX.

That fine new teak-built ship, the Fox,
A-1—Commander Bird,
Now lying in the London Docks,
Will sail on May the third;
Apply for passage or for freight
To Nichol, Scott, & Gray—
Pa has applied and seal'd my fate—
I'm going to Bombay!

X.

My heart is full—my trunks as well;
My mind and caps made up,
My corsets, shaped by Mrs Bell,
Are promised ere I sup;
With boots and shoes, Rivarta's best
And dresses by Ducé,
And a special license in my chest—
I'm going to Bombay!

"The Court of an Indian Prince."

ODE

TO THE ADVOCATES FOR THE REMOVAL OF SMITHFIELD MARKET.*

"Sweeping our flocks and herds."—*Douglas.*

O PHILANTHROPIC men !—
For this address I need not make apology—
Who aim at clearing out the Smithfield pen,
And planting further off its vile Zoology—
Permit me thus to tell,
I like your efforts well,
For rousting that great nest of Hornithology !

Be not dismay'd, although repulsed at first,
And driven from their Horse, and Pig, and Lamb parts,
Charge on !—you shall upon their hornworks burst,
And carry all their *Bull*-warks and their *Ram*-parts.

Go on, ye wholesale drovers !
And drive away the Smithfield flocks and herds !
As wild as Tartar-Curds,
That come so fat, and kicking, from their clovers,

* Comic Annual, 1830.

Off with them all !—those restive brutes, that vex
Our streets, and plunge, and lunge, and butt, and battle ;
And save the female sex
From being cow'd—like Iö—by the cattle !

Fancy,—when droves appear on
The hill of Holborn, roaring from its top,—
Your ladies, ready, as they own, to drop,
Taking themselves to Thomson's with a *Fear-on !*

I see Cattle !

Or, in St Martin's Lane,
Scared by a bullock, in a frisky vein,—
Fancy the terror of your timid daughters,
While rushing souse
Into a coffee-house,
To find it—Slaughter's !

Or fancy this :—
Walking along the street, some stranger Miss,
Her head with no such thought of danger laden,
When suddenly 'tis " Aries Taurus Virgo !"—
You don't know Latin, I translate it ergo,
Into your Areas a Bull throws the Maiden !

Think of some poor old crone
Treated, just like a penny, with a toss,
At that vile spot now grown
So generally known
For making a Cow Cross!

Nay, fancy your own selves far off from stall,
Or shed, or shop—and that an ox infuriate
Just pins you to the wall,
Giving you a strong dose of *Oxy-Muriate!*

Methinks I hear the neighbours that live round
The Market-ground
Thus make appeal unto their civic fellows:—
"'Tis well for you that live apart—unable
To hear this brutal Babel,
But our *firesides* are troubled with their *bellows.*
Folks that too freely sup
Must e'en put up
With their own troubles, if they can't digest;
But we must needs regard
The case as hard
That *others'* victuals should disturb our rest,
That from our sleep *your* food should start and jump us!
We like, ourselves, a steak,
But, Sirs, for pity's sake,
We don't want oxen at our doors to *rump-us!*
If we *do* doze—it really is too bad!
We constantly are roar'd awake or rung,
Through bullocks mad
That run in all the 'Night Thoughts' of our Young!"

Such are the woes of sleepers—now let's take
The woes of those that wish to keep *a Wake!*
Oh, think! when Wombwell gives his annual feasts,
Think of these "Bulls of Bashan," far from mild ones;
Such fierce tame beasts,
That nobody much cares to see the wild ones!

Think of the Show-woman, "what shows a dwarf,"
Seeing a red cow come
To swallow her Tom Thumb,
And forced with broom of birch to keep her off!

Think, too, of Messrs Richardson & Co.,
When looking at their public private boxes,
To see in the back row
Three live sheep's heads, a porker's, and an ox's!
Think of their Orchestra, when two horns come
Through, to accompany the double drum!

Or, in the midst of murder and remorses,
Just when the Ghost is certain,
A great rent in the curtain,
And enter two tall skeletons—of horses !

Great Philanthropics ! pray urge these topics
Upon the Solemn Councils of the Nation ;
Get a Bill soon, and give, some noon,
The bulls, a Bull of Excommunication !

A Bull of Excommunication.

Let the old Fair have fairplay as its right,
And to each show and sight
Ye shall be treated with a Free List latitude ;
To Richardson's Stage Dramas,
Dio—and Cosmo—ramas,
Giants and Indians wild,
Dwarf, Sea-bear, and Fat Child,
And that most rare of Shows—a Show of Gratitude !

"Arma Virumque *Canoe*."

*DRAWN FOR A SOLDIER.**

I WAS once—for a few hours only—in the militia. I suspect I was in part answerable for my own mishap. There is a story in Joe Miller of a man who, being *pressed* to serve his Majesty on another element, pleaded his polite breeding, to the gang, as a good ground of exemption; but was told that the crew being a set of sad unmannerly dogs, a Chesterfield was the very character they wanted. The militiamen acted, I presume, on the same principle. Their customary schedule was forwarded to me, at Brighton, to fill up, and in a moment of incautious hilarity—induced, perhaps, by the absence of all business or employment, except pleasure—I wrote myself down in the descriptive column as "*Quite a Gentleman.*"

The consequence followed immediately. A precept, addressed by the High Constable of Westminster to the Low ditto of the parish of St M*****, and endorsed with my name, informed me that it had turned up in that involuntary lottery, the Ballot.

At sight of the Orderly, who thought proper to deliver the document into no other hands than mine, my mother-in-law cried, and my wife fainted on the spot. They had no notion of any distinctions in military service—a soldier was a soldier—and they imagined that, on the very morrow, I might be ordered abroad to a fresh Waterloo. They were unfortunately ignorant of that benevolent provision which absolved the militia from going out of the kingdom—"except in case of an invasion." In vain I represented that we were "locals;"—they had heard of local diseases, and thought there might be wounds of the same description. In vain I explained that we were not troops of the line;—they could see nothing to choose between being shot in a line, or in any other figure. I told them, next, that I was not obliged to "serve myself;"—but they answered, "'twas so much the harder I

* Comic Annual, 1830.

should be obliged to serve any one else." My being sent abroad, they said, would be the death of them; for they had witnessed, at Ramsgate, the embarkation of the Walcheren Expedition, and too well remembered "the misery of the soldiers' wives at seeing their husbands in *transports!*"

I told them that, at the very worst, if I *should* be sent abroad, there was no reason why I should not return again; but they both declared, they never did, and never would believe in those "Returns of the Killed and Wounded."

The discussion was in this stage when it was interrupted by another loud single knock at the door,—a report equal in its effects on us to that of the memorable cannon-shot at Brussels; and before we could recover ourselves, a strapping Serjeant entered the parlour with a huge bow, or rather rainbow, of party-coloured ribbons in his cap. He came, he said, to offer a substitute for me; but I was prevented from reply by the indignant females asking him in the same breath, "Who and what did he think *could* be a substitute for a son and a husband?"

The poor Serjeant looked foolish enough at this turn; but he was still more abashed when the two anxious ladies began to cross-examine him on the length of his services abroad, and the number of his wounds—the campaigns of the militiaman having been confined doubtless to Hounslow, and his bodily marks-militant to the three stripes on his sleeve. Parrying these awkward questions, he endeavoured to prevail upon me to see the proposed proxy, a fine young fellow, he assured me, of unusual stature; but I told him it was quite an indifferent point with me whether he was six-feet-two or two-feet-six, in short, whether he was as tall as the flag, or "under the standard."

The truth is, I reflected that it was a time of profound peace, that a civil war or an invasion was very unlikely; and as for an occasional drill, that I could make shift, like Lavater, to right-about-face.

Accordingly I declined seeing the substitute, and dismissed the Serjeant with a note to the War Secretary to this purport:—"That I considered myself *drawn*, and expected therefore to be well *quartered*. That, under the circumstances of the country, it would probably be unnecessary for militia-men 'to be mustarded;' but that if his Majesty did '*call me out*,' I hoped I should '*give him satisfaction.*'"

The females were far from being pleased with this billet. They talked a great deal of moral suicide, wilful murder, and seeking the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth; but I shall ever think that I took the proper course, for, after the lapse of a few hours, two more of the General's red-coats, or general postmen, brought me a large packet sealed with the War Office seal, and superscribed "Henry Hardinge," by which I was officially absolved from serving on horse or on foot, or on both together, then and thereafter.

And why, I know not—unless his Majesty doubted the handsomeness of discharging me in particular, without letting off the rest;—but so it was, that in a short time afterwards there issued a proclamation, by which the services of all militiamen were for the present dispensed with,—and we were left to pursue our several avocations,—of course, all the lighter in our *spirits* for being *disembodied.*

Sharp, Flat, and Natural.

*ODE FOR ST CECILIA'S EVE.**

"Look out for squalls."—*The Pilot.*

O COME, dear Barney Isaacs, come!
Punch for one night can spare his drum,
As well as pipes of Pan!
Forget not, Popkins, your bassoon,
Nor, Master Bray, your horn, as soon
As you can leave the van:
Blind Billy, bring your violin;
Miss Crow, you're great in "Cherry Ripe!"
And Chubb, your viol must drop in
Its bass to Soger Tommy's pipe.
Ye butchers, bring your bones:
An organ would not be amiss;
If grinding Jim has spouted his,
Lend your's, good Mister Jones.
Do, hurdygurdy Jenny, do
Keep sober for an hour or two,
Music's charms to help to paint.
And Sandy Gray, if you should not
Your bagpipes bring—O tuneful Scot!
Conceive the feeling of the Saint!

Miss Strummel issues an invite
For music and turn-out to night
In honour of Cecilia's session;
But ere you go, one moment stop,
And with all kindness let me drop
A hint to you, and your profession.
Imprimis then: Pray keep within
The bounds to which your skill was born;
Let the one-handed let alone trombone,

* Comic Annual, 1831.

Don't—Rheumatiz! seize the violin,
Or Ashmy snatch the horn!
Don't ever to such rows give birth,
As if you had no end on earth,
Except to "wake the lyre;"
Don't "strike the harp,"—pray never do,
Till others long to strike it too—
Perpetual harping's apt to tire.
Oh, I have heard such flat-and-sharpers,
I've blest the head
Of good King Ned,
For scragging all those old Welsh Harpers!

Pray, never, ere each tuneful doing,
Take a prodigious deal of wooing;
And then sit down to thrum the strain
As if you'd never rise again—
The least Cecilia-like of things;
Remember that the Saint has wings.
I've known Miss Strummel pause an hour
Ere she could "Pluck the Fairest Flower,"
Yet, without hesitation, she
Plunged next into the "Deep, Deep Sea;"
And when on the keys she *does* begin,
Such awful torments soon you share,
She really seems like Milton's "Sin,"
Holding the keys of—you know where!

Never tweak people's ears so toughly,
That urchin-like they can't help saying—
"O dear! O dear—you call this playing,
But oh, it's playing very roughly!"
Oft, in the ecstasy of pain,
I've cursed all instrumental workmen,
Wish'd Broadwood Thurtell'd in a lane,
And Kirke White's fate to every Kirkman:
I really once, delighted, spied
"Clementi Collard" in Cheapside.
Another word,—don't be surprised,
Revered and ragged street Musicians,—
You have been only half-baptized,
And each name, proper or improper,
Is not the value of a copper
Till it has had the due additions,
Husky, Rusky,
Ninny, Tinny,
Hummel, Bummel,
Bowski, Wowski.
All these are very good selectables;
But none of your plain pudding-and-tames—

Folks that are call'd the hardest names
Are Music's most respectables.
Every woman, every man,
Look as foreign as you can ;
Don't cut your hair, or wash your skin,
Make ugly faces and begin.

Fancy Portrait :—Kirke White.

Each Dingy Orpheus gravely hears,
And now to show they understand it !
Miss Crow her scrannel throttle clears,
And all the rest prepare to band it ;
Each scraper, ripe for concertante,
Rosins the hair of Rozinante :
Then all sound A, if they know which,
That they may join like birds in June :
Jack Tar alone neglects to tune,
For he's all over concert-pitch.

A little prelude goes before,
Like a knock and ring at Music's door,—
Each instrument gives in its name ;
Then sitting in,
They all begin
To play a musical round game.
Scrapenberg, as the eldest hand,
Leads a first fiddle to the band,
A second follows suit ;
Anon the ace of horns comes plump
On the two fiddles with a trump ;
Puffindorf plays a flute.

This sort of musical revoke
The grave bassoon begins to smoke,
And in rather grumpy kind
Of tone begins to speak its mind ;
The double drum is next to mix,
Playing the " Devil on Two Sticks "—
Clamour, clamour,
Hammer, hammer ;
While now and then a pipe is heard,
Insisting to put in a word,
With all his shrilly best ;
So, to allow the little minion
Time to deliver his opinion,
They take a few bars' rest.

Well, little Pipe begins—with sole
And small voice going thro' the *hole*,
Beseeching,
Preaching,
Squealing,
Appealing,
Now as high as he can go,
Now in language rather low,
And having done, begins once more
Verbatim what he said before.
This twiddling twaddling sets on fire
All the old instrumental ire,
And fiddles for explosion ripe
Put out the little squeaker's pipe ;
This wakes bass viol—and viol for that,
Seizing on innocent little B flat,
Shakes it like terrier shaking a rat—
They all seem miching malico !
To judge from a rumble unawares,
The drum has had a pitch downstairs ;
And the trumpet rash,
By a violent crash,
Seems splitting somebody's calico !
The viol too groans in deep distress,
As if he suddenly grew sick ;
And one rapid fiddle sets off express—
Hurrying,
Scurrying,
Spattering,
Clattering,
To fetch him a Doctor of Music.
This tumult sets the hautboy crying
Beyond the piano's pacifying ;
The cymbal
Gets nimble,

Triangle
Must wrangle;
The band is becoming most martial of bands,
When just in the middle,
A quakerly fiddle
Proposes a general shaking of hands!
Quaking,
Shaking,
Quivering,
Shivering,
Long bow—short bow—each bow drawing;
Some like filing,—some like sawing.
At last these agitations cease,
And they all get
The flageolet,
To breathe "A Piping Time of Peace."
Ah, too deceitful charm,
Like lightening before death,
For Scrapenberg to rest his arm,
And Puffindorf get breath!

A Grand Upright.

Again, without remorse or pity,
They play "The Storming of a City,"—
Miss S. herself composed and plann'd it;
When lo! at this renew'd attack,
Up jumps a little man in black,—
"The very Devil cannot stand it!"

And with that,
Snatching hat
(Not his own),
Off is flown,
Thro' the door,
In his black,
To come back,
Never, never, never more!

O Music! praises thou hast had
From Dryden and from Pope
For thy good notes, yet none, I hope,
But I, e'er praised the bad;
Yet are not saint and sinner even—
Miss Strummel on Cecilia's level?
One drew an angel down from heaven,
The other scared away the Devil!

*REFLECTIONS ON WATER.**

"When the butt is out, we will drink water: not a drop before."—*Tempest.*

I HAVE Stephano's aversion to water. I never take any by chance into my mouth, without the proneness of our Tritons and Dolphins of the Fountain,—to spout it forth again. It is, on the palate, as in tubs and hand-basins, egregiously washy. It hath not for me even what is called "an amiable weakness." For the sake only of quantity, not quality, do I sometimes adulterate my Cognac or Geneva with the flimsy fluid. Aquarius is not my sign; at the praises heaped on Sir Hugh Myddleton, for leading his trite streamlet up to London, my lip curleth. Methinks if such a sloppy labour could at one time more than another betray a misguided taste, it was in those days, when we are told, "The Grete Conduict, in Chepe, did runne forth Wyne." And then to hear talk withal of the New River *Head*,—as if, forsooth, the weak current poured even from Ware unto London were capable of that goodly-headed capital, the *caput* of Stout Porter or lusty Ale.

The taste for aquatics is none of mine. I laugh at Cowes'—it should be Calves'—Regattas; it passeth my understanding to conceive the pleasure of contending with all your sail and sea, your might and main, for a prize cup of water. Gentle reader, if ever we two should encounter at good men's feasts, say not before me, that "your mouth waters," for fear of my compelled rejoinder, "The more pump you!"

I am told—*Dic mihi*—by Sir Lauder Dick, that the great floods in Morayshire destroyed I know not how many Scottish bridges—and I believe it. The element was always our Arch-Enemy. Witness the Deluge, when the whole humankind would have perished, with water on the chest, but for Noah's chest on the water. Drowning—by some

* Comic Annual, 1831.

called Dying made Easy—is to my notions horrible. Conceive an unfortunate gentleman—not by any means thirsty—compelled to swill gulp after gulp of the vapid fluid, even to swelling, "as the water you know will swell a man." If I said I would rather be hanged, it would be but the truth; although "Veritas in *Puteo*" hath given me almost a distelish for truth itself.

The Arch-Enemy.

Excepting their imaginary Castaly, I should be glad to know what poet hath sung ever in the praise of water? Of wine, many. "Tak *Tent*," said the Scottish Burns: "Oh, was ye at the *Sherry?*"—singeth another. The lofty Douglas, in commending Norval, thus hinteth his cellar: "His *Port* I like." Shakespeare discourseth eloquently of both as "Red and white," and addeth—"with sweet and cunning hand *laid on;*" *i.e.*, laid on in pipes. For Madeira, see Bowles of it; and the Muse of Pringle luxuriates in the Cape. Then is there also Mountain celebrated by Pope,—"The shepherd loves the Mountain,"—to Moslem, forbidden draught; yet which Mahomet would condescend to fetch himself, if it failed in coming to hand. Sack, too,—as dear to Oriental Sultanas as his Malmsey to Clarence,—is by Byron touched on in his "Corsair;" but then, through some Koran-scrupulousness perchance, they take it—in water!

Praise there hath been of water; but, as became the subject, in prose; M. hath written a volume, I am told, in its commendation, and above all, of its nutritive quality; and truly to see it floating the Victory, with all her armament and complement of guns and men, one must confess there is some *support* in it—at least as an outward application! but then, taken internally, look at the wreck of the Royal George!

The mention of men-of-war bringeth to mind, opportunely, certain marine reminiscences pertinent to this subject, referring some years backward, when, with other uniform than my present invariable sables, I was stationed at * * *, on the coast of Sussex. Little as my present-tense habits and occupations savour of the past sea-service, —yet, reader, in the Navy List, amongst the Commanders of years bygone, in the ship's books of H.M.S. *Hyperion*, presently lying in

the sequestered harbour of Newhaven, thou wilt find occurring the surname of Hood; a name associated by friends, marine and mechanic, with a contrivance for expelling the old enemy, water, by a novel construction of ships' pumps.

Stanchest of my sect—the Adam's-Ale-Shunners—wert thou, old Samuel Spiller! in the muster-roll characterised an Able Seaman, but most notable for a landsman's aversion to unmitigated water, hard or soft—fresh or salt! A petty officer wert thou in that armed band

Running Spirits.

versus contraband, the Coast Blockade, by some miscalled the Preventive Service, if service it be to prevent the influx of wholesome spirits. To do the smuggler bare justice, no seaman, Nelson-bred, payeth greater reverence or obedience to that signal sentence,—"England expects every man to *do* his *duty!*" than he. Thine, Spiller, was done to the uttermost. Spirits, legal or illegal, in tub or flask or pewter measure, didst thou inexorably seize, and gauger-like try the depth thereof,—thy Royal Master, His Majesty, at the latter end of the seizures, faring no better than thy own-begotten sea-urchin, of whom, one day, remarking that—"he took after his father," the young would-be Trinculo retorted, "Father never leaveth none to take." There were strange rumours afloat and ashore, Samuel! of thy unprofitable vigilance. Many an illicit *Child—i.e.*, a small keg—hath been laid at thy door. Thou hadst a becoming respect for thy comrades, as brave men and true, who could stand fire;

but the smugglers, I fear, were ranked a streak higher—as men who could stand treat. Still were thy misdeeds like much of thy own beverage—beyond proof. Even as those delinquent utterers of base notes, who swallow their own dangerous forgeries, so didst thou gulp down whatever might else have appeared against thee in evidence. There was no entrapping thee, like rat or weazel, in that Gin from which, deriving a sea-peerage, thou wert commonly known —with no offence, I trust, to the noble vassal of Kensington—as Lord Hollands.

It was by way of water-penance for one of these Cassio-like derelictions of mine Ancient, that one evening—the evening succeeding the great sea-tempest of 1814—I gave him charge of a boat's crew, to bring in sundry fragmental relics of some shipwrecked argosy that were reported to be adrift in our offing. In two hours he returned, and, like Venator and Piscator, we immediately fell into dialogue,—Piscator, *i.e.*, Spiller, "for fear of dripping the carpet," standing aloof, a *vox et preterea nihil*, in a dark entry.

"Well, Spiller,"—my phraseology was not then inoculated with the quaintness it hath since imbibed from after-lecture—"Well, Spiller, what have you picked up?"

"A jib-boom, I think, Sir; a capital spar; and part of a ship's starn—the 'Planter of Barbadies,'—famous place for rum, Sir!"

"Was there any sea—are you wet?"

"Only up to my middle, Sir."

"Very well—stow away the wreck, and go to your grog. Tell Bunce to give you all double allowance."

"Thank your Honour's Honour!"

The voice ceased, and a pair of ponderous sea-soles, with tramp audible as the marble foot of the Spectre in Giovanni, went hurrying down our main-hatchway. Certain misgivings of a discrepancy between the imputed drenching and the weather, an appeal askance of the rum cask, joined with a curiosity, perchance, to inspect the ship-fragments —our flotsam and jetsam—led me soon afterwards below, and there, in the messroom, sate mine officer, high and dry, with a huge tankard in his starboard hand. I made an obvious remark on it, and had an answer—for Michael Spiller was no adept in the Chesterfieldian refinements—from the interior of the drinking vessel—

"Your Honour's right, and I ax your Honour's pardon. I warn't wet! but I was *very* dry!"

*A BLOW-UP.**

"Here we go, up, up, up."—*The Lay of the First Minstrel.*

NEAR Battle, Mr Peter Baker
Was powder-maker;
Not Alderman Flower's flour,—the white that puffs
And primes and loads heads bald, or grey, or chowder,

* Comic Annual, 1831.

Figgins and Higgins, Fippins, Filby,—Crowder,
Not vile apothecary's pounded stuffs,
But something blacker, bloodier, and louder—
Gunpowder!

This stuff, as people know, is *semper*
Eadem; very hasty in its temper—
Like Honour that resents the gentlest taps,
Mere semblances of blows, however slight;
So powder fires, although you only p'rhaps
Strike light.
To make it, therefore, is a ticklish business,
And sometimes gives both head and heart a dizziness,—
For all us human flash and fancy minders,
Frequenting fights and powder-works, well know
There seldom is a mill without a blow,
Sometimes upon the grinders.
But then—the melancholy phrase to soften—
Mr B.'s mill *transpired* so very often!
And advertised—than all Price Currents louder—
"Fragments look up—there is a rise in powder,"
So frequently, it caused the neighbours' wonder,—
And certain people had the inhumanity
To lay it all to Mr Baker's vanity,
That he might have to say—"That was *my* thunder!"

One day—so goes the tale—
Whether, with iron hoof,
Not sparkle-proof,
Some ninny-hammer struck upon a nail,—
Whether some glow-worm of the Guy Faux stamp,
Crept in the building with Unsafety Lamp—
One day this mill, that had by water ground,
Became a sort of windmill, and blew round,
With bounce that went in sound as far as Dover—it
Sent half the workmen sprawling to the sky,
Besides some visitors, who gain'd thereby,
What they had ask'd—permission "to go over it!"
Of course it was a very hard and high blow,
And somewhat differ'd from what's call'd a flyblow.
At Cowes' Regatta, as I once observed,
A pistol-shot made twenty vessels start;
If such a sound could terrify oak's heart,
Think how this crash the human nerve unnerved.
In fact, it was a very awful thing,—
As people know that have been used to battle,
In springing either mine or mill, you spring
A precious rattle!
The dunniest heard it—poor old Mr F.
Doubted for once if he was ever deaf;
Through Tunbridge town it caused most strange alarms,—

Mr and Mrs Fogg,
Who lived like cat and dog,
Were shock'd for once into each other's arms.
Miss M. the milliner—her fright so strong—
Made a great gobble-stitch six inches long;
The veriest quakers quaked against their wish;
The "Best of Sons" was taken unawares,
And kick'd the "Best of Parents" down the stairs:
The steadiest servant dropp'd the china dish;
A thousand started, though there was but one
Fated to win, and that was Mister Dunn,
Who struck convulsively, and hook'd a fish!

Miss Wiggins, with some grass upon her fork,
Toss'd it just like a haymaker at work;
Her sister not in any better case,
For, taking wine
With nervous Mr Pyne,
He jerk'd his glass of sherry in her face.
Poor Mrs Davy
Bobb'd off her brand-new turban in the gravy;
While Mr Davy, at the lower end
Preparing for a goose a carver's labour,
Darted his two-pronged weapon in his neighbour,
As if for once he meant to help a friend.

The nurse-maid, telling little "Jack-a-Norey,"
"Bo-peep" and "Blue-Cap" at the house's top,
Scream'd, and let Master Jeremiah drop
From a fourth storey!
Nor yet did matters any better go
With cook and housemaid in the realms below;
As for the laundress, timid Martha Gunning,
Expressing faintness and her fear by fits
And starts,—she came at last but to her wits
By falling in the ale that John left running.

Grave Mr Miles, the meekest of mankind,
Struck all at once deaf, stupid, dumb, and blind,
Sat in his chaise some moments like a corse,
Then coming to his mind,
Was shock'd to find
Only a pair of shafts without a horse.

Out scrambled all the Misses from Miss Joy's!
From Prospect House, for urchins small and big,
Hearing the awful noise,
Out rush'd a flood of boys,
Floating a man in black, without a wig;—
Some carried out one treasure, some another,—
Some caught their tops and taws up in a hurry,—
Some saved Chambaud, some rescued Lindley Murray,—
But little Tiddy carried his big brother!

Sick of such terrors,
The Tunbridge folks resolved that truth should dwell
No longer secret in a Tunbridge Well,
But to warn Baker of his dangerous errors;
Accordingly, to bring the point to pass,
They call'd a meeting of the broken glass,
The shatter'd chimney-pots, and scatter'd tiles,
The damage of each part,
And pack'd it in a cart,
Drawn by the horse that ran from Mr Miles;
While Doctor Babblethorpe, the worthy Rector,

A non sequitur.

And Mr Gammage, cutler to George Rex,
And some few more, whose names would only vex,
Went as a deputation to the Ex-
Powder-proprietor and Mill-director.

Now Mr Baker's dwelling-house had pleased
Along with mill-materials to roam,
And for a time the deputies were teased
To find the noisy gentleman at home;
At last they found him, with undamaged skin,
Safe at the Tunbridge Arms—not out—but Inn.

The worthy Rector, with uncommon zeal,
Soon put his spoke in for the common weal—
A grave old gentlemanly kind of Urban,—
The piteous tale of Jeremiah moulded,
And then unfolded,
By way of climax, Mrs Davy's turban ;
He told how auctioneering Mr Pidding
Knock'd down a lot without a bidding,—
How Mr Miles, in fright, had given his mare
The whip she wouldn't bear,—
At Prospect House, how Doctor Oates, not Titus,
Danced like Saint Vitus,—
And Mr Beak, through powder's misbehaving,
Cut off his nose whilst shaving ;—
When suddenly, with words that seem'd like swearing,
Beyond a Licenser's belief or bearing—
Broke in the stuttering, sputtering Mr Gammage—
"Who is to pay us, sir"—he argued thus,
"For loss of cus-cus-cus-cus-cus-cus-cus—
Cus-custom, and the dam-dam-dam-dam-damage ?"

Now many a person had been fairly puzzled
By such assailants, and completely muzzled ;
Baker, however, was not dash'd with ease,
But proved he practised after their own system,
And with small ceremony soon dismiss'd 'em,
Putting these words into their ears like fleas :
"If I do have a blow, well, where's the oddity ?
I merely do as other tradesmen do,
You, sir,—and you—and you !
I'm only puffing off my own commodity !"

Urging the Sail of your own Work.

*THE WOODEN LEG.**

"Peregrine and Gauntlet heard the sound of the stump ascending the wooden staircase with such velocity, that they at first mistook it for the application of drum-sticks to the head of an empty barrel."—*Peregrine Pickle.*

EVER since the year 1799, I have had, in coachman phrase, an off leg and a near one; the right limb, thanks to a twelve-pounder, lies somewhere at Seringapatam, its twin-brother being at this moment under a table at Brighton. In plain English, I have a wooden leg. Being thus deprived of half of the implements for marching, I equitably retired, on half-pay, from a marching regiment, and embarked what remained of my body for the land of its nativity, literally fulfilling the description of man, "with one foot on sea and one on shore," in the Shakesperean song.

A great deal has been said and sung of our wooden walls and hearts of oak, but legs of ditto make but an inglorious figure on the ocean. No wrestler from Cornwall or Devonshire ever received half so many fair back-falls as I,—the least roll of the vessel—and the equinoctial gales were in full blow — making me lose, I was going to say, my feet. I might have walked in a dead calm; and as a soldier accustomed to exercise, and, moreover, a foot-soldier, and used to walking, I felt a great inclination to pace up and down the deck, but a general protest from the cabins put an end to my promenade. As Lear recommends, my wooden hoof ought to have been "shod with felt."

At last the voyage terminated, and in my eagerness to land, I got into a fishing-boat, which put me ashore at Dungeness. Those who have enjoyed a ramble over its extensive shingle, will believe that I soon obtained abundance of exercise in walking with a wooden leg among its loose pebbles; in fact, when I arrived at Lydd, I was, as the cricketers say, "stumped out." It was anything but one of Foote's farces.

The next morning saw me in sight of home,—as a provincial bard says—

> "But when home gleams upon the wanderer's eye,
> Quicken his steps—he almost seems to fly."

But I wish he had seen me doing my last half mile over Swingfield Hill. I found its deep sand anything but a quicksand, in spite of a distinct glimpse of the paternal roof. I am convinced, when "fleet Camilla scours the plains," she does not do it with sand. At last I stood at the lodge-gate, which opened, and let me into a long avenue, the path of which had been newly gravelled, but not well rolled; accordingly, I cut out considerable work for myself and the gardener, who, as he watched the holes I picked in his performance, seemed to look on my advance much as Apollyon did on Pilgrim's Progress. By way of relief, I got upon the grass, but my wooden leg, though it was a black-leg, did not thrive much upon the turf. Arrived at the

* Comic Annual, 1833.

house door, filial anxiety caused me to forget to scrape and wipe, and I proceeded to make a fishy pattern of soles and dabs up the stair carpet. The goodwife in the Scotch song says—

"His very foot has music in't,
As he comes up the stair."

If there was any music in mine, it was in the stump, which played a sort of "Dead March in Saul," up to the landing-place, where the sound and sight of my Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane threw my poor mother into a Macbeth fit of horror, for the preparatory letter which should have broken my leg to her, had been lost on its passage. As for my father, I will not attempt to describe his transport, for I came upon him,

"As fools rush in where angels fear to tread;"

and Gabriel or Michael would not have escaped a volley for treading on his gouty foot. At the same moment, Margaret and Louisa, with sisterly impetuosity, threw themselves on my neck, and not being attentive to my "outplay or loose leg," according to Sir Thomas Parkyn's "Instructions for Wrestling," the result was a "hanging trippet." "A hanging trippet is when you put your toe behind your adversary's heel, on the same side, with a design to hook his leg up forwards, and throw him on his back."

The reader will guess my satisfaction when night came, and allowed me to rid myself of my unlucky limb. Fatigued with my walk through dry sand and wet gravel, exhausted by excessive emotion, and, maybe, a little flustered by dipping into the cup of welcome, I literally tumbled into bed, and was soon dreaming of running races and leaping for wagers, gallopading, waltzing, and other feats of a biped, when I was suddenly aroused by shrill screams of "Thieves!" and "Murder!" with a more hoarse call for "Frank! Frank!" There were burglars, in fact, in the house, who were packing and preparing to elope with the family plate, without the consent of parents. It was natural for the latter to call a son and a soldier to the rescue, but son or soldier never came in time to start for the plate; not that I wanted zeal or courage or arms, but I wanted that unlucky limb, and I groped about a full half hour in the dark, before I could lay my hand upon my leg.

"Pegging Two for his Heels."

The next morning I took a solitary stroll before breakfast to look at the estate; but during my absence abroad, some exchanges of land

had taken place with our neighbour, Sir Theophilus. The consequence was, in taking my wood through a wood of his,—but which had formerly been our own,—and going with my "best leg foremost," as a man in my predicament always does, I popped it into a man-trap. Thus my timber failed me at a pinch, when it might really have stood my friend. Luckily the trap was one of the humane sort;—but it was far from pleasant to stand in it for two hours calling out for Leg Bail.

I could give many more instances of scrapes, besides the perpetual hobble which my wooden leg brought me into, but I will mention only one. At the persuasion of my friends, a few years ago I stood for Rye, but the electors, perhaps, thought I only half stood for it, for they gave me nothing but split votes. It was perhaps as well that I did not go into the House, for with two such odd legs I could never properly have "paired off." The election expenses, however, pressed heavily on my pocket, and to defray them, and all for one Wooden Leg, I had to cut down some thousand loads of timber.

THE GHOST.

A VERY SERIOUS BALLAD.*

"I'll be your second."—LISTON.

IN Middle Row, some years ago,
  There lived one Mr Brown;
And many folks consider'd him
  The stoutest man in town.

But Brown and stout will both wear out,
  One Friday he died hard,
And left a widow'd wife to mourn,
  At twenty pence a yard.

Now Widow B. in two short months
  Thought mourning quite a tax,
And wish'd, like Mr Wilberforce,
  To *manumit* her blacks.

With Mr Street she soon was sweet;
  The thing thus came about:
She ask'd him in at home, and then
  At church he ask'd her out!

Assurance such as this the man
  In ashes could not stand;
So like a Phœnix he rose up
  Against the Hand in Hand.

* Comic Annual, 1833.

One dreary night the angry sprite
Appear'd before her view ;
It came a little after one,
But she was after two !

"O Mrs B. ! O Mrs B. !
Are these your sorrow's deeds,
Already getting up a flame
To burn your widow's weeds ?

"It's not so long since I have left
For aye the mortal scene ;
My Memory—like Rogers's,
Should still be bound in green !

"Yet if my face you still retrace
I almost have a doubt—
I'm like an old 'Forget-Me-Not,'
With all the leaves torn out !

Cock of the Walk.

"To think that on that finger-joint
Another pledge should cling ;
O Bess ! upon my very soul,
It struck like 'Knock and Ring.'

"A ton of marble on my breast
Can't hinder my return ;
Your conduct, Ma'am, has set my blood
A-boiling in my urn !

"Remember, oh ! remember, how
The marriage rite did run,—
If ever we one flesh should be,
'Tis now—when I have none !

"And you, sir—once a bosom friend—
Of perjured faith convict,
As ghostly toe can give no blow,
Consider you are kick'd.

"A hollow voice is all I have,
But this I tell you plain,
Marry come up!—you marry, Ma'am,
And I'll come up again."

More he had said, but chanticleer
The spritely shade did shock
With sudden crow, and off he went,
Like fowling-piece at cock!

ODE TO MADAME HENGLER,

FIREWORK-MAKER TO VAUXHALL.*

O MRS HENGLER!—Madame,—I beg pardon—
Starry Enchantress of the Surrey Garden!

Fancy Portrait:—Madame Hengler.

Accept an Ode not meant as any scoff—
The Bard were bold indeed at thee to quiz,
Whose squibs are far more popular than his,
Whose works are much more certain to go off.

* Comic Annual, 1830.

Great is thy fame, but not a silent fame;
With many a bang the public ear it courts;
And yet thy arrogance we never blame,
But take thy merits from thy own reports.
Thou hast indeed the most indulgent backers,
We make no doubting, misbelieving comments,
Even in thy most bounceable of moments,
But lend our ears implicit to thy crackers!
Strange helps to thy applause too are not missing,
Thy Rockets raise thee,
And Serpents praise thee,
As none beside are ever praised—by hissing!
Mistress of Hydropyrics,
Of glittering Pindarics, Sapphics, Lyrics,
Professor of a Fiery Necromancy,
Oddly thou charmest the politer sorts
With midnight sports,
Partaking very much of *flash* and *fancy!*

What thoughts had shaken all
In olden time at thy nocturnal revels,—
Each brimstone ball
They would have deem'd an eyeball of the Devil's!
But now thy flaming Meteors cause no fright;
A modern Hubert to the royal ear
Might whisper without fear,
"My Lord, they say there were five moons to-night!"
Nor would it raise one superstitious notion
To hear the whole description fairly out:—
"One fix'd—which t'other four whirl'd round about
With wondrous motion."

Such are the very sights
Thou workest, Queen of Fire, on earth and heaven,
Between the hours of midnight and eleven,
Turning our English to Arabian Nights,
With blazing mounts, and founts, and scorching dragons,
Blue stars and white,
And blood-red light,
And dazzling Wheels fit for Enchanters' waggons.
Thrice lucky woman! doing things that be
With other folks past benefit of parson;
For burning, no Burn's Justice falls on thee,
Although night after night the public see
Thy Vauxhall palaces all end in Arson!

Sure thou wast never born
Like old Sir Hugh, with water in thy head,
Nor lectured night and morn
Of sparks and flames to have an awful dread,
Allowed by a prophetic dam and sire
To play with fire.

Oh, didst thou never, in those days gone by,
Go carrying about—no schoolboy prouder—
Instead of waxen doll a little Guy;
Or in thy pretty pyrotechnic vein,
Up the parental pigtail lay a train,
To let off all his powder?

Full of the wildfire of thy youth,
Did'st never, in plain truth,
Plant whizzing Flowers in thy mother's pots,
Turning the garden into Powder Plots?
Or give the cook, to fright her,
Thy paper sausages well stuff'd with nitre?
Nay, wert thou never guilty, now, of dropping
A lighted cracker by thy sister's Dear,
So that she could not hear
The question he was popping?

Go on, Madame! Go on—be bright and busy,
While hoax'd Astronomers look up and stare
From tall Observatories, dumb and dizzy,
To see a Squib in Cassiopeia's Chair!
A Serpent wriggling into Charles's Wain!
A Roman Candle lighting the Great Bear!
A Rocket tangled in Diana's train,
And Crackers stuck in Berenice's Hair!

There is a King of Fire—Thou shouldst be Queen!
Methinks a good connexion might come from it;
Could'st thou not make him, in the garden scene,
Set out per Rocket and return per Comet;
Then give him a hot treat
Of Pyrotechnicals to sit and sup,
Lord! how the world would throng to see him eat,
He swallowing fire, while thou dost throw it up!

One solitary night—true is the story—
Watching those forms that Fancy will create
Within the bright confusion of the grate,
I saw a dazzling countenance of glory!
O Dei gratias!
That fiery facias
'Twas thine, Enchantress of the Surrey Grove;
And ever since that night,
In dark and bright,
Thy face is *register'd* within my *stove!*

Long may that starry brow enjoy its rays,
May no untimely *blow* its doom forestall;
But when old age prepares the friendly pall,
When the last spark of all thy sparks decays,
Then die lamented by good people all,
Like Goldsmith's *Madam Blaize!*

*RHYME AND REASON.**

To the Editor of the Comic Annual.

SIR,—In one of your Annuals you have given insertion to "A Plan for Writing Blank Verse in Rhyme;" but as I have seen no regular long poem constructed on its principles, I suppose the scheme did not take with the literary world. Under these circumstances I feel encouraged to bring forward a novelty of my own, and I can only regret that such poets as Chaucer and Cottle, Spenser and Hayley, Milton and Pratt, Pope and Pye, Byron and Batterbee, should have died before it was invented.

The great difficulty in verse is avowedly the rhyme. Dean Swift says somewhere in his letters, "that a rhyme is as hard to find with him as a guinea,"—and we all know that guineas are proverbially scarce among poets. The merest versifier that ever attempted a Valentine must have met with this Orson, some untameable savage syllable that refused to chime in with society. For instance, what poetical Fox-hunter—a contributor to the Sporting Magazine—has not drawn all the covers of Beynard, Ceynard, Deynard, Feynard, Geynard, Heynard, Keynard, Leynard, Meynard, Neynard, Peynard, Queynard, to find a rhyme for Reynard? The spirit of the times is decidedly against

Refusing Tithe.

Tithe; and I know of no tithe more oppressive than that poetical one, in heroic measure, which requires that every tenth syllable shall pay a sound in kind. How often the Poet goes up a line, only to be stopped

* Comic Annual, 1833.

at the end by an impracticable rhyme, like a bull in a blind alley! I have an ingenious medical friend, who might have been an eminent poet by this time, but the first line he wrote ended in ipecacuanha, and, with all his physical and mental power, he has never yet been able to find a rhyme for it.

The plan I propose aims to obviate this hardship. My system is, to take the bull by the horns; in short, to try at first what words will chime, before you go farther and fare worse. To say nothing of other advantages, it will at least have one good effect,—and that is, to correct the erroneous notion of the would-be-poets and poetesses of the present day, that the great *end* of poetry is rhyme. I beg leave to present a specimen of verse, which proves quite the reverse, and am, Sir, Your most obedient servant, JOHN DRYDEN GRUBB.

THE DOUBLE KNOCK.

RAT-TAT it went upon the lion's chin;
"That hat, I know it!" cried the joyful girl;
"Summer's it is, I know him by his knock;
Comers like him are welcome as the day!
Lizzy! go down and open the street-door;
Busy I am to any one but *him.*
Know him you must—he has been often here;
Show him upstairs, and tell him I'm alone."

Quickly the maid went tripping down the stair;
Thickly the heart of Rose Matilda beat;
"Sure he has brought me tickets for the play—
Drury—or Covent Garden—darling man!
Kemble will play—or Kean, who makes the soul
Tremble in Richard or the frenzied Moor—
Farren, the stay and prop of many a farce
Barren beside—or Liston, Laughter's Child—
Kelly the natural, to witness whom
Jelly is nothing to the public's jam—
Cooper, the sensible—and Walter Knowles
Super, in William Tell, now rightly told.
Better—perchance, from Andrews, brings a box,
Letter of boxes for the Italian stage—
Brocard! Donzelli! Taglioni! Paul!
No card,—thank heaven—engages me to night!
Feathers, of course—no turban, and no toque—
Weather's against it, but I'll go in curls.
Dearly I dote on white—my satin dress,
Merely one night—it won't be much the worse—
Cupid—the New Ballet I long to see—
Stupid! why don't she go and ope the door!"

Glisten'd her eye as the impatient girl
Listen'd, low bending o'er the topmost stair.

Vainly, alas! she listens and she bends,
Plainly she hears this question and reply:
"Axes your pardon, sir, but what d'ye want?"
"Taxes," says he, "and shall not call again!"

*A FOX-HUNTER**

IS a jumble of paradoxes. He sets forth clean though he comes out of a kennel, and returns home dirty. He cares not for cards, yet strives to be always with the pack. He loves fencing, but without carte or tierce; and delights in a steeplechase, though he does not follow the church. He is anything but litigious, yet is fond of a certain suit, and retains Scarlet. He keeps a running account with

Barker's Panorama.

Horse, Dog, Fox, and Co., but objects to a check. As to cards, in choosing a pack he prefers Hunt's. In Theatricals, he favours Miss Somerville, because her namesake wrote the Chase, though he never read it. He is no great Dancer, though he is fond of casting off twenty couple; and no great Painter, though he draws covers, and seeks for a brush. He is no Musician, and yet is fond of five bars. He despises Doctors, yet follows a course of bark. He professes to

* Comic Annual, 1833.

love his country, but is perpetually crossing it. He is fond of strong ale and beer, yet dislikes any purl. He is good-tempered, yet so far a Tartar as to prefer a saddle of Horse to a saddle of Mutton. He is somewhat rough and bearish himself, but insists on good breeding in horses and dogs. He professes the Church Catechism, and countenances heathen dogmas, by naming his hounds after Jupiter and Juno, Mars and Diana. He cares not for violets, but he doats on a good scent. He says his Wife is a shrew, but objects to destroying a Vixen. In Politics he inclines to Pitt, and runs after Fox. He is no milksop, but he loves to tally. He protects Poultry, and preserves Foxes. He follows but one business, and yet has many pursuits. He pretends to be knowing, but a dog leads him by the nose. He is as honest a fellow as need be, yet his neck is oftener in danger than a thief's. He swears he can clear anything, but is beaten by a fog. He is no landlord of houses, but is particular about fixtures. He studies "Summering the Hunter," but goes Huntering in the Winter. He esteems himself prosperous, and is always going to the dogs. He delights in the Hunter's Stakes, but takes care not to stake his hunter. He praises discretion, but would rather let the cat out of the bag than a fox. He does not shine at a human conversazione, but is great among dogs giving tongue. To conclude, he runs as long as he can, and then goes to earth, and his Heir is in at his death. But his Heir does not stand in his shoes, for he never wore anything but boots.

"Stand and Deliver."

Fancy Portrait:—"I'd be a Butterfly."

*BAILEY BALLADS.**

TO anticipate mistake, the above title refers not to Thomas Haynes —or F. W. N.—or even to any publishers—but the original Old Bailey. It belongs to a set of songs composed during the courtly leisure of what is technically called a Juryman in Waiting—that is, one of a *corps de reserve*, held in readiness to fill up the gaps which extraordinary mental exertion—or sedentary habits—or starvation, may make in the Council of Twelve. This wrong box it was once my fortune to get into. On the 5th of November, at the 6th hour, leaving my bed and the luxurious perusal of Taylor on Early Rising—I walked from a yellow fog into a black one, in my unwilling way to the New Court, which sweet herbs even could not sweeten, for the sole purpose of making criminals uncomfortable. A neighbour, a retired sea-captain with a wooden leg, now literally a jury-mast, limped with me from Highbury Terrace on the same hanging errand—a personified Halter. Our legal drill corporal was Serjeant Arabin, and when our muster-roll without butter was over, before breakfast, the uninitiated can form no idea of the ludicrousness of the excuses of the would-be Nonjurors,—aggravated by the solemnity of a previous oath, the delivery from a witness-box like a pulpit, and the professional gravity of the Court. One weakly old gentleman had been ordered by his physician to eat little, but often, and apprehended even fatal consequences from being locked up with an obstinate eleven; another conscientious demurrer

* Comic Annual, 1832.

desired time to make himself master of his duties, by consulting Jonathan Wild, Vidocq, Hardy Vaux, and Lazarillo de Tormes. But the number of deaf men who objected the hardness of their hearing criminal cases was beyond belief. The publishers of "Curtis on the Ear" and "Wright on the Ear"—(two popular surgical works, though rather suggestive of Pugilism)—ought to have stentorian agents in that Court. Defective on one side myself, I was literally ashamed to strike up singly in such a chorus of muffled double drums, and tacitly suffered my ears to be boxed with a common Jury. I heard, on the right hand, a Judge's charge—an arraignment and evidence to match, with great dexterity, but failing to catch the defence from the left hand, refused naturally to concur in any sinister verdict. The learned Serjeant, I presume, as I was only half deaf, only half discharged me,— committing me to the relay-box, as a Juror in Waiting,—and from which I was relieved only by his successor, Sir Thomas Denman, and to justify my dulness, I made even his stupendous voice to repeat my dismissal twice over!

It was during this compelled attendance that the project struck me of a Series of Lays of Larceny, combining Sin and Sentiment in the melodramatic mixture which is so congenial to the cholera-morbid sensibility of the present age and stage. The following are merely specimens, but a hint from the Powers that be,—in the Strand,—will promptly produce a handsome volume of the remainder, with a grateful Dedication to the learned Serjeant.

"Descend, ye Nine!"

No. I.

LINES TO MARY.

(AT NO. 1 NEWGATE, FAVOURED BY MR WONTNER.)

O Mary, I believed you true,
And I was blest in so believing;
But till this hour I never knew—
That you were taken up for thieving!

Oh! when I snatch'd a tender kiss,
Or some such trifle when I courted,
You said, indeed, that love was bliss,
But never own'd you were transported!

But then, to gaze on that fair face,
It would have been an unfair feeling
To dream that you had pilfer'd lace—
And Flints had suffer'd from your stealing!

Or, when my suit I first preferr'd,
To bring your coldness to repentance,
Before I hammer'd out a word,
How could I dream you'd heard a sentence!

Or when, with all the warmth of youth,
I strove to prove my love no fiction,
How could I guess I urged a truth
On one already past conviction?

How could I dream that ivory part,
Your hand—where I have look'd and linger'd,
Although it stole away my heart,
Had been held up as one light-finger'd?

In melting verse your charms I drew,
The charms in which my muse delighted—
Alas! the lay, I thought was new,
Spoke only what had been *indicted!*

Oh! when that form, a lovely one,
Hung on the neck its arms had flown to,
I little thought that you had run
A chance of hanging on your own too.

You said you pick'd me from the world—
My vanity it now must shock it—
And down at once my pride is hurl'd,—
You've pick'd me—and you've pick'd a pocket!

Oh ! when our love had got so far,
The banns were read by Dr Daly,
Who asked if there was any *bar*—
Why did not some one shout, "Old Bailey?"

But when you robed your flesh and bones
In that pure white that angel garb is,
Who could have thought you, Mary Jones,
Among the Joans that link with *Darbies?*

And when the parson came to say
My goods were yours, if I had got any,
And you should honour and obey,
Who could have thought—"O Bay of Botany!"

But, oh! the worst of all your slips
I did not till this day discover—
That down in Deptford's prison-ships,
O Mary! you've a hulking lover!

"'Twere well if we had never met."

No. II.

"Love, with a witness!"

He has shaved off his whiskers and blacken'd his brows,
Wears a patch and a wig of false hair,—
But it's him—oh, it's him!—we exchanged lovers' vows
When I lived up in Cavendish Square.

He had beautiful eyes, and his lips were the same,
And his voice was as soft as a flute—
Like a Lord or a Marquis he look'd, when he came
To make love in his master's best suit.

If I lived for a thousand long years from my birth,
I shall never forget what he told—
How he loved me beyond the rich women of earth,
With their jewels and silver and gold!

When he kiss'd me, and bade me adieu with a sigh,
By the light of the sweetest of moons;
Oh, how little I dreamt I was bidding good-bye
To my Missis's teapot and spoons!

No. III.

"I'd be a Parody."—*Bailey.*

We met—'twas in a mob—and I thought he had done me:
I felt—I could not feel—for no watch was upon me;
He ran—the night was cold—and his pace was unalter'd,
I too long'd much to pelt—but my small-boned leg falter'd.
I wore my brand-new boots—and unrivall'd their brightness;
They fit me to a hair—how I hated their tightness!
I call'd, but no one came, and my stride had a tether—
Oh, *thou* hast been the cause of this anguish, my leather!

And once again we met—and an old pal was near him;
He swore, a something low—but 'twas no use to fear him;
I seized upon his arm—he was mine and mine only,
And stepped—as he deserved—to cells wretched and lonely:
And there he will be tried—but I shall ne'er receive her,
The watch that went too sure for an artful deceiver.
The world may think me gay,—heart and feet ache together—
Oh, *thou* hast been the cause of this anguish, my leather.

Stop him!

The Source of the Niger.

LETTER

FROM A PARISH CLERK IN BARBADOES TO ONE IN HAMPSHIRE, WITH AN ENCLOSURE.*

"Thou mayest conceive, O reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me."—*Memoirs of P. P.*

MY DEAR JEDIDIAH,—Here I am safe and sound—well in body, and in fine voice for my calling—though thousands and thousands of miles, I may say, from the old living, Threap-cum-Toddle. Little did I think to be ever giving out the Psalms across the Atlantic, or to be walking in the streets of Barbadoes, surrounded by Blackamoors, big and little; some crying after me, "There him go—look at Massa Amen!" Poor African wretches! I do hope, by my Lord Bishop's assistance, to instruct many of them, and to teach them to have more respect for ecclesiastic dignitaries.

Through a ludicrous clerical mischance, not fit for me to mention, we have preached but once since our arrival. O Jedidiah! how different from the row of comely, sleek, and ruddy, plain English faces, that used to confront me in the Churchwarden's pew, at the old service in Hants,—Mr Perryman's clean, shining, bald head; Mr Truman's

* Comic Annual, 1831.

respectable powdered, and Mr Cutlet's comely and well-combed caxon! Here, such a set of grinning sooty faces, that if I had been in any other place, I might have fancied myself at a meeting of Master Chimney-sweeps on May-Day. You know, Jedidiah, how strange thoughts and things will haunt the mind, in spite of one's self, at times the least appropriate:—the line that follows "The rose is red, the violet's blue," in the old Valentine, I am ashamed to say, came across me I know not how often. Then, after service, no sitting on a tombstone for a cheerful bit of chat with a neighbour—no invitation to dinner from the worshipful Churchwardens. The jabber of these Niggers is so outlandish or unintelligible, I can hardly say I am on speaking terms with any of our parishioners except Mr Pompey, the Governor's black, whose trips to England have made his English not quite so full of Greek as the others. There is one thing, however, that is so great a disappointment of my hopes and enjoyments, that I think, if I had foreseen it, I should not have come out, even at the Bishop's request. The song in the playbook says, you know, "While all Barbadoes bells do ring!"—but alas! Jedidiah, there is not a ring of bells in the whole island! You, who remember my fondness for that melodious pastime, indeed I may say my passion, for a Grandsire Peel of Triple Bob-Majors truly pulled, and the changes called by myself, as when I belonged to the Great Tom Society of Hampshire Youths,—may conceive my regret that, instead of coming here, I did not go out to Swan River—I am told they have a Peel there.

Black Barberism.

I shall write a longer letter by the Nestor, Bird, which is the next ship. This comes by the Lively, Kidd,—only to inform you that I arrived here safe and well. Pray communicate the same, with my love and duty, to my dear parents and relations, not forgetting Deborah and Darius at Porkington, and Uriah at Pigstead. The same to Mrs Pugh, the opener,—Mr Sexton, and the rest of my clerical friends. I have no commissions at present, except to beg that you will deliver the enclosed, which I have written at Mr Pompey's dictation, to his old black fellow-servant, at Number 45 Portland Place. Ask for Agamemnon down the area. If an opportunity should likewise offer of mentioning in any quarter that might reach Administration, the destitute state of our Barbarian steeples and belfries, pray don't omit; and

if, in the meantime, you could send out even a set of small handbells, it might prove a parochial acquisition, as well as to me.—Dear Jedidiah, Your faithful friend and fellow-clerk, HABAKKUK CRUMPE.

P.S.—I send Pompey's letter open, for you to read. You will see what a strange herd of black cattle I am among.

[THE ENCLOSURE.]

I say, Aggy!—You remember me? Very well. Runaway Pompey, somebody else. Me Governor's Pompey. You remember? Me carry out Governor's piccaninny a walk. Very well. Massa Amen and me write this to say the news. Barbadoes all bustle. Niggermans do nothing but talkee talkee. [*Pompey's right, Jedidiah.*] The Bishop is come. Missis Bishop. Miss Bishop—all the Bishops. Very well. The Bishop come in one ship, and him wigs come out in other ship. Bishop come one, two, three, weeks first. [*It's too true, Jedidiah.*] Him say no wig, no Bishop. Massa Amen, you remember, say so too. Very well. Massa Amen ask me everything about nigger-man, where him baptizes in a water. [*So I did.*] Me tell him in the sea, in the river, any wheres abouts. You remember. Massa

"By gum, him turban afire."

Amen ask at me again, who 'ficiates. Me tell him de Cayman. [*What man, Jedidiah, could he mean?*] Very well. The day before the other day Bishop come to dinner with Governor and Governess, up at the Big House. You remember,—Missis Bishop too. Missis Bishop set him turban afire at a candle, and me put him out. [*With*

a kettle of scalding water, Jedidiah.] Pompey get nothing for that. Very well.

I say, Aggy!—You know your Catechism? Massa Amen ask him at me and my wife, Black Juno, sometimes. You remember. Massa Amen say, You give up a Devil? very well. Then him say, You give up all work? very well. Then him say again, Black Juno, you give up your *Pompeys* and vanities? Black Juno shake her head, and say no. Massa Amen say You must, and then my wife cry ever so much. [*It's a fact, Jedidiah, the black female made this ridiculous mistake.*]

Ship Letters.

Very well. Governor come to you in three months to see the King. Pompey too. You remember. Come for me to Blackwall. Me bring you some of Governor's rum. Black Juno say, Tell Massa Agamemnon, he must send some fashions, sometimes. You remember? Black Juno very smart. Him wish for a Bell Assembly. [*Jedidiah, so do I.*] You send him out, you remember? Very well.

Massa Amen say write no more now. I say, O pray one little word more for Agamemnon's wife. Give him good kiss from Pompey. [*Jedidiah, what a heathenish message!*] Black Diana a kiss too. You remember? Very well. No more.

*OUR VILLAGE.**

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain."—GOLDSMITH.

I HAVE a great anxiety to become a topographer, and I do not know that I can make an easier commencement of the character, than by attempting a description of our village. It will be found, as my friend the landlord over the way says, that "things are drawn *mild.*"

I live opposite the Green Man. I know that to be the sign, in spite of the picture, because I am told of the fact in large gilt letters, in three several places. The whole-length portrait of "*l'homme vert*" is rather imposing. He stands plump before you, in a sort of wrestling attitude, the legs standing distinctly apart, in a brace of decided boots, with dun tops, joined to a pair of creole-coloured leather breeches.

* Comic Annual, 1833.

The rest of his dress is peculiar; the coat, a two-flapper, green and brown, or, as they say at the tap, *half-and-half;* a cocked hat on the half-cock; a short belt crossing the breast like a flat gas-pipe. The one hand stuck on the greeny-brown hip of my friend, in the other a gun with a barrel like an entire butt, and the butt like a brewer's whole stock. On one side, looking up at the vanished visage of his master, is all that remains of a liver-and-white pointer—seeming now to be some old dog from India, for his white complexion is turned yellow, and his liver is more than half gone!

The inn is really a very quiet, cozy, comfortable inn, though the landlord announces a fact in larger letters, methinks, than his information warrants, viz., that he is "*Licensed to deal in Foreign Wines and Spirits.*" All innkeepers, I trust, are so licensed; there is no occasion to make so brazen a brag of this sinecure permit.

* * * * * *

I had written thus far, when the tarnished gold letters of the Green Man seemed to be suddenly re-gilt; and on looking upwards, I perceived that a sort of skylight had been opened in the clouds, giving entrance to a bright gleam of sunshine, which glowed with remarkable effect on a yellow postchaise in the stable-yard, and brought the ducks out beautifully white from the black horsepond. Tempted by the appearance of the weather, I put down my pen, and strolled out for a

The Lady of "Our Village."

quarter of an hour before dinner, to inhale that air, without which, like the chameleon, I cannot feed. On my return, I found, with some surprise, that my papers were a good deal discomposed; but before I had time for much wonder, my landlady entered with one of her most

obliging curtseys, and observed that she had seen me writing in the morning, and it had occurred to her, by chance, that I might by possibility have been writing a description of the village. I told her that I had actually been engaged on that very subject. "If that is the case, of course, sir, you would begin, no doubt, about the Green Man, being so close by; and I daresay you would say something about the sign, and the Green Man with his top-boots, and his gun, and his Indian liver-and-white pointer, though his white to be sure is turned yellow, and his liver is more than half gone." "You are perfectly right, Mrs Ledger," I replied, "and in one part of the description I think I have used almost your own very words." "Well, that *is* curious, sir," exclaimed Mrs L., and physically, not arithmetically, casting up all her hands and eyes. "Moreover, what I mean to say is this; and I only say that to save trouble. There's a young man lodges at the greengrocer's over the way, who has writ an account of the village already to your hand. The people about the place call him the Poet, but, anyhow, he studies a good deal, and writes beautiful; and, as I said before, has made the whole village out of his own head. Now, it might save trouble, sir, if you was to write it out, and I am sure I have a copy, that, as far as the loan goes, is at your service, sir." My curiosity induced me to take the offer; and as the poem really forestalled what I had to say of the Hamlet, I took my landlady's advice and transcribed it,—and here it is.

OUR VILLAGE.—BY A VILLAGER.

Our village, that's to say, not Miss Mitford's village, but our village of Bullock Smithy,
Is come into by an avenue of trees, three oak pollards, two elders, and a withy;
And in the middle there's a green of about not exceeding an acre and a half;
It's common to all, and fed off by nineteen cows, six ponies, three horses, five asses, two foals, seven pigs, and a calf!
Besides a pond in the middle, as is held by a similar sort of common-law lease,
And contains twenty ducks, six drakes, three ganders, two dead dogs, four drown'd kittens, and twelve geese.
Of course the green's cropt very close, and does famous for bowling when the little village-boys play at cricket;
Only some horse, or pig, or cow, or great jackass, is sure to come and stand right before the wicket.
There's fifty-five private houses, let alone barns, and workshops, and pig-sties, and poultry huts, and suchlike sheds;
With plenty of public-houses—two Foxes, one Green Man, three Bunch of Grapes, one Crown, and six King's Heads.
The Green Man is reckon'd the best, as the only one that for love or money can raise
A postilion, a blue-jacket, two deplorable lame white horses, and a ramshackled "neat postchaise."

There's one parish church for all the people, whatsoever may be their ranks in life or their degrees,
Except one very damp, small, dark, freezing cold, little Methodist Chapel of Ease;
And close by the churchyard there's a stone-mason's yard, that when the time is seasonable
Will furnish with afflictions sore and marble urns and cherubims very low and reasonable.
There's a cage, comfortable enough; I've been in it with Old Jack Jeffrey and Tom Pike;
For the Green Man next door will send you in ale, gin, or anything else you like.
I can't speak of the stocks, as nothing remains of them but the upright post;
But the pound is kept in repairs for the sake of Cob's horse, as is always there almost.
There's a smithy of course, where that queer sort of a chap in his way, Old Joe Bradley,
Perpetually hammers and stammers, for he stutters and shoes horses very badly.
There's a shop of all sorts, that sells everything, kept by the widow of Mr Task;
But when you go there, it's ten to one she's out of everything you ask.
You'll know her house by the swarm of boys, like flies, about the old sugary cask:
There are six empty houses, and not so well paper'd inside as out,
For bill-stickers won't beware, but sticks notices of sales and election placards all about.
That's the Doctor's with a green door, where the garden pots in the windows are seen—
A weakly monthly rose that don't blow, and a dead geranium, and a tea-plant with five black leaves and one green.
As for hollyoaks at the cottage doors, and honeysuckles and jasmines, you may go and whistle;
But the tailor's front garden grows two cabbages, a dock, a ha'porth of pennyroyal, two dandelions, and a thistle.
There are three small orchards—Mr Busby's the schoolmaster's is the chief—
With two pear-trees that don't bear; one plum and an apple, that every year is stripped by a thief.
There's another small day-school too, kept by the respectable Mrs Gaby,
A select establishment, for six little boys and one big, and four little girls and a baby;
There's a rectory, with pointed gables and strange odd chimneys that never smokes,
For the rector don't live on his living like other Christian sort of folks;
There's a barber's, once a-week well filled with rough black-bearded shock-headed churls,
And a window with two feminine men's heads, and two masculine ladies in false curls;

There's a butcher's, and a carpenter's, and a plumber's, and a small greengrocer's, and a baker,
But he won't bake on a Sunday; and there's a sexton that's a coal-merchant besides, and an undertaker;
And a toyshop, but not a whole one, for a village can't compare with the London shops;
One window sells drums, dolls, kites, carts, bats, Clout's balls, and the other sells malt and hops.
And Mrs Brown, in domestic economy not to be a bit behind her betters,
Lets her house to a milliner, a watchmaker, a rat-catcher, a cobbler, lives in it herself, and it's the post-office for letters.
Now I've gone through all the village—ay, from end to end, save and except one more house,
But I haven't come to that—and I hope I never shall—and that's the Village Poorhouse!

*THE SCRAPE-BOOK.**

"Luck's all!"

SOME men seem born to be lucky. Happier than kings, Fortune's wheel has for them no revolutions. Whatever they touch turns to gold,—their path is paved with the philosopher's stone. At games of chance they have no chance; but what is better, a certainty. They hold four suits of trumps. They get windfalls, without a breath stirring—as legacies. Prizes turn up for them in lotteries. On the turf, their horse—an outsider—always wins. They enjoy a whole season of benefits. At the very worse, in trying to drown themselves, they dive on some treasure undiscovered since the Spanish Armada; or tie their halter to a hook, that unseals a hoard in the ceiling. That's their luck.

There is another kind of fortune, called ill-luck; so ill, that you hope it will die;—but it don't. That's my luck.

Other people keep scrap-books; but I, a scrape-book. It is theirs to insert bon-mots, riddles, anecdotes, caricatures, facetiæ of all kinds; mine to record mischances, failures, accidents, disappointments; in short, as the betters say, I have always a bad book. Witness a few extracts, bitter as extract of bark.

April 1st. Married on this day: in the first week of the honeymoon, stumbled over my father-in-law's beehives! He has 252 bees; thanks to me, he is now able to check them. Some of the insects, having an account against me, preferred to *settle* on my calf. Others swarmed on my hands. My bald head seemed a perfect humming-top! Two hundred and fifty-two stings—it should be "stings—and arrows of outrageous fortune!" But that's my luck. Rushed bee-blind into the horsepond, and *torn out* by Tiger, the house-dog. Staggered incontinent into the pigsty, and collared by the sow—sus. per coll.—for kicking her sucklings; recommended oil for my wounds, and none

* Comic Annual, 1831.

but lamp ditto in the house; relieved of the stings at last—what luck! —by 252 operations.

9th. Give my adored Belinda a black eye, in the open street, aiming

An Unfortunate Bee-ing.

at a lad who attempted to snatch her reticule. Belinda's part taken by a big rascal, as deaf as a post, who wanted to fight me "for striking a woman." My luck again.

12th. Purchased a mare, warranted so gentle that a lady might ride her, and, indeed, no animal could be quieter, except the leather one, formerly in the Show-room, at Exeter Change. Meant for the first time to ride with Belinda to the Park—put my foot in the stirrup, and found myself on my own back instead of the mare's. Other men are thrown by their horses, but a saddle does it for me. Well, nothing is so hard as my luck—unless it be the fourth flag or stone from the post at the north corner of Harley Street.

14th. Run down in a wherry by a coal-brig off Greenwich, but providentially picked up by a steamer, that burst her boiler directly afterwards. Saved to be scalded! But misfortunes with me never came single, from my very childhood. I remember when my little brothers and sisters tumbled downstairs, they always hitched half way at the angle. *My* luck invariably turned the corner. It could not bear to bate me a single bump.

17th. Had my eye picked out by a pavior who was *axing* his way he didn't care where. Sent home in a hackney chariot that upset. Paid Jarvis a sovereign for a shilling. My luck all over!

1st of May. My flue on fire. Not a sweep to be had for love or money! Lucky enough *for me*, the parish engine soon arrived, with all the charity school. Boys are fond of playing—and indulged their propensity by playing into my best drawing-room. Every friend I had dropped in to dinner. Nothing but Lacedemonian black broth. Others have pot-luck, but I have not even pint-luck—at least of the right sort.

8th. Found, on getting up, that the kitchen-garden had been stripped by thieves, but had the luck at night to catch some one in the garden, by walking into my own trap. Afraid to call out, for fear of being shot at by the gardener, who would have hit me to a dead certainty—for such is my luck!

10th. Agricultural distress is a treat to mine. My old friend Bill —I must henceforth call him Corn-Bill—has, this morning, laid his unfeeling wooden leg on my tenderest toe, like a thresher. In spite

A Cornish Man.

of Dibdin, I don't believe that oak has any heart, or it would not be such a walking treadmill!

12th. Two pieces of "my usual." First knocked down by a mad bull; secondly, picked up by a pickpocket. Anybody but me would have found one honest humane man out of a whole crowd; but I am born to suffer, whether done by accident or done by design. Luckily for me and the pickpocket, I was able to identify him, bound over to prosecute, and had the satisfaction of exporting him to Botany Bay.

I suppose I performed well in a court of justice, for the next day—"*Encore un coup!*"—I had a summons to serve with a Middlesex jury, at the Old Bailey, for a fortnight.

14th. My number in the lottery has come up a capital prize. Luck at last—if I had not lost the ticket.

*A TRUE STORY.**

WHOE'ER has seen upon the human face
The yellow jaundice and the jaundice black,
May form a notion of old Colonel Case
With nigger Pompey waiting at his back.

Case,—as the case is, many time with folks
From hot Bengal, Calcutta, or Bombay,—
Had tint his tint, as Scottish tongues would say,
And show'd two cheeks as yellow as eggs' yolks.
Pompey, the chip of some old ebon block,
In hue was like his master's stiff cravat,
And might indeed have claim'd akin to *that*,
Coming, as *he* did, of an old *black stock*.

Case wore the liver's livery that such
Must wear, their past excesses to denote,
Like Greenwich pensioners that take too much,
And then do penance in a yellow coat.
Pompey's, a deep and permanent jet-dye,
A stain of Nature's staining—one of those
We call *fast* colours—merely, I suppose,
Because such colours never *go* or *fly*.

Pray mark this difference of dark and sallow,
Pompey's black husk, and the old Colonel's yellow.

The Colonel, once a penniless beginner,
From a long Indian rubber rose a winner,
With plenty of pagodas in his pocket,
And homeward turning his Hibernian thought,
Deem'd *Wicklow* was the place that ought
To harbour one whose *wick* was in the socket.

Unhappily for Case's scheme of quiet,
Wicklow just then was in a pretty riot,
A fact recorded in each day's diurnals,
Things Case was not accustom'd to peruse,
Careless of news;
But Pompey always read these bloody journals,

* Comic Annual, 1830.

Full of Killmany and of Killmore work,
The freaks of some O'Shaunessy's shillaly,
Of morning frays by some O'Brien Burke,
Or horrid nightly outrage by some Daly;
How scums deserving of the Devil's ladle
Would fall upon the harmless scull and knock it,
And if he found an infant in the cradle,
Stern Rock would hardly hesitate to rock it;—

Captain Rock.

In fact, he read of burner and of killer,
And Irish ravages, day after day,
Till, haunting in his dreams, he used to say,
That "Pompey could not sleep on *Pompey's Pillar.*"

Judge then the horror of the nigger's face
To find—with such impressions of that dire land—
That Case,—his master,—was a packing-case
For Ireland!
He saw in fearful reveries arise,
Phantasmagorias of those dreadful men
Whose fame associate with Irish plots is,
Fitzgeralds—Tones—O'Connors—Hares—and then
"Those *Emmets*," not so "little in his eyes"
As Doctor Watts's!
He felt himself piked, roasted, carved, and hack'd,
His big black burly body seem'd, in fact,
A pincushion for Terror's pins and needles,—
Oh, how he wish'd himself beneath the sun

Of Afric—or in far Barbadoes—one
Of Bishop Coleridge's new *black beadles.*

Full of this fright,
With broken peace and broken English choking,
As black as any raven, and as croaking,
Pompey rush'd in upon his master's sight,
Plump'd on his knees, and clasp'd his sable digits,
Thus stirring Curiosity's sharp fidgets—
"O Massa !—Massa !—Colonel !—Massa Case !—
Not go to Ireland !—Ireland dam bad place ;
Dem take our bloods—dem Irish—every drop—
Oh, why for Massa go so far a distance
To have him life ?"——Here Pompey made a stop,
Putting an awful period to existence.

"Not go to Ireland—not to Ireland, fellow !
And murder'd—why should I be murder'd, sirrah ?"
Cried Case, with anger's tinge upon his yellow.
Pompey, for answer, pointing in a mirror
The Colonel's saffron, and his own japan.
"Well, what has that to do ?—quick—speak outright, boy !"
"O Massa !"—(so the explanation ran)
"Massa be kill'd—'cause Massa *Orange Man,*
And Pompey kill'd—'cause Pompey not a *White Boy !*"

Pompey's Pillar

"Oh, nothing in life can sadden us!"

*THE SORROWS OF AN UNDERTAKER.**

TO mention only by name the sorrows of an Undertaker, will be likely to raise a smile on most faces,—the mere words suggest a solemn stalking parody of grief to the satiric fancy;—but give a fair hearing to my woes, and even the veriest mocker may learn to pity an Undertaker who has been unfortunate in all his undertakings.

My Father, a Furnisher and Performer in the funeral line, used to say of me,—noticing some boyish levities—that "I should never do for an Undertaker." But the prediction was wrong—my parent lied, and I did for him in the way of business. Having no other alternative, I took possession of a very fair stock and business. I felt at first as if plunged in the Black Sea—and when I read my name upon the shop door, it threw a crape over my spirits, that I did not get rid of for some months.

Then came the cares of business. The scandalous insinuated that the funerals were not so decorously performed as in the time of the Late. I discharged my mutes, who were grown fat and jocular, and sought about for the lean and lank-visaged kind. But these demure rogues cheated and robbed me—plucked my feathers and pruned my scarfs, and I was driven back again to my "merrie men,"—whose only fault was making a pleasure of their business.

Soon after this, I made myself prominent in the parish, and obtained a contract for Parochial Conchology—or shells for the paupers. But this even, as I may say, broke down on its first tressels. Having, as my first job, to inter a workhouse female—Ætat. 96—and wishing to gain the good opinion of the parish, I had made the arrangements with more than usual decency. The company were at the door.

* Comic Annual, 1830.

Placing myself at the head, with my best burial face, and my slowest solemnity of step, I set forward, and, thanks to my professional deafness—induced by the constant hammering—I never perceived, till at the church gates, that the procession had not stirred from the door of the house. So good a joke was not lost upon my two mutes, who made it an excuse for chuckling on after occasions. But to me the consequence was serious. A notion arose amongst the poor that I was too proud to walk along with their remains, and the ferment ran so high, that I was finally compelled to give up my contract.

So much for foot-funerals. Now for coach-work. The extravagant charges of the jobbers at last induced me to set up a hearse and mourning-coaches of my own, with sleek ebony, long-tailed horses to match. One of these—the finest of the set—had been sold to me under warranty of being sound and free from vice ; and so he was, but the dealer never told me that he had been a charger at Astley's. Accordingly on his very first performance, in passing through Bow,—at that

Fairy Land.

time a kind of Fairy Land,—he thought proper, on hearing a showman's trumpet, to dance a cotillon in his feathers! There was nothing to be done but to travel on with three to the next stage, where I sold the caperer at a heavy loss, and to the infinite regret of my merry mourners, with whom this exhibition had made him a great favourite. From this period my business rapidly declined, till, instead of five or

six demises, on an average, I put in only two defuncts and a half per week.

In this extremity a "black job" was brought to me that promised to make amends for the rest. One fine morning a brace of executors walked into the shop, and handing to me the following extract of a will, politely requested that I would perform accordingly—and with the pleasing addition that I was to be regardless of the expense. The document ran thus: "Item, I will and desire that after death, my body be placed in a strong leaden coffin, the same to be afterwards enclosed in one of oak, and therein my remains to be conveyed handsomely to the village of *** in Norfolk, my birthplace; there to lie, being duly watched, during one night, in the family mansion now unoccupied, and on the morrow to be carried thence to the church, the coffin being borne by the six oldest resident and decayed parishioners, male or female, and for the same they shall receive severally the sum of five pounds, to be paid on or before the day of interment."

It will be believed that I lost no time in preparing the last solid and costly receptacles for the late Lady Lambert; and the unusual bulk of the deceased seemed in prospective to justify a bill of proportionate magnitude. I was prodigal of plumes and scutcheons, of staves and scarfs, and mourning coaches; and finally, raising a whole company of black cavalry, we set out by stages, short and sweet, for our destination. I had been prudent enough to send a letter before me to prepare the bearers, and imprudent enough to remit their fees in advance. But I had no misgivings. My men enjoyed the excursion, and so did I. We ate well, drank well, slept well, and expected to be well paid for what was so well done. At the last stage it happened I had rather an intricate reckoning to arrange, by which means, being detained a full hour behind the cavalcade, I did not reach the desired village till the whole party had established themselves at the Dying Dolphin—a fact I first ascertained from hearing the merriment of my two mutes in the parlour. Highly indignant at this breach of decorum, I rushed in on the offending couple; and let the Undertaking Reader conceive my feelings when the following letter was put into my hands, explaining at once the good joke of the two fellows, or rather that of the whole village.

"SIR,—We have sought out the six oldest of the pauper parishioners of this place, namely as follows:—

Margaret Squires, aged 101, blind and bedrid.
Timothy Topping, aged 98, paralytic and bedrid.
Darius Watts, aged 95, with loss of both legs.
Barbara Copp, 94 years, born without arms.
Philip Gill, about 81, an idiot.
Mary Ridges, 79, afflicted with St Vitus.

Among whom we have distributed your Thirty Pounds according to desire, and for which they are very grateful.

JOHN GILLS,
SAM. RACKSTROW, } Overseers."

Such were the six bearers who were to carry Lady Lambert to the church, and who could as soon have carried the church to Lady

Lambert. To crown all, I rashly listened to the advice of my thoughtless mutes, and in an evil hour deposited the body without troubling any parishioner, old or young, on the subject. The consequence is, the executors demur to my bill, because I have not acted up to the letter of my instructions. I have had to stand treat for a large party on the road, to sustain all the charges of the black cavalry, and am besides minus thirty pounds in charity, without even the merit of a charitable intention!

*THE CARELESSE NURSE-MAYD.**

I SAWE a Mayd sitte on a Bank,
Beguiled by Wooer fayne and fond;
And whiles His flatterynge Vowes She drank,
Her Nurselynge slipt within a Pond!

"Accustomed to the Care of Children."

All Even Tide they Talkde and Kist,
For She was fayre and He was Kinde;
The Sunne went down before She wist
Another Sonne had sett behinde!

With angrie Hands and frownynge Browe,
That deemd Her owne the Urchine's Sinne,

* Comic Annual, 1830.

She pluckt Him out, but he was nowe
Past being Whipt for fallynge in.

She then beginnes to wayle the Ladde
With Shrikes that Echo answerde round—
O! foolishe Mayd to be soe sadde
The Momente that her Care was drownd!

THE LIFE OF ZIMMERMANN.

(BY HIMSELF.)*

"This, this, is solitude."—LORD BYRON.

I WAS born, I may almost say, an orphan: my father died three months before I saw the light, and my mother three hours after—thus I was left in the whole world alone, and an only child, for I had neither brothers nor sisters; much of my after-passion for solitude might be ascribed to this cause, for I believe our tendencies date themselves from a much earlier age, or rather youth, than is generally imagined. It was remarked that I could go alone at nine months, and I have had an aptitude to going alone all the rest of my life. The first words I learnt to say, were "I by myself, I"—or thou—or he—or she—or it—but I was a long time before I could pronounce any personals in the plural. My little games and habits were equally singular. I was fond of playing at Solitary or at Patience, or another game of cards of my own invention, namely, whist, with *three* dummies. Of books, my favourite was Robinson Crusoe, especially the first part, for I was not fond of the intrusion of Friday, and thought the natives really were Savages to spoil such a solitude. At ten years of age I was happily placed with the Rev. Mr Steinkopff, a widower, who took in only the limited number of six pupils, and had only me to begin with: here I enjoyed myself very much, learning in a first and last class in school hours, and playing in playtime at hoop, and other pretty games not requiring partners. My playground was, in short, a Garden of Eden, and I did not even sigh for an Eve; but, like Paradise, it was too happy to last. I was removed from Mr Steinkopff's to the University of Göttingen, and at once the eyes of six hundred pupils, and the pupils of twelve hundred eyes, seem fastened upon me: I felt like an owl forced into daylight; often and often I shamm'd ill, as an excuse for confining myself to my chamber, but some officious would-be friends, insisting on coming to sit with me, as they said, to enliven my solitude, I was forced as a last resource to do that which subjected me, on the principle of Howard's Prison Discipline, to solitary confinement. But even this pleasure did not last; the heads of the College found out that solitary confinement was no punishment, and put another student in the same cell; in this extremity I had no alternative but to endeavour to make him a convert to my principles, and in some days I succeeded in convincing him of the individual in-

* Comic Annual, 1832.

dependence of man, the solid pleasures of solitude, and the hollow one of society,—in short, he so warmly adopted my views, that in a transport of sympathy we swore an eternal friendship, and agreed to separate for ever, and keep ourselves to ourselves as much as possible. To this end we formed with our blanket a screen across our cell, and that we might not even in thought associate with each other, he soliloquised only in French, of which I was ignorant, and I in English, to which he was equally a stranger. Under this system my wishes were gratified, for I think I felt more intensely lonely than I ever remember when more strictly alone. Of course this condition had a conclusion; we were brought out again unwillingly into the common world, and the firm of Zimmermann, Nobody, and Co., was compelled to admit—six hundred partners. In this extremity, my fellow-prisoner Zingleman and myself had recourse to the persuasions of oratory. We preached solitude, and got quite a congregation, and of the six hundred hearers, four hundred at least became converts to our Unitarian doctrine; every one of these disciples strove to fly to the most obscure recesses, and the little cemetery of the College had always plenty of those who were trying to make themselves scarce. This of course was afflicting; as in the game of puss in a corner, it was difficult to get a corner unoccupied to be alone in; the defections and desertions from the College were consequently numerous, and for a long time the state gazette contained daily advertisements for missing gentlemen, with a description of their persons and habits, and invariably concluding with this sentence: "Of a melancholy turn,—calls himself a Zimmermanian, and affects solitude." In fact, as Schiller's Robbers begot Robbers, so did my solitude beget solitudinarians, but with this difference, that the dramatist's disciples frequented the Highways, and mine the Byeways!

The consequence was what might have been expected, which I had foreseen, and ardently desired. I was expelled from the University of Göttingen. This was perhaps the triumph of my life. A grand dinner was got up by Zingleman in my honour, at which more than three hundred were present, but in tacit homage to my principles, they never spoke nor held any communication with each other, and at a concerted signal, the toast of "Zimmermann and Solitude" was drunk, by dumb show, in appropriate solemn silence. I was much affected by this tribute, and left with tears in my eyes, to think, with such sentiments, how many of us might be thrown together again. Being thus left to myself, like a vessel with only one hand on board, I was at liberty to steer my own course, and accordingly took a lodging at Number One, in Wilderness Street, that held out the inviting prospect of a single room to let for a single man. In this congenial situation I composed my great work on Solitude, and here I think it necessary to warn the reader against many spurious books, calling themselves "Companions to Zimmermann's Solitude," as if solitude could have society. Alas! from this work I may date the decline which my presentiment tells me will terminate in my death. My book, though written against populousness, became so popular, that its author, though in love with loneliness, could never be alone. Striving to fly from the face of man, I could never escape it, nor that of

woman and child into the bargain. When I stirred abroad mobs surrounded me, and cried, "Here is the Solitary!"—when I stayed at home I was equally crowded; all the public societies of Göttingen thought proper to come up to me with addresses, and not even by deputation. Flight was my only resource, but it did not avail, for I could not fly from myself. Wherever I went Zimmermann and Solitude had got before me, and their votaries assembled to meet me. In vain I travelled throughout the European and Asiatic continent: with an enthusiasm and perseverance of which only Germans are capable, some of my countrymen were sure to haunt me, and really showed, by the distance they journeyed, that they were ready to go all lengths with me and my doctrine. Some of these pilgrims even brought their wives and children along with them in search of my solitude; and were so unreasonable even as to murmur at my taking the inside of a coach or the cabin of a packet-boat to myself.

From these persecutions I was released by what some persons would call an unfortunate accident—a vessel in which I sailed from Leghorn, going down at sea with all hands excepting my own pair, which happened to have grappled a hen-coop. There was no sail in sight, nor any land to be seen—nothing but sea and sky; and from the midst of the watery expanse it was perhaps the first and only glimpse I ever had of real and perfect solitude, yet so inconsistent is human nature, I could not really and perfectly enter into its enjoyment. I was picked up at length by a British brig of war; and, schooled by the past, had the presence of mind to conceal my name, and to adopt the English one of Grundy. Under this *nom de guerre*, but really a name of peace, I enjoyed comparative quiet, interrupted only by the pertinacious attendance of an unconscious countryman, who, noticing my very retired habits, endeavour by daily lectures from my own work, to make me a convert to my own principles. In short, he so wore me out, that at last, to get rid of his importunities, I told him in confidence that I was the author himself. But the result was anything but what I expected; and here I must blush again for the inconsistency of human nature. While Winkells knew me only as Grundy, he painted nothing but the charms of Solitude, and exhorted me to detach myself from society; but no sooner did he learn that I was Zimmermann, than he insisted on my going to Lady C——'s rout and his own conversatione. In fact, he wanted to make me, instead of a Lion of the Desert, a Lion of the Menagerie. How

"Sare, I am at where?—"
"Well, I know you be!"

I resented such a proposition may be supposed, as well as his offer to procure for me the first vacancy that happened in the situation of Hermit at Lord P——'s Hermitage; being, as he was pleased to say, not only able to bear solitude, but well-bred and well-informed, and fit to *receive company*. The effect of this unfortunate disclosure was to make me leave England, for fear of meeting with the fate of a man or an ox that ventures to quit the common herd. I should immediately have been declared mad, and mobbed into lunacy, and then put into solitary confinement, with a keeper always with me, as a person beside himself, and not fit to be left alone for a moment. As such a fate would have been worse to me than death, I immediately left London, and am now living anonymously in an uninhabited house,—prudence forbids me to say where.

*THE COMPASS, WITH VARIATIONS.**

"The Needles have sometimes been fatal to Mariners."—*Picture of Isle of Wight.*

ONE close of day—'twas in the Bay
Of Naples—bay of glory!—
While light was hanging crowns of gold
On mountains high and hoary,
A gallant bark got under weigh,
And with her sails my story.

For Leghorn she was bound direct,
With wine and oil for cargo,
Her crew of men some nine or ten,
The captain's name was Iago;
A good and gallant bark she was,
La Donna (call'd) del Lago.

Bronzed mariners were her's to view,
With brown cheeks, clear or muddy,
Dark, shining eyes, and coal-black hair,
Meet heads for painter's study;
But 'midst their tan there stood one man
Whose cheek was fair and ruddy;

His brow was high, a loftier brow
Ne'er shone in song or sonnet,
His hair a little scant, and when
He doff'd his cap or bonnet,
One saw that Grey had gone beyond
A premiership upon it!

His eye—a passenger was he,
The cabin he had hired it,—

* Comic Annual 1833.

His eye was grey, and when he look'd
Around, the prospect fired it—
A fine poetic light, as if
The Appe-Nine inspired it.

His frame was stout—in height about
Six feet—well made and portly;
Of dress and manner just to give
A sketch, but very shortly,
His order seem'd a composite
Of rustic with the courtly.

He ate and quaff'd, and joked and laugh'd,
And chatted with the seamen,
And often task'd their skill and ask'd,
"What weather is't to be, man?"
No demonstration there appear'd
That he was any demon.

No sort of sign there was that he
Could raise a stormy rumpus,
Like Prospero make breezes blow,
And rocks and billows thump us,—
But little we supposed what he
Could with the needle compass!

Soon came a storm—the sea at first
Seem'd lying almost fallow—
When lo! full crash, with billowy dash,
From clouds of black and yellow,
Came such a gale, as blows but once
A century, like the aloe!

Our stomachs we had just prepared
To vest a small amount in;
When, gush! a flood of brine came down
The skylight—quite a fountain,
And right on end the table rear'd,
Just like the Table Mountain.

Down rush'd the soup, down gush'd the wine,
Each roll, its rôle repeating,
Roll'd down—the round of beef declared
For parting—not for meating!
Off flew the fowls, and all the game
Was "too far gone for eating!"

Down knife and fork—down went the pork,
The lamb too broke its tether;
Down mustard went—each condiment—
Salt—pepper—all together!
Down everything, like craft that seek
The Downs in stormy weather.

Down plunged the *Lady of the Lake*,
Her timbers seem'd to sever;
Down, down, a dreary derry down,
Such lurch she had gone never;
She almost seem'd about to take
A bed of down for ever!

A Storm in Table Bay.

Down dropt the captain's nether jaw,
Thus robb'd of all its uses,
He thought he saw the Evil One
Beside Vesuvian sluices,
Playing at dice for soul and ship,
And throwing *Sink* and *Deuces*.

Down fell the steward on his face,
To all the Saints commending;
And candles to the Virgin vow'd,
As save-alls 'gainst his ending.
Down fell the mate, he thought his fate,
Check-mate, was close impending!

Down fell the cook—the cabin boy,
Their beads with fervour telling,
While alps of serge, with snowy verge,
Above the yards came yelling.
Down fell the crew, and on their knees
Shudder'd at each white swelling!

Down sunk the sun of bloody hue,
His crimson light a cleaver
To each red rover of a wave:
To eye of fancy-weaver,
Neptune, the God, seem'd tossing in
A raging scarlet fever!

Sore, sore afraid, each Papist pray'd
To Saint and Virgin Mary;
But one there was that stood composed
Amid the waves' vagary:
As staunch as rock, a true game cock
'Mid chicks of Mother Cary!

His ruddy cheek retain'd its streak,
No danger seem'd to shrink him;
His step still bold,—of mortal mould
The crew could hardly think him:
The Lady of the Lake, he seem'd
To know, could never sink him.

Relax'd at last, the furious gale,
Quite out of breath with racing;

A Ruff Sea.

The boiling flood in milder mood,
With gentler billows chasing;
From stem to stern, with frequent turn,
The Stranger took to pacing.

And as he walk'd to self he talk'd,
Some ancient ditty thrumming,
In under tone, as not alone—
Now whistling, and now humming—
"You're welcome, Charlie," "Cowdenknowes,"
"Kenmure," or "Campbells' Coming."

Down went the wind, down went the wave,
Fear quitted the most finical;
The Saints, I wot, were soon forgot,
And Hope was at the pinnacle:
When rose on high, a frightful cry—
"The Devil's in the binnacle!"

"The Saints be near," the helmsman cried,
His voice with quite a falter—
"Steady's my helm, but every look
The needle seems to alter;
God only knows where China lies,
Jamaica, or Gibraltar!"

The captain stared aghast at mate,
The pilot at th'apprentice;
No fancy of the German Sea
Of Fiction the event is:
But when they at the compass look'd,
It seem'd non compass mentis.

Now north, now south, now east, now west,
The wavering point was shaken,
'Twas past the whole philosophy
Of Newton, or of Bacon;
Never by compass, till that hour,
Such latitudes were taken!

With fearful speech, each after each
Took turns in the inspection;
They found no gun—no iron—none
To vary its direction;
It seem'd a new magnetic case
Of Poles in Insurrection!

Farewell to wives, farewell their lives,
And all their household riches;
Oh! while they thought of girl or boy,
And dear domestic niches,
All down the side which holds the heart,
That needle gave them stitches.

With deep amaze, the Stranger gazed
To see them so white-liver'd:

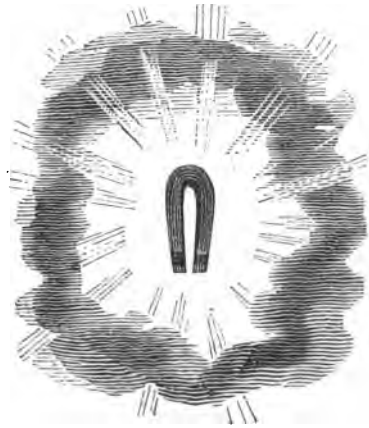
And walk'd abaft the binnacle,
To know at what they shiver'd ;
But when he stood beside the card,
St Josef ! how it quiver'd !

No fancy-motion, brain-begot,
In eye of timid dreamer—
The nervous finger of a sot
Ne'er show'd a plainer tremor ;
To every brain it seem'd too plain,
There stood th'Infernal Schemer !

Mix'd brown and blue each visage grew,
Just like a pullet's gizzard ;
Meanwhile the captain's wandering wit,
From tacking like an izzard,
Bore down in this plain course at last,
" It's Michael Scott—the Wizard ! "

A smile past o'er the ruddy face,
" To see the poles so falter
I'm puzzled, friends, as much as you,
For with no fiends I palter ;
Michael I'm not—although a Scott—
My Christian name is Walter."

Like oil it fell, that name, a spell
On all the fearful faction ;
The Captain's head (for he had read)
Confess'd the Needle's action,
And bow'd to HIM in whom the North
Has lodged its main attraction !



A Star of the First Magnitude.

Protecting the Fare.

*THE DUEL.**

A SERIOUS BALLAD.

"Like the two Kings of Brentford smelling at one nosegay."

In Brentford town of old renown,
There lived a Mister Bray,
Who fell in love with Lucy Bell,
And so did Mr Clay.

To see her ride from Hammersmith,
By all it was allow'd,
Such fair outsides are seldom seen,
Such Angels on a Cloud.

Said Mr Bray to Mr Clay,
You choose to rival me,
And court Miss Bell, but there your court
No thoroughfare shall be.

Unless you now give up your suit,
You may repent your love;
I who have shot a pigeon match,
Can shoot a turtle dove.

So pray before you woo her more,
Consider what you do;
If you pop aught to Lucy Bell,—
I'll pop it into you.

Said Mr Clay to Mr Bray,
Your threats I quite explode;
One who has been a volunteer,
Knows how to prime and load.

And so I say to you unless
Your passion quiet keeps,
I who have shot and hit bulls' eyes,
May chance to hit a sheep's.

Now gold is oft for silver changed,
And that for copper red;
But these two went away to give
Each other change for lead.

But first they sought a friend a-piece,
This pleasant thought to give—
When they were dead, they thus should have
Two seconds still to live.

To measure out the ground not long
The seconds then forbore,
And having taken one rash step
They took a dozen more.

* Comic Annual, 1831.

They next prepared each pistol-pan
Against the deadly strife,
By putting in the prime of death
Against the prime of life.

Now all was ready for the foes,
But when they took their stands,
Fear made them tremble, so they found
They both were shaking hands.

Said Mr C. to Mr B,
Here one of us may fall,
And like St Paul's Cathedral now,
Be doom'd to have a ball.

I do confess I did attach
Misconduct to your name;
If I withdraw the charge, will then
Your ramrod do the same?

Said Mr B., I do agree—
But think of Honour's Courts!
If we go off without a shot,
There will be strange reports.

But look, the morning now is bright,
Though cloudy it begun;
Why can't we aim above, as if
We had call'd out the sun?

So up into the harmless air,
Their bullets they did send;
And may all other duels have
That upshot in the end!

Exchanging—Receiving the Difference.

*ODE TO MR MALTHUS.**

My dear, do pull the bell,
And pull it well,
And send those noisy children all up stairs,
Now playing here like bears—
You George, and William, go into the grounds,
Charles, James, and Bob are there,—and take your string,
Drive horses, or fly kites, or anything,
You're quite enough to play at hare and hounds;—
You little May, and Caroline, and Poll,
Take each your doll,
And go, my dears, into the two-back pair,
Your sister Margaret's there—
Harriet and Grace, thank God, are both at school,
At far-off Ponty Pool—

* Comic Annual, 1832.

I want to read, but really can't get on—
Let the four twins, Mark, Matthew, Luke, and John,
Go—to their nursery—go—I never can
Enjoy my Malthus among such a clan!

Oh Mr Malthus, I agree
In everything I read with thee!
The world's too full, there is no doubt,
And wants a deal of thinning out,—
It's plain—as plain as Harrow's Steeple—
And I agree with some thus far,
Who say the Queen's too popular,
That is,—she has too many people.

"A Child's *call* to be disposed of."

There are too many of all trades,
Too many bakers,
Too many every-thing-makers,
But not too many undertakers,—
Too many boys,—
Too many hobby-de-hoys,—
Too many girls, men, widows, wives, and maids,—
There is a dreadful surplus to demolish,
And yet some Wrongheads,
With thick not long heads,
Poor metaphysicians!
Sign petitions
Capital punishment to abolish;
And in the face of censuses such vast ones
New hospitals contrive,
For keeping life alive,
Laying first stones, the dolts! instead of last ones!—
Others, again, in the same contrariety,
Deem that of all Humane Society
They really deserve thanks,
Because the two banks of the Serpentine

By their design,
Are Saving Banks.
Oh ! were it given but to me to weed
The human breed,
And root out here and there some cumbering elf,
I think I could go through it,
And really do it
With profit to the world and to myself.—

Laying the First Stone of an Hospital.

For instance, the unkind among the Editors,
My debtors, those I mean to say
Who cannot or who will not pay,
And all my creditors.
These, for my own sake, I'd destroy ;
But for the world's, and every one's,
I'd hoe up Mrs G——'s two sons,
And Mrs B——'s big little boy,
Call'd only by herself an "only joy."
As Mr Irving's chapel's not too full,
Himself alone I'd pull—
But for the peace of years that have to run,
I'd make the Lord Mayor's a perpetual station,
And put a period to rotation,

By rooting up all Aldermen but one,—
These are but hints what good might thus be done!
But ah! I fear the public good
Is little by the public understood,—
For instance—if with flint, and steel, and tinder,
Great Swing, for once a philanthropic man,
Proposed to throw a light upon thy plan,
No doubt some busy fool would hinder
His burning all the Foundling to a cinder.

Or, if the Lord Mayor, on an Easter Monday,
That wine and bun-day,
Proposed to poison all the little Blue-coats,
Before they died by bit or sup,
Some meddling Marplot would blow up,
Just at the moment critical,
The economy political
Of saving their fresh yellow plush and new coats.

Equally 'twould be undone,
Suppose the Bishop of London,
On that great day
In June or May,
When all the large small family of charity,
Brown, black, or carrotty,
Walk in their dusty parish shoes,
In too, too many two-and-twos,
To sing together till they scare the walls
Of old St Paul's,
Sitting in red, grey, green, blue, drab, and white,
Some say a gratifying sight,
Tho' I think sad—but that's a schism—
To witness so much pauperism—
Suppose, I say, the Bishop then, to make
In this poor overcrowded world more room,
Proposed to shake
Down that immense extinguisher, the dome—
Some humane Martin in the charity *Gal*-way
I fear would come and interfere,
Save beadle, brat, and overseer,
To walk back in their parish shoes,
In too, too many two-and-twos,
Islington—Wapping—or Pall Mall way!

Thus, people hatch'd from goose's egg,
Foolishly think a pest, a plague,
And in its face their doors all shut,
On hinges oil'd with cajeput—

Drugging themselves with drams well spiced and cloven,
And turning pale as linen rags
At hoisting up of yellow flags,
While you and I are crying "Orange Boven!"
Why should we let precautions so absorb us,
Or trouble shipping with a quarantine—
When if I understand the thing you mean,
We ought to *import* the Cholera Morbus!

Fancy Portrait—Mr Malthus.

*A GOOD DIRECTION.**

A CERTAIN gentleman, whose yellow cheek
Proclaim'd he had not been in living quite
An anchorite—
Indeed, he scarcely ever knew a well day;
At last, by friends' advice, was led to seek
A surgeon of great note—named Aberfeldie.

* Comic Annual, 1830.

A very famous author upon diet,
Who, better starr'd than alchemists of old,
By dint of turning mercury to gold,
Had settled at his country house in quiet.

Our patient, after some impatient rambles
Thro' Enfield roads, and Enfield lanes of brambles,
At last, to make inquiry had the *nous*,—
"Here, my good man,
Just tell me if you can,
Pray which is Mr Aberfeldie's house?"
The man thus stopp'd—perusing for a while
The yellow visage of the man of bile,
At last made answer, with a broadish grin:
"Why, turn to right—and left—and right agin,
The road's direct—you cannot fail to go it."

"But stop! my worthy fellow!—one word more—
From other houses how am I to know it!"

"How!—why you'll see *blue pillars* at the door!"

"An Anchorite."

A Leading Article.

*THE PLEASURES OF SPORTING.**

THE consulter of Johnson's Dictionary under the term of Sport, or Sporting, would be led into a great mistake by the Doctor's definition. The word, with the great Lexicographer, signifies nothing but Diversion, Amusement, Play :—but I shall submit to the reader, with a few facts, whether it has not a more serious connexion, or to speak technically, whether it should be Play or Pay.—

When I was a young man, having a good deal of ready money, and little wit, — I went upon the turf. I began cautiously, and as I thought, knowingly. I started first by diligently learning the pedigree of every new colt—yet somehow, between sire and dam, continually losing the "pony." My first experiment was at Newmarket. By way of securing a leading article, I backed the Duke of *Leeds*, but the race came off, and the Duke was not placed. I asked eagerly who was *first*, and was told *Forth*. The winner was a slow but strong horse, and I was informed had got in front by being a *laster*. This was a *puzzle*, but I paid for my Riddlesworth, and prepared for the Derby. By good luck I selected an excellent colt to stand upon—he had been tried—it was a booked thing—but the day before the Derby there was a family wash, and the laundress hung her wet linen on his *lines*. I paid again. I took advice about the Oaks, and instead of backing a single horse, made my stand, like Ducrow, upon four at once. No luck. Terror did not start—Fury came roaring to the post—Belle was told out, and Comet was tail'd off. I paid again—and began dabbling in the Sweepstakes, and burning my fingers with the Matches. Amongst others, a bet offered that I conceived was peculiarly tempting, 20,000 to 20 against Post Obit—a bad horse indeed, yet such odds seemed unjustifiable, even against an "outsider." But I soon found my mistake. The outsider was in reality an insider, —filling the stomachs of somebody's hounds.—Pay again ! I resolved however to retaliate, and the opportunity presented itself. I had been

* Comic Annual, 1830.

confidently informed that Centipede had not a leg to stand on, and according laid against him as thick as it would stick. The following was the report of the race : 'Centipede jumped off at a tremendous pace,—had it all his own way—and justified his name by coming in a hundred feet in front.'—Pay again ! These "hollow" matters, however, fretted me little, save in pocket. They were won easy, and lost

Sweepstakes :—"Every Jenny has a Jockey."

to match—but the "near things" were unbearable. To lose only by half a head,—a few inches of horse-flesh ! I remember two occasions when Giraffe won by "a neck," and Elephant by "a nose." I was almost tempted to blow out my brains by the nose, and to hang myself by the neck !

The Cows' Regatta.

On one of those doubtful occasions, when it is difficult to name the winner, I thought I could determine the point, from some peculiar advantage of situation, and offered to back my opinion. I laid that Cobbler had won, and it was taken ; but a signal from a friend decided me that I was wrong, and by way of hedge, I offered to lay that Tinker was

the first horse. This was taken like the other, and the judges declared a dead rob—I mean to say a dead heat.—Pay again!

A likelier chance next offered. There was a difference of opinion, whether Bohea would start for the Cup, and his noble owner had privately and positively assured me that he would. I therefore betted freely that he would *run* for the Plate, and he *walked* over!—Pay again! N.B. I found when it was too late that I should not have paid in this case, but I did.

The great St Leger was still in reserve. Somewhat desperate, I betted round, in sums of the same shape, and my best winner became first favourite at the start. Never shall I forget the sight! I saw him come in ten lengths a-head of everything—hollow! hollow! I had no voice to shout with, and it was fortunate. Man and horse went, as usual, after the race to be weighed, and were put into the scale. They rose a little in our eyes, and sunk proportionably in our estimation. Roguery was sniffed—the Jockey Club was appealed to, and it gave the stakes to the second horse. All bets went with the stakes, and so—Pay again!

A Party of Pleasure.

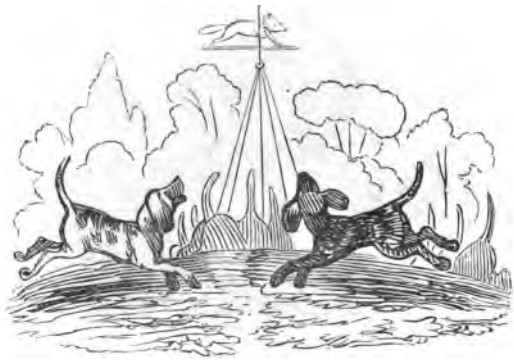
It was time to cut the turf—and I was in a mood for burning it too. I was done by Heath, but the impression on my fortune was not in the finished style. I now turned my attention to aquatics and having been unfortunate at the One Tun, tried my luck in a vessel of twenty. I became a member of a Yacht Club, made matches which I lost—and sailed for a Cup at the Cowes' Regatta, but carried away nothing but my own bowsprit. Other boats showed more speed, but mine most bottom; for after the match it upset, and I was picked up by a party of fishermen, who spared my life and took all I had, by way of teaching me, that a preserving is not a saving.—Pay again!

It was time to dispose of *The Lucky Lass*. I left her to the mate, with peremptory orders to make a sale of her;—an instruction he fulfilled by making all the sail on her he could, and disposing of her—by contract—to a rock, while he was threading the Needles. In the meantime I betook myself to the chase. Sir W. W. had just cut his back, and I undertook to deal with the dogs:—but I found dog's meat

a dear item, though my friends killed my hunters for me, and I boil'd my own horses. The subscribers, moreover, were not punctual, and whatever differences fell out, I was obliged to make them up.—Pay again! At last I happened to have a dispute with a

"Pointer and Disappointer."

brother Nimrod as to the capability of his Brown and mine, and we agreed to decide their respective rates, as church rates, by a steeple chase. The wager was heavy. I rode for the wrong steeple



A Steeple Chase.

—leapt a dozen gates—and succeeded in clearing my own pocket.—Pay again!

It was now necessary to retrench. I gave up hunting the county,

lest the county should repay it in kind, for I was now getting into its debt. I laid down my horses and took up a gun, leased a shooting-box, and rented a manor, somewhat too far north for me, for after a few moves, I ascertained that the game had been drawn before I took to it. It was useless, therefore, to try to beat—the dogs, for want of birds, began to point at butterflies. My friends, however, looked for grouse, so I bought them and paid the carriage.—Pay again!

Other experiments I must abridge. I found pugilistic sporting, as usual—good with both hands at receiving:—at cocking the "in-goes" were far exceeded by the "out-goes:"—and at the gaming table, that it was very difficult to pay my way—particularly in coming back. In short I learned pages of meanings at school without trouble,—but the signification of that one word, Sporting, in manhood has been a long and an uncomfortable lesson, and I have still an unconquerable relish of its bitterness, in spite of the considerate attentions of my friends:—

"From Sport to Sport they hurry me
To banish my regret,
And when they win a smile from me
They think that I forget."

A Political Union.

*THERE'S NO ROMANCE IN THAT.**

"So, while I fondly imagined we were deceiving my relations, and flattered myself that I should outwit and incense them all, behold, my hopes are to be crushed at once by my aunt's consent and approbation, and I am myself the only dupe. But here, sir,—here is the picture!"—LYDIA LANGUISH.

O DAYS of old, O days of knights,
Of tourneys and of tilts,
When love was balk'd and valour stalk'd
On high heroic stilts—
Where are ye gone?—adventures cease,
The world gets tame and flat,—
We've nothing now but New Police—
There's no Romance in that!

I wish I ne'er had learn'd to read,
Or Radcliffe how to write;
That Scott had been a boor on Tweed,
And Lewis cloister'd quite!
Would I had never drunk so deep
Of dear Miss Porter's vat;
I only turn to life, and weep—
There's no Romance in that!

No bandits lurk—no turban'd Turk
To Tunis bears me off;
I hear no noises in the night
Except my mother's cough;
No Bleeding Spectre haunts the house;
No shape, but owl or bat,
Come flitting after moth or mouse—
There's no Romance in that!

* Comic Annual, 1833.

I have not any grief profound,
Or secrets to confess;
My story would not fetch a pound
For A. K. Newman's press;
Instead of looking thin and pale,
I'm growing red and fat,
As if I lived on beef and ale—
There's no Romance in that!

It's very hard, by land or sea
Some strange event I court,
But nothing ever comes to me
That's worth a pen's report:
It really made my temper chafe,
Each coast that I was at,
I vow'd and rail'd, and came home safe—
There's no Romance in that?

The only time I had a chance,
At Brighton one fine day,
My chestnut mare began to prance,
Took fright, and ran away;
Alas! no Captain of the Tenth
To stop my steed came pat;
A butcher caught the rein at length—
There's no Romance in that!

Love—even love—goes smoothly on
A railway sort of track—
No flinty sire, no jealous Don!
No hearts upon the rack;
No Polydore, no Theodore—
His ugly name is Mat,
Plain Matthew Pratt, and nothing more—
There's no Romance in that!

Tom Bowling.

He is not dark, he is not tall,
His forehead's rather low,
He is not pensive—not at all,
But smiles his teeth to show;
He comes from Wales, and yet in size
Is really but a sprat,
With sandy hair and greyish eyes—
There's no Romance in that!

He wears no plumes or Spanish cloaks,
Or long sword hanging down;
He dresses much like other folks,
And commonly in brown;
His collar he will not discard,
Or give up his cravat,
Lord Byron-like—he's not a bird—
There's no Romance in that!

He's rather bald, his sight is weak,
He's deaf in either drum;
Without a lisp he cannot speak,
But then—he's worth a plum.
He talks of stocks and three per cents.
By way of private chat,
Of Spanish bonds, and shares, and rents—
There's no Romance in that!

I sing—no matter what I sing,
Di Tanti, or Crudel,
Tom Bowling, or God save the King,
Di Piacer—All's well;
He knows no more about a voice
For singing than a gnat;
And as to music "has no choice"—
There's no Romance in that!

Of light guitar I cannot boast,
He never serenades;
He writes, and sends it by the post,
He doesn't bribe the maids:
No stealth, no hempen ladder—no!
He comes with loud rat-tat,
That startles half of Bedford Row—
There's no Romance in that!

He comes at nine in time to choose
His coffee—just two cups,
And talks with Pa about the news,
Repeats debates, and sups.
John helps him with his coat aright,
And Jenkins hands his hat;
My lover bows, and says good-night—
There's no Romance in that!

I've long had Pa's and Ma's consent,
My aunt she quite approves,
My brother wishes joy from Kent,
None try to thwart our loves;
On Tuesday, Reverend Mr Mace
Will make me Mrs Pratt,
Of Number Twenty, Sussex Place—
There's no Romance in that.

Something above the Common.

*THE ABSTRACTION.**

——"Draws honey forth that drives men mad."—*Lalla Rookh.*

THE speakers were close under the bow-window of the inn, and as the sash was open, Curiosity herself could not help overhearing their conversation. So I laid down Mrs Opie's "Illustrations of Lying,"—which I had found lying in the inn window,—and took a glance at the partners in the dialogue.

One of them was much older than the other, and much taller; he seemed to have grown like quick-set. The other was thick-set.

"I tell you, Thomas," said Quickset, "you are a flat. Before you've been a day in London, they'll have the teeth out of your very head. As for me, I've been there twice, and know what's what. Take my advice; never tell the truth on no account. Questions is only asked by way of pumping; and you ought always to put 'em on a wrong scent."

"But aunt is to send her man to meet me at the Old Bailey," said Thickset, "and to show me to her house. Now, if a strange man says to me, 'Young man, are you Jacob Giles?'—an't I to tell him?"

"By no manner of means," answered Quickset; "say you are quite another man. No one but a flat would tell his name to a stranger about London. You see how I answered them last night about what was in the waggon. Brooms, says I, nothing else. A flat would have told them there was the honey-pots underneath; but I've been to London before, and know a thing or two."

"London must be a desperate place," said Thickset.

"Mortal!" said Quickset; "fobs and pockets are nothing! Your watch is hardly safe if you carried it in your inside, and as for money"——

"I'm almost sorry I left Berkshire," said Thickset.

"Poo—poo!" said Quickset, "don't be afeard. I'll look after ye; cheat me, and they've only one more to cheat. Only mind my advice: Don't say anything of your own head, and don't object to anything *I* say. If I say black's white, don't contradict. Mark that. Say everything as I say."

"I understand what you mean," said Thickset; and, with this lesson in his shock head, he began to busy himself about the waggon, while his comrade went to the stable for the horses. At last Old Ball emerged from the stable-door with the head of Old Dumpling resting on his crupper; when a yell rose from the rear of the waggon, that startled even Number 55 at the Bush Inn, at Staines, and brought the company running from the remotest box in its retired tea-garden.

"In the name of everything," said the landlord, "what's the matter?"

"It's gone—all gone, by goles!" cried Thickset, with a bewildered look at Quickset, as if doubtful whether he ought not to have said it was *not* gone.

"You don't mean to say the honey-pots!" said Quickset, with

* Comic Annual, 1833.

some alarm, and letting go the bridle of Old Ball, who very quietly led Old Dumpling back again into the stable: "you don't mean to say the honey-pots?"

"I *don't* mean to say the honey-pots," said Thickset, literally following the instructions he had received.

"What made you screech out then?" said Quickset, appealing to Thickset.

"What made me screech out then?" said Thickset, appealing to Quickset, and determined to say as he said.

"The fellow's drunk," said the landlord; "the ale's got into his head."

"Ale! what ale has he had?" inquired Quickset, rather anxiously.

"Ale! what ale have I had?" echoed Thickset, looking sober with all his might.

"He's not drunk," shouted Quickset; "there's something the matter."

"I'm not drunk; there *is* something the matter," bellowed Thickset, and with his fore-finger he pointed to the waggon.

"You don't mean to say the honey," said Quickset, his voice falling.

"I *don't* mean to say the honey," said Thickset, his caution rising.

A Tea-Garden.

The gesture of Thickset, however, had conveyed some vague notion of danger to his companion. With the agility of a cat he climbed on the waggon, and, with the superhuman activity of a demon, soon

pitched down every bundle of besoms. There is a proverb that "new brooms sweep clean," and they certainly seemed to have swept every particle of honey clean out of the waggon.

Quickset was thunderstruck; he stood gazing at the empty vehicle in silence, while his hands wandered wildly through his hair, as if in search of the absent combs.

When he found words at last, they were no part of the Litany. Words, however, did not suffice to vent his passion; and he began to stamp and dance about, till the mud of the stable-yard flew round like anything you like.

"A plague take him and his honey-pots, too," said the chambermaid, as she looked at a new pattern on her best gingham.

"It's no matter," said Quickset, "I won't lose it. The house must stand the damage. Mr Bush, I shall look to you for the money."

"He shall look to you for the money," da-capo'd Thickset.

"You may look till Doomsday," said the landlord. "It's all your own fault; I thought nobody would steal brooms. If you had told me there was honey, I would have put the waggon under lock and key."

"Why, there *was* honey," said Quickset and Thickset.

"I don't know that," said Mr Bush. "You said last night in the kitchen there was nothing but brooms."

"I heard him," said John Ostler; "I'll take my oath to his very words!"

"And so will I," roared the chambermaid, glancing at her damaged gown.

"What of that?" said Quickset; "I know I said there was nothing but brooms."

"I know," said Thickset, "I'm positive he said there was nothing but brooms."

Stage Effect.

"He confesses it himself," said the landlady.

"And his own man speaks agin him," said the chambermaid.

"I saw the waggon come in, and it didn't seem to have any honey in it," said the head waiter.

"Maybe the flies have eaten it," said the postilion.

"I've seen two chaps the very moral of them two at the bar of the Old Bailey," said Boots.

"It's a swindle, it is," said the landlady, "and Mr Bush sha'n't pay a farthing."

"They deserve tossing in a blanket," said the chambermaid.

"Duck 'em in the horsepond," shouted John Ostler.

"I think," whispered Thickset, "they are making themselves up for mischief!"

There was no time to be lost. Quickset again lugged Old Ball and Old Dumpling from the stable, while his companion tossed the brooms into the waggon. As soon as possible they drove out of the unlucky yard, and as they passed under the arch, I heard for the last time the voice of Thickset:

"You've been to London before, and to be sure know best; but somehow, to my mind, the telling the untruth don't seem to answer."

The only reply was a thwack, like the report of a pistol, on the crupper of each of the horses. The poor animals broke directly into something like a canter; and as the waggon turned a corner of the street, I shut down the sash, and resumed my "Illustrations of Lying."

*MILLER REDIVIVUS.**

"He is become already a very promising miller."—*Bell's Life in London.*

I WAS walking very leisurely one evening down Cripplegate, when I overtook—who could help overtaking him?—a lame, elderly gentleman, who, by the nature of his gait, appeared to represent the Ward. Like certain lots at auctions, he seemed always going, but never gone: it was that kind of march that, from its slowness, is emphatically called halting. Gout, in fact, had got him into a sad hobble, and, like terror, made his flesh creep.

There was, notwithstanding, a lurking humorousness in his face, in spite of pace, that reminded you of Quick or Liston in *Old Rapid.* You saw that he was not slow, at least, at a quirk or quip,—not backward at repartee,—not behindhand with his jest,—in short, that he was a great wit though he could not jump.

There was something, besides, in his physiognomy, as well as his dress and figure, that strongly indicated his locality. He was palpably a dweller, if not a native, of that clime distinguished equally by "the rage of the vulture, and the love of the turtle,"—the good old City of London. But an accident soon confirmed my surmises.

In plucking out his handkerchief from one of his capacious coat-pockets, the bandana tumbled out with a large roll of manuscript; and as he proceeded a good hundred yards before he discovered the

* Comic Annual, 1831.

loss, I had ample time before he struggled back, in his Crawly Common pace, to the spot, to give the paper a hasty perusal, and even to make a few random extracts. The MS. purported to be a Collection

Fancy Portrait:—Mr Hobler.

of Civic Facetiæ from the Mayoralty of Alderman * * * * up to the present time: and, from certain hints scattered up and down, the Recorder evidently considered himself to have been, for wise saws or witty, the top sawyer. Not to forestall the pleasure of self-publication, I shall avoid all that are, or may be, his own sayings, and give only such *jeux de mots* as have a distinct parentage.

EXTRACTS FROM THE MS.

"Alderman F. was very hard of hearing, and Alderman B. was very hard on his infirmity. One day a dumb man was brought to the Justice-room charged with passing bad notes. B. declined to enter upon the case. 'Go to Alderman F.,' he said; 'when a dumb man *utters*, a deaf one ought to hear it.'"

"B. was equally hard on Alderman V.'s linen-drapery. One day he came late into court. 'I have just come,' said he, 'from V.'s villa. He had family prayers last night, and began thus—Now let us read the Psalm Nunc *Dimities*.'"

"Old S., the tobacconist of Holborn Hill, wore his own hair tied behind in a queue, and had a favourite seat in the shop, with his back to the window. Alderman B. pointed him out once to me. 'Look! there he is, as usual, advertising his *pigtail*.'"

"Alderman A. was never very remarkable for his skill in orthography. A note of his writing is still extant, requesting a brother magistrate to preside for him, and giving, *literatim*, the following reason for his own absence:—'Jackson the painter is to take me off in my Rob of Office, and I am gone to give him a *cit*.' His pronunciation was equally original. I remember his asking Alderman C., just before the 9th of November, whether he should have any men in armour in his *shew*."

"Guildhall and its images were always uppermost with Alderman A. It was he who so misquoted Shakespeare:—'A parish beadle, when he's trod upon, feels as much corporal suffering as Gog and Magog.'"

"A well-known editor of a morning paper inquired of Alderman B. one day, what he thought of his journal. 'I like it all,' said the alderman, 'but it's *Broken English*.' The editor stared and asked for an explanation. 'Why, the *List of Bankrupts*, to be sure!'"

"When Alderman B. was elected Mayor, to give greater éclat to his banquet, he sent for Dobbs, the most celebrated cook of that time, to take the command of the kitchen. Dobbs was quite an enthusiast in his art, and some culinary deficiencies on the part of the ordinary Mansion-House professors driving him at last to desperation, he leapt upon one of the dressers, and began an oration to them, by this energetic apostrophe,—'Gentlemen! do you call yourselves cooks!'"

"One of the present household titles in the Mansion-House establishment was of singular origin. When the celebrated men in armour were first exhibited, Alderman P., who happened to be with his Lordship previous to the procession, was extremely curious in examining the suits of mail, &c., expressing, at the same time, an eager desire to try on one of the helmets. The Mayor, with his usual consideration, insisted on first sending it down to the kitchen to be aired, after which process the ambition of the alderman met with its gratification. For some little time he did not perceive any inconvenience from his new beaver, but by degrees the enclosure became first uncomfortably, and then intolerably, warm; the confined heat being aggravated by his violent but vain struggles to undo the unaccustomed fastenings. An armourer was obliged to be sent for before his face could be let out, red and rampant as a Brentford lion from its iron cage. It appeared, that in the hurry of the pageant, the chief cook had clapped the casque upon the fire, and thus found out a recipe for stewing an alderman's head in its own steam, and for which feat he has retained the title of the head-cook ever since!"

"G., the Common-council-man, was a Warden of his own company, the Merchant Tailors'. At one of their frequent festivals, he took with him, to the dinner, a relation, an officer of the Tenth Foot. By some blunder, the soldier was taken for one of the fraternity, but G. hastened to correct the mistake:—'Gentlemen, this isn't one of the Ninth parts of a man—he's one of the Tenth!'"

"One day there was a dispute, as to the difficulty of catch-singing, Alderman B. struck in, 'Go to Cheshire the Hangman—he'll prove to you there's a good deal of *Execution* in a *Catch*.'"

"A Report on the Farm."

*A ZOOLOGICAL REPORT.**

To Harvey Williams, Esq., Regent's Terrace, Portland Park.

HONNERD SUR,—Being maid a Feller of the Zoological Satiety, and I may say by your Honner's meens, threw the carrachter your Humbel was favered with, and witch provd sattisfacktry to the Burds and Bests, considring I was well quailifid threw having Bean for so menny hears Hed Guardner to your Honner, besides lookin arter the Pigs and Poltry. Begs to axnolige my great fullness for the Sam, and ham quit sumfittable and happy, sow much sow as wen I

* Comic Annual, 1833.

ham amung the Anymills to reckin myself like Addam in Parodies, let alone my Velvoteens.

Honnerd Sur,—awar of your parshalty for Liv Stox and Kettle Breading, ham indust to faver with a Statement of wat is dun at the Farm, havin tacken provintial Noats wile I was at Kings-ton with a Pekin elefunt for chainges of Hair. As respex a curacy beg to say, tho the Sectary drawd up his Report from his hone datums and memmorandusses, and never set his eyes on my M.E.S S, yet we has tallys to our tails in the Mane

Honnerd Sur,—I will sit out with the Qadripids, tho weave add the wust lux with them. Scarse anny of the Anymills with fore legs has moor nor one Carf. Has to the Wappity Dears, hits wus than the Babby afore King Sollyman, but their his for one littel Dear betwin five femail she hinds. The Sambo Dear as was sent by Mr Spring was so unnatral has to heat up her Forn and in consequins the Sing-Sing is of no use for the lullabis. Has for Corsichan hits moor Boney nor ever, But the Axis on innqueries as too littel Axes about a munth hold. The Neil Gow has increst one Carf, but their his no Foles to the Quaggys. Their his too littel Zebry but one as not rum to grow; the Report says, "the Mail Owen to the Nessessary Confinement in regard to Spice is verry smal."

Honnerd Sur, the Satiety is verry rich in Assis, boath Commun assis and uncommon assis, and as the Report recumends will do my Inndever to git the Maltese Cross for your Honner. The Kangioses a; reerd up a large smal fammily but looks to be ill nust and not well put to there feat, and at the surjesting of a femail Feleer too was put out to the long harmd Babboon to dry nus, but she was too voilent and dandled the pure things to deth. The infunt Zebew is all so ded owen to Atemps with a backbord to prevent groing out of the sholders, boath parrents being defourmd with umphs; but the spin as is suposed was hert in the exsparmint, and it sudenly desist. Mr. Wallack will be glad to here the Wallachian Sheap has add sicks lams, but one was pisened by eating the ewes in the garden witch is fattle to kattle. Has to Gots we was going on prospus in the Kiddy line, but the Billy Gots becum so vishus and did so menny butts a weak, we was obleeged to do away with the Entire. As regards Rabits a contiguous dissorder havin got into the Stox, we got rid of the Hole let alone one Do and Brewd, which was all in good Helth up to Good Fridy wen the Mother brekfisted on her bunnis. The increas in the Groth of Hairs as bean maid an object. and the advice tacken of Mr Prince and Mr Roland, who recumendid Kil in one of the Bares for the porpus of Greece. We hav a grate number of ginny pigs—their is moor than twenty of them in one Pound.

About Struthus Burds the Ostreaches is in perfic helth and full of Plums. The femal Hen lade too egs wile the Committy was sittin and we hop they will atch, as we put them under a she Hemew as was sittin to Mr Harvy. We propos breading Busturds xept we hav not got a singel speciman of the specious. Galnatious Burds. I am sory to say The Curryso has not bread. Hits the moor disapinting as we consider these Birds as our Crax. We sucksided in razing a grate menny Turkys and some interesting expeariments was maid on

them by the Committy and the Counsel on Crismus day. Lickwise on Poltry Fouls with regard to there being of Utility for the Tabel and "under the latter head" the report informs "sum results hav bean obtained witch air considdered very satisfactry," but their will be more degested trials of the subjex as the Report says "the expearimints must be repetid in order to istablish the accuracy of the deduckshuns." Wat is remarkable the hens pressented by Mr Crockford hav not provd grate layers tho provided with a Better Yard and plentey of Turf. We hav indevourd to bread the grate Cok of the Wud onely we have no Wud for him to be Cok of—and now for aquotic Warter Burds we hav wite Swons but they hav not any cygnitures, and the Black is very unrisenable as to expens, but Mr Hunt has offerd to black one very lo on condishun hits not aloud to go into the Warter. The Polish swons wood hav bread onely they did not lay. The Satiety contanes a grate number of Gease and witch thriv all most as well as they wood on a commun farm and the Sam with Dux. We wonted to have dukelings from the Mandereen Dux but they shook there Heds. Too ears a go a qantitty of flownders and also a qantitty of heals of witch an exact acount is recordid wear turned into one of the Ponds but there State as not bean looked into since they wear plaiced their out of unwillingnes to disturb the Hotter. At pressent their exists in one Pond a stock of Karps and in too others a number of Gould Fish of the commun Sort. The number left as bean correcly tacken and the ammount checkt by the Pellycanes and Herrins and Spunbills and Guls and other piskiverous Burds. Looking at the hole of the Farm in one Pint of Vue we hav ben most suckcesful with Rabits and Poltry and Piggins and Ginny Pigs but the breading of sich being well none to Skullboys, I beg as to their methodistical principals to refer your Honner to Master Gorge wen he cums home for the Holedays. I furgot to say that the Parnassian Sheap was acomidated with a Pen to it self but produst nothin worth riting. But the attemps we hav maid this here, will be prosycutid next here with new Vigors.

Honnerd Sur,—their is an aggitating Skeam of witch I humbly aprove verry hiley. The plan is owen to sum of the Femail Fellers,—and that is to make the Farm a Farm Ornay. For instances the Buffloo and Fallo dears and cetra to have their horns Gildid and the Mufflons and Sheaps is to have Pink ribbings round there nex. The munkys is to ware fancy dressis and the Ostreaches is to have their plums stuck in their heds, and the Pecox tales will be always spred out on fraim wurks like the hispaliers. All the Bares is to be tort to Dance to Wippert's Quadrils and the Lions mains is to be subjective to pappers and the curling-tongues. The gould and silver Fesants is to be Pollisht evry day with Plait Powder and the Cammils and Drumdearis and other defourmd anymills is to be paddid to hide their Crukidnes. Mr Howerd is to file down the tusks of the wild Bores and Peckaris and the Spoons of the Spoonbills is to be maid as like the Kings Patten as posible. The elifunt will be himbelisht with a Sugger candid Castle maid by Gunter, and the Flaminggoes will be toucht up with Frentch ruge and the Damisels will hav chaplits of heartifitial Flours. The Sloath is proposd to hav an ellegunt Stait Bed—and the Bever is to ware one of Perren's lite Warter Proof Hats

—and the Balld Vulters baldnes wil be hided by a small Whig from Trewfits. The Crains will be put into trousirs and the Hippotomus tite laced for a waste. Experience will dictait menny more imbellishing modes with witch I conclud that I am Your Honners Very obleeged and humbel former Servant, STEPHEN HUMPHREYS.

Shooting with Rover and Ranger.

*SHOOTING PAINS.**

"The charge is prepared."—*Macbeath.*

IF I shoot any more I'll be shot,
For ill-luck seems determined to star me,
I have march'd the whole day
With a gun,—for no pay—
Zounds, I'd better have been in the army!

What matters Sir Christopher's leave;
To his manor I'm sorry I came yet!
With confidence fraught,
My two pointers I brought,
But we are not a point towards game yet!

* Comic Annual, 1833.

And that gamekeeper too, with advice!
Of my course he has been a nice chalker,
Not far, were his words,
I could go without birds:
If my legs could cry out, they'd cry "Walker!"

Not Hawker could find out a flaw.—
My appointments are modern and Mantony,
And I've brought my own man,
To mark down all he can,
But I can't find a mark for my Antony!

The partridges,—where can they lie?
I have promised a leash to Miss Jervas,
As the least I could do;
But without even two
To brace me,—I'm getting quite nervous!

Canvassing a Burrow—"Come to the Po.e."

To the pheasants—how well they're preserved!
My sport's not a jot more beholden,
As the birds are so shy,
For my friends I must buy,
And so send "silver pheasants and golden."

I have tried every form for a hare,
Every patch, every furze that could shroud her,
With toil unrelax'd,
Till my patience is tax'd,
But I cannot be tax'd for hare-powder.

I've been roaming for hours in three flats
In the hope of a snipe for a snap at;
But still vainly I court
The percussioning sport,
I find nothing for "setting my cap at!"

A woodcock,—this month is the time,—
Right and left I've made ready my lock for,
With well-loaded double,
But spite of my trouble,
Neither barrel can I find a cock for!

A rabbit I should not despise,
But they lurk in their burrows so lowly;
This day's the eleventh,
It is not the seventh,
But they seem to be keeping it hole-y.

A Double Barrel.

For a mallard I've waded the marsh,
And haunted each pool, and each lake—oh!
Mine is not the luck,
To obtain thee, O Duck,
Or to doom thee, O Drake, like a Draco!

For a field-fare I've fared far a-field,
Large or small I am never to sack bird,
Not a thrush is so kind
As to fly, and I find
I may whistle myself for a black-bird!

I am angry, I'm hungry, I'm dry,
Disappointed, and sullen, and goaded,
And so weary an elf,
I am sick of myself,
And with Number One seem o'erloaded.

As well one might beat round St Paul's,
And look out for a cock or a hen there;
I have search'd round and round
All the Baronet's ground,
But Sir Christopher hasn't a wren there!

Joyce may talk of his excellent caps,
But for nightcaps they set me desiring,
And it's really too bad,
Not a shot I have had
With Hall's Powder, renown'd for "quick firing."

If this is what people call sport,
Oh! of sporting I can't have a high sense,
And there still remains one
More mischance on my gun—
"Fined for shooting without any licence."

The Isle of Man.

*THE BOY AT THE NORE.**

"Alone I did it!—Boy!"—*Coriolanus.*

I SAY, little Boy at the Nore,
Do you come from the small Isle of Man?
Why, your history a mystery must be,—
Come tell us as much as you can,
Little Boy at the Nore!

You live, it seems, wholly on water,
Which your Gambier calls living in clover;—
But how comes it, if that is the case,
You're eternally half seas over,
Little Boy at the Nore?

While you ride—while you dance—while you float—
Never mind your imperfect orthography;—
But give us as well as you can,
Your watery auto-biography,
Little Boy at the Nore!

* Comic Annual, 1833.

LITTLE BOY AT THE NORE LOQUITUR.

I'm the tight little Boy at the Nore,
In a sort of sea-negus I dwells,
Half and half 'twixt salt water and port;
I'm reckon'd the first of the swells—
I'm the Boy at the Nore!

I lives with my toes to the flounders,
And watches through long days and nights;
Yet, cruelly eager, men look—
To catch the first glimpse of my lights—
I'm the Boy at the Nore!

I never gets cold in the head,
So my life on salt water is sweet;
I think I owes much of my health
To being well used to wet feet—
As the Boy at the Nore!

The Buoy at the Nore.

There's one thing, I'm never in debt—
Nay! I liquidates more than I *oughter*;*
So the man to beat Cits as goes by,
In keeping the head above water,
Is the Boy at the Nore!

* A word caught from some American trader in passing.

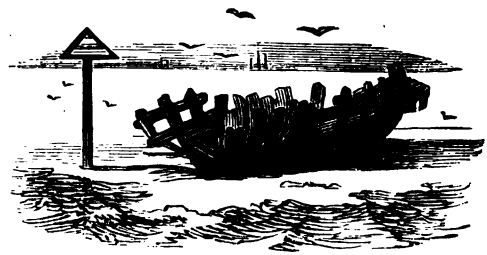
I've seen a good deal of distress,
Lots of breakers in Ocean's *Gazette;*
They should do as I do—rise o'er all,
Ay, a good floating capital get,
Like the Boy at the Nore!

I'm a'ter the sailor's own heart,
And cheers him, in deep water rolling;
And the friend of all friends to Jack Junk,
Ben Backstay, Tom Pipes, and Tom Bowling,
Is the Boy at the Nore!

Could I e'er but grow up, I'd be off
For a week to make love with my wheedles;
If the tight little Boy at the Nore
Could but catch a nice girl at the Needles,
We'd have *two* at the Nore!

They thinks little of sizes on water,
On big waves the tiny one skulks—
While the river has men-of-war on it—
Yes—the Thames is oppress'd with great hulks,
And the Boy's at the Nore!

But I've done—for the water is heaving
Round my body as though it would sink it!
And I've been so long pitching and tossing,
That sea-sick—you'd hardly now think it—
Is the Boy at the Nore!



As Safe as the Bank.

"Do thy Spiriting gently."

*THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE AT MARY-LE-BONE.**

"Do you never deviate?"—*John Bull.*

IT was on the evening of the 7th of November 18—, that I went by invitation to sup with my friend P., at his house in High Street, Mary-le-bone. The only other person present was a Portuguese, by name Señor Mendez, P.'s mercantile agent at Lisbon, a person of remarkably retentive memory, and most wonderful power of description. The conversation somehow turned upon the memorable great earthquake at Lisbon, in the year of our Lord ——, and Señor Mendez, who was residing at that time in the Portuguese capital, gave us a very lively picture—if lively it may be called—of the horrors of that awful convulsion of nature. The picture was dreadful; the Señor's own house, a substantial stone mansion, was rent from attic to cellar! and the steeple of his parish church left impending over it at an angle surpassing that of the famous Leaning Tower of Bologna!

The Portuguese had a wonderfully expressive countenance, with a style of narration indescribably vivid; and as I listened with the most intense interest, every dismal circumstance of the calamity became awfully distinct to my apprehension. I could hear the dreary ringing of the bells, self-tolled from the rocking of the churches; the swaying

* Comic Annual, 1831.

to and fro of the steeples themselves, and the unnatural heavings and swellings of the Tagus, were vividly before me. As the agitations increased, the voice of the Señor became awfully tremulous, and his seat seemed literally to rock under him. I seemed palsied, and could see from P.'s looks that he was similarly affected. To conceal his disorder, he kept swallowing large gulps from his rummer, and I followed his example.

This was only the first shock;—the second soon followed, and, to use a popular expression, it made us both "shake in our shoes." Terrific, however, as it was, the third was more tremendous; the order of nature seemed reversed; the ships in the Tagus sank to the bottom, and their ponderous anchors rose to the surface; volcanic fire burst forth from the water, and water from dry ground; the air, no longer elastic, seemed to become a stupendous solid, swaying to and fro, and irresistibly battering down the fabrics of ages; hollow rumblings and moanings, as from the very centre of the world, gave warning of deafening explosions, which soon followed, and seemed to shake the very stars out of the sky. All this time the powerful features of the Señor kept working, in frightful imitation of the convulsion he was describing, and the effect was horrible! I saw P. quiver like an aspen—there seemed no such thing as terra firma. Our chairs rocked under us; the floor tossed and heaved; the candles wavered, the windows clattered, and the teaspoons rang again, as our tumblers vibrated in our hands.

Señor Mendez at length concluded his narrative, and shortly took leave; I stayed but a few minutes after him, just to make a remark on the appalling character of the story, and then departed myself,—little thinking that any part of the late description was to be so speedily realised by my own experience!

The hour being late, and the servants in bed, P. himself accompanied me to the door. I ought to remark here that the day had been uncommonly serene,—not a breath stirring, as was noticed on the morning of the great catastrophe at Lisbon; however, P. had barely closed the door, when a sudden and violent motion of the earth threw me from the step on which I was standing to the middle of the pavement; I had got partly up when a second shock, as smart as the first, threw me again on the ground. With some difficulty I recovered my legs a second time, the earth in the meantime heaving about under me like the deck of a ship at sea. The street-lamps, too, seemed violently agitated, and the houses nodded over me as if they would fall every instant. I attempted to run, but it was impossible—I could barely keep on my feet. At one step I was dashed forcibly against the wall; at the next I was thrown into the road; as the motion became more violent I clung to a lamp-post, but it swayed with me like a rush. A great mist came suddenly on, but I could perceive people hurrying about, all staggering like drunken men; some of them addressing me, but so confusedly as to be quite unintelligible; one—a lady—passed close to me in evident alarm: seizing her hand, I besought her to fly with me from the falling houses into the open fields; what answer she made I know not, for at that instant a fresh shock threw me on my face with such violence as to render me quite insen-

sible. Providentially, in this state I attracted the notice of some of the night-police, who humanely deposited me, for safety, in St Anne's watch-house till the following morning, when, being sufficiently recovered to give a collected account of that eventful evening, the ingenious Mr W., of the *Morning Herald*, was so much interested by my narrative that he kindly did me the favour of drawing it up for publication in the following form :—

Police Intelligence.—Bow Street.

"This morning a stout country gentleman in a new suit of mud, evidently town-made, was charged with having walked *Waverly* overnight till he got his *Kennelworth* in a gutter in Mary-le-bone. The Jack-o'-lanthorn who picked him up could make nothing out of him, but that he was some sort of a *Quaker*, and declared that the whole country was in a *shocking* state. He acknowledged having taken rather too much *Lisbon;* but according to Mr Daly, he sniffed of whisky 'as strong as natur.' The defendant attempted with a *sotto voce* (anglice, a tipsy voice), to make some excuse, but was stopped and fined in the usual sum by Sir Richard. He found his way out of the office, muttering that he thought it very hard to have to pay *five hogs* for being only as drunk as *one*."

"Well, I never *could* keep my Legs!"

Pride and Humility.

*ODE TO ST SWITHIN.**

"The rain it raineth every day."

THE dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
On every window-frame hang beaded damps,
Like rows of small illumination lamps,
To celebrate the jubilee of showers!
A constant sprinkle patters from all leaves,
The very dryads are not dry, but soppers,
And from the houses' eaves
Tumble eaves-droppers.

The hundred clerks that live along the street,
Bondsmen to mercantile and City schemers,
With squashing, sloshing, and galloshing feet,
Go paddling, paddling, through the wet, like steamers,
Each hurrying to earn the daily stipend—
Umbrellas pass of every shade of green,
And now and then a crimson one is seen,
Like an umbrella *ripen'd.*

* Comic Annual, 1830.

Over the way a waggon
Stands with six smoking horses, shrinking, blinking,
While in the George and Dragon
The man is keeping himself dry—and drinking!
The butcher's boy skulks underneath his tray,
Hats shine—shoes don't—and down droop collars,
And one blue Parasol cries all the way
To school, in company with four small scholars!

Unhappy is the man to-day who rides,
Making his journey sloppier, not shorter;
Ay! there they go, a dozen of outsides,
Performing on "a stage with real water!"
A dripping pauper crawls along the way,
The only real willing out-of-doorer,
And says, or seems to say,
"Well, I am poor enough—but here's a *pourer!*"

The scene in water colours thus I paint,
Is your own festival, you sloppy Saint!
Mother of all the family of rainers!
Saint of the soakers!
Making all people croakers,
Like frogs in swampy marshes, and complainers!
And why you mizzle forty days together,
Giving the earth your water-soup to sup,
I marvel—Why such wet, mysterious weather?
I wish you'd *clear it up!*

Why cast such cruel dampers
On pretty picnics, and, against all wishes,
Set the cold ducks a-swimming in the hampers,
And volunteer, unask'd, to wash the dishes?
Why drive the nymphs from the selected spot,
To cling like ladybirds around a tree?
Why spoil a gipsy party at their tea,
By throwing your cold water upon hot?

Cannot a rural maiden, or a man,
Seek Hornsey Wood by invitation, sipping
Their green with Pan,
But souse you come, and show their Pan all dripping?
Why upon snow-white tablecloths and sheets,
That do not wait, or want a second washing,
Come squashing?
Why task yourself to lay the dust in streets,
As if there were no water-cart contractors,
No potboys spilling beer, no shopboys ruddy
Spooning out puddles muddy,
Milkmaids, and other slopping benefactors!

A Queen you are, raining in your own right,
Yet oh ! how little flatter'd by report !
Even by those that seek the Court,
Pelted with every term of spleen and spite.
Folks rail and swear at you in every place ;
They say you are a creature of no bowel ;
They say you're always washing Nature's face,
And that you then supply her
With nothing drier
Than some old wringing cloud by way of towel !
The whole town wants you duck'd, just as you duck it,
They wish you on your own mud porridge supper'd,
They hope that you may kick your own big bucket,
Or in your water-butt go souse ! heels up'ard !
They are, in short, so weary of your drizzle,
They'd spill the water in your veins to stop it—
Be warn'd ! You are too partial to a mizzle—
Pray *drop it !*

"It never rains but it pours."

A Figure of Speech :—A Broad Scotchman.

THE APPARITION.

A TRUE STORY.*

"TO keep without a reef in a gale of wind like that, Jock was the only boatman on the Firth of Tay to do it!"

"He had sail enough to blow him over Dundee Law."

"She's emptied her ballast and come up again, with her sails all standing—every sheet was belayed with a double turn."

I give the sense rather than the sound of the foregoing speeches, for the speakers were all Dundee ferry-boatmen, and broad Scotchmen, using the extra-wide dialect of Angusshire and Fife.

At the other end of the low-roofed room, under a coarse white sheet, sprinkled with sprigs of rue and rosemary, dimly lighted by a small candle at the head and another at the feet, lay the object of their comments—a corpse of startling magnitude. In life, poor Jock was of unusual stature, but stretching a little, perhaps, as is usual in death, and advantaged by the narrow limits of the room, the dimensions seemed absolutely supernatural. During the warfare of the Allies against Napoleon, Jock, a fellow of some native humour, had distinguished himself by singing about the streets of Dundee ballads—I believe his own—against old Boney. The nickname of Ballad-Jock was not his only reward; the loyal burgesses subscribed among them-

* Comic Annual, 1831.

selves, and made him that fatal gift, a ferry-boat, the management of which we have just heard so seriously reviewed. The catastrophe took place one stormy Sunday, a furious gale blowing against the tide down the river—and the Tay is anything but what the Irish call "weak tay," at such seasons. In fact, the devoted *Nelson*, with all sails set,—fair-weather fashion,—caught aback in a sudden gust, after a convulsive whirl, capsized, and went down in forty fathoms, taking with her two-and-twenty persons, the greater part of whom were on their way to hear the celebrated Dr Chalmers, even at that time highly popular, though preaching in a small church at some obscure village—I forget the name—in Fife. After all the rest had sunk in the waters, the huge figure of Jock was observed clinging to an oar, barely afloat, when some sufferer probably catching hold of his feet, he suddenly disappeared, still grasping the oar, which afterwards springing upright into the air, as it rose again to the surface, showed the fearful depth to which it had been carried. The body of Jock was the last found: about the fifth day, it was strangely enough deposited by the tide almost at the threshold of his own dwelling at the Craig, a small pier or jetty frequented by the ferry-boats. It had been hastily caught up, and, in its clothes, laid out in the manner just described, lying as it were in state; and the public, myself one, being freely admitted, as far as the room would hold, it was crowded by fishwives, mariners, and other shore-haunters, except a few feet next the corpse, which a natural awe towards the dead kept always vacant. The narrow death's door was crammed with eager listening and looking heads; and by the buzzing without, there was a large surplus crowd in waiting before the dwelling for their turn to enter it.

On a sudden, at a startling exclamation from one of those nearest the bed, all eyes were directed towards that quarter. One of the candles was guttering and sputtering near the socket,—the other just twinkling out, and sending up a stream of rank smoke,—but by the light, dim as it was, a slight motion of the sheet was perceptible, just at that part where the hand of the dead mariner might be supposed to be lying at his side. A scream and shout of horror burst from all within, echoed, though ignorant of the cause, by another from the crowd without. A general rush was made towards the door,—but egress was impossible. Nevertheless horror and dread squeezed up the company in the room to half their former compass, and left a far wider blank between the living and the dead. I confess at first I mistrusted my sight; it seemed that some twitching of the nerves of the eye, or the flickering of the shadows, thrown by the unsteady flame of the candle, might have caused some optical delusion; but after several minutes of sepulchral silence and watching, the motion became more awfully manifest, now proceeding slowly upwards, as if the hand of the deceased, still beneath the sheet, was struggling up feebly towards his head. It is possible to conceive, but not to describe, the popular consternation,—the shrieks of women,—the shouts of men,—the struggles to gain the only outlet, choked up and rendered impassable by the very efforts of desperation and fear! Clinging to each other, and with ghastly faces that *dared* not turn from the object of dread, the whole assembly backed with united force against the

opposite wall, with a convulsive energy that threatened to force out the very side of the dwelling—when, startled before by silent motion, but now by sound, with a smart rattle something fell from the bed to the floor, and disentangling itself from the death drapery, displayed —a large pound crab! The creature, with some design, perhaps sinister, had been secreted in the ample clothes of the drowned seaman, but even the comparative insignificance of this apparition gave but little alleviation to the superstitious horrors of the spectators, who appeared to believe firmly that it was only the Evil One himself transfigured. Wherever the crab straddled sidelong, infirm beldame and sturdy boatman equally shrank and retreated before it,—ay, even as it changed place, to crowding closely round the corpse itself, rather than endure its diabolical contact. The crowd outside, warned by cries from within of the presence of Mahound, had by this time retired to a respectful distance,and the crab, doing what herculean sinews had failed to effect, cleared itself a free passage through the door in a twinkling, and, with natural instinct, began crawling as fast as he could clapperclaw down the little jetty before mentioned that led into his native sea. The satanic spirit, however disguised, seemed everywhere distinctly recognised. Many at the lower end of the Craig leapt into their craft, one or two even into the water, whilst others crept as close to the verge of the pier as they could, leaving a thoroughfare wide as "the broad path of honour" to the infernal Cancer. To do him justice, he straddled along with a very unaffected unconsciousness of his own evil importance. He seemed to have no aim higher than salt water and sand, and had accomplished half the distance towards them, when a little decrepit poor old sea-roamer, generally known as "Creel Katie," made a dexterous snatch at a hind claw, and, before the crab-devil was aware, deposited him in her patchwork apron, with a "Hech, sirs, what for are ye gaun to let gang siccan a braw partane?" In vain a hundred voices shouted out, "Let him bide, Katie,—he's no cannie;" fish or fiend, the resolute old dame kept a fast clutch of her prize, promising him, moreover, a comfortable simmer in the muckle pat, for the benefit of herself and that 'puir silly body the gudeman;" and she kept her word. Before night the poor devil was dressed in his shell, to the infinite horror of all her neighbours. Some even said that a black figure, with horns, and wings, and hoofs, and forky tail, in fact, Old Clooty himself, had been seen to fly out of the chimney. Others said that unwholesome and unearthly smells, as of pitch and brimstone, had reeked forth from the abominable thing through door and window. Creel Kate, however, persisted, ay, even to her dying day and on her deathbed, that the crab was as sweet a crab as ever was supped on, and that it recovered her old husband out of a very poor low way,—adding, "And that was a thing, ye ken, the deil a deil in the Dub o' Darkness wad hae dune for siccan a gude man, and kirkgoing Christian body, as my ain douce Davie."

"Palmam qui meruit ferat."

*THE SCHOOLMASTER'S MOTTO.**

"The Admiral compelled them all to strike."—*Life of Nelson.*

HUSH ! silence in school—not a noise !
You shall soon see there's nothing to jeer at ;
Master Marsh, most audacious of boys !
Come !—"Palmam qui meruit ferat !"

So this morn, in the midst of the Psalm,
The Miss Siffkins's school you must leer at ;
You're complain'd of, sir ! hold out your palm,—
There !—"Palmam qui meruit ferat !"

You wilful young rebel and dunce !
This offence all your sins shall appear at.
You shall have a good caning at once,—
There !—"Palmam qui meruit ferat !"

You are backward, you know, in each verb,
And your pronouns you are not more clear at,

* Comic Annual, 1831.

But you're forward enough to disturb,—
There !—" Palmam qui meruit ferat ! "

You said Master Twigg stole the plums,
When the orchard he never was near at ;
I'll not punish wrong fingers or thumbs,—
There !—" Palmam qui meruit ferat ! "

You make Master Taylor your butt,
And this morning his face you threw beer at,
And you struck him—do *you* like a cut ?
There !—" Palmam qui meruit ferat ! "

Little Biddle you likewise distress,
You are always his hair or his ear at ;
He's my *Opt*, sir, and you are my *Pess*,—
There !—" Palmam qui meruit ferat ! "

Then you had a pitch'd fight with young Rous,
An offence I am always severe at,
You discredit to Cicero-House !
There !—" Palmam qui meruit ferat ! "

You have made, too, a plot in the night,
To run off from the school that you rear at !
Come, your other hand, now, sir,—the right,
There !—" Palmam qui meruit ferat ! "

I'll teach you to draw, you young dog !
Such pictures as I'm looking here at !
" Old Mounseer making soup of a frog,"—
There !—" Palmam qui meruit ferat ! "

You have run up a bill at a shop,
That in paying you'll be a whole year at ;
You've but twopence a week, sir, to stop !
There !—" Palmam qui meruit ferat ! "

Then at dinner you're quite cock-a-hoop,
And the soup you are certain to sneer at ;
I have sipp'd it—it's very good soup,—
There !—" Palmam qui meruit ferat ! "

T'other day, when I fell o'er the form,
Was my tumble a thing, sir, to cheer at ?
Well for you that my temper's not warm,—
There !—" Palmam qui meruit ferat ! "

Why, you rascal ! you insolent brat !
All my talking you don't shed a tear at ;
There—take that, sir ! and that ! that ! and that !
There !—" Palmam qui meruit ferat ! "

A Misguided Man.

*A BLIND MAN**

IS a blackamoor turned outside in. His skin is fair, but his lining is utter dark; his eyes are like shotten stars,—mere jellies; or like mock-painted windows since the tax upon daylight: what his mind's eye can be is yet a mystery with the learned, or if he hath a mental capacity at all—for, "out of sight is out of mind."

Wherever he stands he is antipodean, with his midnight to your noon. The brightest sunshine serves only to make him the gloomier object, like a dark house at a general illumination. When he stirs, it is like a Venetian blind, being pulled up and down by a string; he is a human kettle tied to a dog's tail, and with much of the same tin twang in his tone. With botanists he is a species of solanum, or night-shade, whereof the berries are in his eyes;—amongst painters he is only contemned for his ignorance of clare-obscure; but by musicians marvelled at for playing, ante-sight, on an invisible fiddle. He stands against a wall with his two blank orbs like a figure in high relief, howbeit but seldom relieved; and though he is fond of getting pence, yet he is confessedly blind to his own interest.

In his religion he is a materialist, putting no faith but in things palpable; in politics, no visionary; in his learning a smatterer, his

* Comic Annual, 1831.

knowledge of all being superficial; in his age a child, being yet in leading-strings; in his life immortal, for death may lengthen his night, but can put no end to his days; in his courage heroic, for he winks at no danger; in his pretensions humble, confessing that he is nothing, even in his own eyes; in his malady hopeless, for eyes of *looking*-glass would not help him to see. To conclude, he is pitied by the rich, relieved by the poor, oppressed by the beadle, and horsewhipped by the fox-hunter for not giving the view holla!

"Be to their faults a little blind."

THE SUPPER SUPERSTITION.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.*

"O flesh, flesh! how art thou fishified!"—MERCUTIO.

I.

'TWAS twelve o'clock by Chelsea chimes,
When, all in hungry trim,
Good Mister Jupp sat down to sup,
With wife, and Kate, and Jim.

II.

Said he, "Upon this dainty cod
How bravely I shall sup,"—
When, whiter than the tablecloth,
A GHOST came rising up!

III.

"O father dear! O mother dear!
Dear Kate, and brother Jim!
You know when some one went to sea,—
Don't cry—but I am him!

IV.

"You hope some day with fond embrace
To greet your absent Jack,
But oh, I am come here to say
I'm never coming back!

V.

"From Alexandria we set sail,
With corn, and oil, and figs,
But steering 'too much Sow,' we struck
Upon the Sow and Pigs!

VI.

"The ship we pump'd till we could see
Old England from the tops,
When down she went with all our hands,
Right in the Channel's Chops.

* Comic Annual, 1831.

VII.

"Just give a look in Norey's chart,
The very place it tells;
I think it says twelve fathom deep,
Clay bottom, mix'd with shells.

VIII.

"Well, there we are till 'hands aloft,
We have at last a call;
The pug I had for brother Jim,
Kate's parrot too, and all.

IX.

"But oh, my spirit cannot rest
In Davy Jones's sod,
Till I've appear'd to you and said,—
Don't sup on that 'ere cod!

X.

"You live on land, and little think
What passes in the sea;
Last Sunday week, at two P.M.,
That cod was picking me!

XI.

"Those oysters too, that look so plump,
And seem so nicely done,
They put my corpse in many shells,
Instead of only one.

XII.

"Oh, do not eat those oysters then,
And do not touch the shrimps;
When I was in my briny grave,
They suck'd my blood like imps!

XIII.

"Don't eat what brutes would never eat—
The brutes I used to pat,
They'll know the smell they used to smell,
Just try the dog and cat!"

XIV.

The spirit fled—they wept his fate,
And cried, "Alack, alack!"
At last up started brother Jim,—
"Let's try if Jack was Jack!"

XV.

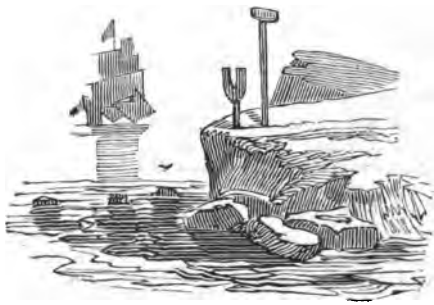
They call'd the dog, they call'd the cat,
And little kitten too,
And down they put the cod and sauce,
To see what brutes would do.

XVI.

Old Tray lick'd all the oysters up,
Puss never stood at crimps,
But munch'd the cod,—and little Kit
Quite feasted on the shrimps!

XVII.

The thing was odd, and minus cod
And sauce, they stood like posts;
Oh, prudent folks, for fear of hoax,
Put no belief in ghosts!



Friends awaiting a Sailor's return.

The Boa after a Meal.

*A SNAKE-SNACK.**

"Twist ye, twine ye."—Sir W. Scott.

IT was my good fortune once, at Charing Cross, to witness the feeding of the boa constrictor—rather a rare occurrence, and difficult of observation, the reptile not being remarkable for the regularity of its dinner-hour; and a very considerable interval intervenes, as the world knows, between Gorge the First and Gorge the Second, Gorge the Third and Gorge the Fourth. I was not in time to see the serpent's first dart at the prey; she had already twisted herself round her victim,—a living white rabbit,—who with a large dark eye gazed piteously through one of the folds, and looked most eloquently that line in Hamlet—

"Oh, could I shuffle off this mortal *coil!*"

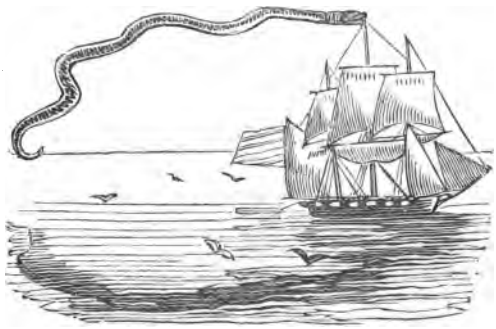
The snake evidently only embraced him in a kill-him-when-I-want-him manner, just firmly enough to prevent an escape,—but her lips were glued on his in a close "Judas' kiss." So long a time elapsed in this position, both as marble-still as poor old Laocoon with his leeches on, that I really began to doubt the tale of the boa's ability in swallowing, and to associate the hoax before me with that of the bottle-conjuror. The head of the snake, in fact, might have gone without difficulty into a wine-glass, and the throat, down which the rabbit was to proceed whole, seemed not at all thicker than my thumb. In short, I thought the reported *cram* was nothing but *stuff*, and the only other visitor declared himself of my opinion: "If that 'ere little wiper swallows up the rabbit, I'll bolt um both!" and he seemed capable of the feat.

* Comic Annual, 1831.

He looked like a personification of what political economists call the Public Consumer, or Geoffrey Crayon's Stout Gentleman, seen through Carpenter's solar microscope—a genuine Edax Rerum ; one of your devourers of legs of mutton and trimmings for wagers, the delight of eating-houses, and the dread of ordinaries. The contrast was whimsical between his mountain of mummy and the slim *Maccaroni* figure of the snake, the reputed glutton. However, the boa began at last to prepare for the meal by lubricating the muzzle of the rabbit with her slimy tongue, and then commenced in earnest—

"As far as in her lay to take him in,
A stranger dying with so fair a skin."

The process was tedious—"one swallow makes a summer," but it gradually became apparent, from the fate of the head, that the whole body might eventually "be lost in the Serpentine." The reptile, indeed, made ready for the rest of the interment by an operation rather horrible. On a sudden, the living cable was observed, as a sailor would say, to haul in her slack, and with a squeeze evincing tremendous muscular power, she reduced the whole body into a compass that would follow the head with perfect ease. It was like a regular smash in business ;—the poor rabbit was completely broken—and the wily winder-up of his affairs recommenced paying herself in full. It was a sorry sight and sickening. As for the stout gentleman, he could not control his agitation. His eyes rolled and watered, his jaws constantly yawned like a panther's, and his hands with a convulsive movement were clasped every now and then on his stomach ;—but when the whole rabbit was smothered in snake, he could restrain himself no longer, and rushed out of the menagerie as if he really expected to be called upon to fulfil his rash engagement. Anxious to ascertain the true nature of the impulse, I hurried in pursuit of him, and after a short but sharp chase, I saw him dash into the British Hotel, and overheard his familiar voice—the same that had promised to swallow both snake and snack—bellowing out, guttural with hunger—"Here! waiter! quick! Rabbits in onions for two!"



The Great Sea-Serpent discovered from the Mast-Head.

An Abridgement of all that is Pleasant in Man.

A STORM AT HASTINGS,

AND THE LITTLE UNKNOWN.*

'TWAS August !—Hastings every day was filling—
Hastings, that "greenest spot on memory's waste !"—
With crowds of idlers, willing or unwilling
To be bedipp'd—be noticed—or be braced,
And all things rose a penny in a shilling.
Meanwhile, from window, and from door, in haste
"Accommodation bills" kept coming down,
Gladding "the world of letters" in that town.

Each day pour'd in new coachfuls of new cits,
Flying from London smoke and dust annoying,—
Unmarried misses hoping to make hits,
And new-wed couples fresh from Tunbridge toying,—
Lacemen and placemen, ministers and wits,
And Quakers of both sexes, much enjoying
A morning's reading by the ocean's rim,
That sect delighting in the sea's broad brim.

And lo ! amongst all these appear'd a creature,
So small, he almost might a twin have been
With Miss Crachami—dwarfish quite in stature,
Yet well proportion'd—neither fat nor lean,
His face of marvellously pleasant feature,—
So short and sweet a man was never seen :—

* Comic Annual, 1830.

All thought him charming at the first beginning—
Alas! ere long they found him far too winning!

He seem'd in love with Chance—and Chance repaid
His ardent passion with her fondest smile,
The sunshine of good luck: without a shade
He staked and won, and won and staked;—the bile
It stirr'd of many a man and many a maid
To see at every venture how that vile
Small gambler snatch'd—and how he won them too—
A living Pam, omnipotent at loo!

A Tide-Waiter.

Miss Wiggins set her heart upon a box,
'Twas handsome, rosewood, and inlaid with brass,
And dreamt three times she garnish'd it with stocks
Of needles, silks, and cottons—but alas!
She lost it wide awake.—We thought Miss Cox
Was lucky—but she saw three caddies pass
To that small imp;—no living luck could loo him!
Sir Stamford would have lost his Raffles to him!

And so he climb'd, and rode, and won, and walk'd,
The wondrous topic of the curious swarm
That haunted the Parade. Many were balk'd
Of notoriety by that small form
Pacing it up and down;—some even talk'd
Of ducking him—when lo! a dismal storm

Stepp'd in—one Friday, at the close of day—
And every head was turn'd another way—

Watching the grander guest. It seem'd to rise
Bulky and slow upon the southern brink
Of the horizon—fann'd by sultry sighs—
So black and threatening, I cannot think
Of any simile, except the skies
Miss Wiggins sometime *shades* in Indian-ink;—
Miss-shapen blotches of such heavy vapour,
They seem a deal more solid than her paper.

As for the sea, it did not fret, and rave,
And tear its waves to tatters, and so dash on
The stony-hearted beach;—some bards would have
It always rampant in that idle fashion,—
Whereas the waves roll'd in, subdued and grave,
Like schoolboys, when the master's in a passion,
Who meekly settle in and take their places,
With a very quiet awe on all their faces.

Some love to draw the ocean with a head,
Like troubled table-beer,—and make it bounce,
And froth, and roar, and fling,—but this, I've said,
Surged in scarce rougher than a lady's flounce;—
But then, a grander contrast thus it bred
With the wild welkin, seeming to pronounce
Something more awful in the serious ear,
As one would whisper that a lion's near—

Who just begins to roar: so the hoarse thunder
Growl'd long, but low—a prelude note of death,
As if the stifling clouds yet kept it under,
But still it mutter'd to the sea beneath
Such a continued peal, as made us wonder
It did not pause more oft to take its breath,
Whilst we were panting with the sultry weather,
And hardly cared to wed two words together,

But watch'd the surly advent of the storm,
Much as the brown-cheek'd planters of Barbadoes
Must watch a rising of the Negro swarm.
Meantime it steer'd, like Odin's old armadas,
Right on our coast;—a dismal, coal-black form;—
Many proud gaits were quell'd—and all bravadoes
Of folly ceased—and sundry idle jokers
Went home to cover up their tongs and pokers.

So fierce the lightning flash'd,—in all their days
The oldest smugglers had not seen such flashing,
And they are used to many a pretty blaze,
To keep their Hollands from an awkward clashing

With hostile cutters in our creeks and bays;—
And truly one could think, without much lashing
The fancy, that those coasting clouds, so awful
And black, were fraught with spirits as unlawful.

The gay Parade grew thin—all the fair crowd
Vanish'd—as if they knew their own attractions,—
For now the lightning through a near-hand cloud
Began to make some very crooked fractions;—
Only some few remain'd that were not cow'd,
A few rough sailors, who had been in actions,
And sundry boatmen, that with quick yeo's,
Lest it should *blow*,—were pulling up the "*Rose*"—

(No flower, but a boat);—some more were hauling
The "*Regent*" by the head;—another crew,
With that same cry peculiar to their *calling*,
Were heaving up the "*Hope;*"—and as they knew
The very gods themselves oft get a mauling
In their own realms, the seamen wisely drew
The "*Neptune*" rather higher on the beach,
That he might lie beyond his billows' reach.

And now the storm with its despotic power
Had all usurp'd the azure of the skies,
Making our daylight darker by an hour,
And some few drops—of an unusual size—
Few and distinct—scarce twenty to the shower,
Fell like huge teardrops from a giant's eyes;—
But then this sprinkle thicken'd in a trice
And rain'd much *harder*—in good solid ice.

Oh, for a very storm of words to show
How this fierce crash of hail came rushing o'er us:
Handel would make the gusty organs blow
Grandly, and a rich storm in music score us;—
But even his music seem'd composed and low,
When we were *handled* by this hailstone chorus;
Whilst thunder rumbled, with its awful sound,
And frozen comfits roll'd along the ground—

As big as bullets:—Lord! how they did batter
Our crazy tiles. And now the lightning flash'd
Alternate with the dark, until the latter
Was rarest of the two;—the gust, too, dash'd
So terribly, I thought the hail must shatter
Some panes,—and so it did—and first it smash'd
The very square where I had chose my station
To watch the general illumination.

Another, and another, still came in,
And fell in jingling ruin at my feet,

Making transparent holes that let me win
Some samples of the storm. Oh, it was sweet
To think I had a shelter for my skin,
Culling them through these "loopholes of retreat,"
Which in a little we began to glaze—
Chiefly with a jack-towel and some baize!

By which the cloud had pass'd o'erhead, but play'd
Its crooked fires in constant flashes still,
Just in our rear, as though it had array'd
Its heavy batteries at Fairlight Mill,
So that it lit the town, and grandly made
The rugged features of the Castle Hill
Leap, like a birth, from chaos into light,
And then relapse into the gloomy night—

As parcel of the cloud;—the clouds themselves,
Like monstrous crags and summits everlasting,
Piled each on each in most gigantic shelves,
That Milton's devils were engaged in blasting;—
We could e'en fancy Satan and his elves
Busy upon those crags, and ever casting
Huge fragments loose, and that we *felt* the sound
They made in falling to the startled ground.

And so the tempest scowl'd away,—and soon,
Timidly shining through its skirts of jet,
We saw the rim of the pacific moon,
Like a bright fish entangled in a net,
Flashing its silver side,—how sweet a boon
Seem'd her sweet light, as though it would beget,
With that fair smile, a calm upon the seas—
Peace in the sky—and coolness in the breeze!

Meantime the hail had ceased,—and all the brood
Of glaziers stole abroad to count their gains;—
At every window there were maids who stood
Lamenting o'er the glass's small remains,
Or with coarse linens made the fractions good,
Stanching the wind in all the wounded panes,—
Or holding candles to the panes in doubt:
The wind, resolved—blowing the candles out.

No house was whole that had a southern front,—
No greenhouse but the same mishap befell;—
Bow-windows and *bell*-glasses bore the brunt,—
No sex in glass was spared!——For those who dwell
On each hillside, you might have swamp'd a punt
In any of their parlours;—Mrs Snell
Was slopp'd out of her seat,—and Mr Hitchin
Had a *flower*-garden wash'd into a *kitchen*.

But still the sea was wild, and quite disclaim'd
The recent violence. Each after each
The gentle waves a gentle murmur framed,
Tapping, like woodpeckers, the hollow beach.
Howbeit his *weather-eye* the seaman aim'd
Across the calm, and hinted by his speech
A gale next morning—and when morning broke,
There was a gale—"quite equal to bespoke."

Before high water—(it were better far
To christen it not *water* then, but *waiter*,
For then the tide is *serving at the bar*)—
Rose such a swell—I never saw one greater!
Black, jagged billows rearing up in war
Like ragged roaring bears against the baiter,
With lots of froth upon the shingle shed,
Like stout pour'd out with a fine *beachy head*.

No open boat was open to a fare,
Or launch'd that morn on seven-shilling trips;
No bathing woman waded—none would dare
A dipping in the wave—but waived their dips;
No seagull ventured on the stormy air,
And all the dreary coast was clear of ships;
For two *lea shores* upon the river Lea
Are not so perilous as one at sea.

Awestruck we sat, and gazed upon the scene
Before us in such horrid hurlyburly,—
A boiling ocean of mix'd black and green,
A sky of copper colour, grim and surly,—
When lo! in that vast hollow scoop'd between
Two rolling alps of water, white and curly,
We saw a pair of little arms a-skimming,
Much like a first or last attempt at swimming!

Sometimes a hand—sometimes a little shoe—
Sometimes a skirt—sometimes a hank of hair,
Just like a dabbled seaweed, rose to view,—
Sometimes a knee, sometimes a back was bare—
At last a frightful summerset he threw
Right on the shingles. Any one could swear
The lad was dead, without a chance of perjury,
And batter'd by the surge beyond all surgery!

However, we snatch'd up the corse thus thrown,
Intending, Christian-like, to sod and turf it,
And after venting Pity's sigh and groan,
Then Curiosity began with *her* fit;

And lo! the features of the Small Unknown!
'Twas he that of the surf had had this surfeit!
And in his fob, the cause of late monopolies,
We found a contract signed "Mephistopheles!"

A bond of blood, whereby the sinner gave
His forfeit soul to Satan in reversion,
Providing in this world he was to have
A lordship over luck, by whose exertion
He might control the course of cards, and brave
All throws of dice,—but on a sea-excursion
The juggling demon, in his usual vein,
Seized the last cast—and *Nick'd* him in the ***main!***

See, from Ocean rising!

Ketching its Prey.

LINES

TO A LADY ON HER DEPARTURE FOR INDIA.*

Go where the waves run rather Holborn-hilly,
And tempests make a soda-water sea,
Almost as rough as our rough Piccadilly,
And think of me!

Go where the mild Madeira ripens *her* juice,—
A wine more praised than it deserves to be!
Go pass the Cape, just capable of ver-juice,
And think of me!

Go where the tiger in the darkness prowleth,
Making a midnight meal of he and she;
Go where the lion in his hunger howleth,
And think of me!

Go where the serpent dangerously coileth,
Or lies along at full length like a tree;
Go where the Suttee in her own soot broileth,
And think of me!

* Comic Annual, 1830.

Go where with human notes the parrot dealeth
In mono-*polly*-logue with tongue as free,
And, like a woman, all she can revealeth,
And think of me!

Go to the land of muslin and nankeening,
And parasols of straw where hats should be;
Go to the land of slaves and palankeening,
And think of me!

Go to the land of jungles and of vast hills
And tall bamboos—may none *bamboozle* thee!
Go gaze upon their elephants and castles,
And think of me!

Go where a cook must always be a currier,
And parch the pepper'd palate like a pea;
Go where the fierce musquito is a worrier,
And think of me!

Go where the maiden on a marriage plan goes,
Consign'd for wedlock to Calcutta's quay,
Where woman goes for mart, the same as mangoes,
And think of me!

Go where the sun is very hot and fervent,
Go to the land of pagod and rupee,
Where every black will be your slave and servant,
And think of me!

A Sow-wester off the Cape:—Pigs in the Trough of the Sea.

The Stamp-duty on Scotch Linen

SONNET

TO A SCOTCH GIRL, WASHING LINEN AFTER HER COUNTRY FASHION.*

WELL done and wetly, thou Fair Maid of Perth!
  Thou makest a washing picture well deserving
  The pen and pencilling of Washington Irving:
Like dripping Naiad, pearly from her birth,
Dashing about the water of the Firth,
  To cleanse the calico of Mrs Skirving,
  And never from thy dance of duty swerving,
As there were nothing else than dirt on earth!
Yet what is thy reward? Nay, do not start!
  I do not mean to give thee a new damper;
But while thou fillest this industrious part
  Of washer, wearer, mangler, presser, stamper,
Deserving better character—thou art
  What Bodkin would but call—"a common tramper."

* Comic Annual, 1831.

The Top of his Profession.

SONNET TO A DECAYED SEAMAN.[*]

HAIL! seventy-four cut down!—Hail! Top and Lop!
Unless I'm much mistaken in my notion,
Thou wast a stirring tar, before that hop
Became so fatal to thy locomotion;—
Now, thrown on shore, like a mere weed of ocean,
Thou readest still to men a lesson good,
To king and country showing thy devotion,
By kneeling thus upon a stump of wood!
Still is thy spirit strong as alcohol;
Spite of that limb, begot of acorn-egg,
Methinks—thou naval history in one vol.—
A virtue shines, e'en in that timber leg;
For, unlike others that desert their Poll,
Thou walkest ever with thy "Constant Peg!"

* Comic Annual, 1831.

HUGGINS AND DUGGINS.

A PASTORAL AFTER POPE.*

TWO swains or clowns—but call them swains—
While keeping flocks on Salisbury Plains,—
For all that tend on sheep as drovers
Are turn'd to songsters or to lovers,—
Each of the lass he call'd his dear
Began to carol loud and clear.
First Huggins sang, and Duggins then,
In the way of ancient shepherd men;
Who thus alternate hitch'd in song,
"All things by turns, and nothing long."

HUGGINS.

Of all the girls about our place,
There's one beats all in form and face;
Search through all Great and Little Bumpstead,
You'll only find one Peggy Plumstead.

DUGGINS.

To groves and streams I tell my flame,
I make the cliffs repeat her name:
When I'm inspired by gills and noggins,
The rocks re-echo Sally Hoggins!

HUGGINS.

When I am walking in the grove,
I think of Peggy as I rove:
I'd carve her name on every tree,
But I don't know my A, B, C.

DUGGINS.

Whether I walk in hill or valley,
I think of nothing else but Sally:
I'd sing her praise, but I can sing
No song, except "God save the King."

HUGGINS.

My Peggy does all nymphs excel,
And all confess she bears the bell;
Where'er she goes swains flock together,
Like sheep that follow the bellwether.

* Comic Annual, 1832.

DUGGINS.

Sally is tall and not too straight,—
Those very poplar shapes I hate ;
But something twisted like an S,—
A crook becomes a shepherdess.

HUGGINS.

When Peggy's dog her arms emprison,
I often wish my lot was hisn ;
How often I should stand and turn,
To get a pat from hands like hern.

DUGGINS.

I tell Sall's lambs how blest they be,
To stand about and stare at she ;
But when I look, she turns and shies,
And won't bear none but their sheep's-eyes !

Follow my Leader.

HUGGINS.

Love goes with Peggy where she goes,—
Beneath her smile the garden grows,
Potatoes spring, and cabbage starts,
'Tatoes have eyes, and cabbage hearts !

DUGGINS.

Where Sally goes it's always Spring,
Her presence brightens everything;
The sun smiles bright, but where her grin is,
It makes brass farthings look like guineas.

HUGGINS.

For Peggy I can have no joy,
She's sometimes kind, and sometimes coy,
And keeps me, by her wayward tricks,
As comfortless as sheep with ticks.

DUGGINS.

Sally is ripe as June or May,
And yet as cold as Christmas Day;
For when she's ask'd to change her lot,
Lamb's wool,—but Sally, she wool not.

HUGGINS.

Only with Peggy and with health,
I'd never wish for state or wealth;
Talking of having health and more pence,
I'd drink her health if I had fourpence.

DUGGINS.

Oh, how that day would seem to shine,
If Sally's banns were read with mine;
She cries, when such a wish I carry,
"Marry come up!" but will not marry.

Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd.

DOMESTIC DIDACTICS.

BY AN OLD SERVANT.*

IT is not often, when the Nine descend, that they go so low as into areas; it is certain, nevertheless, that they were in the habit of visiting John Humphreys, in the kitchen of No. 189 Portland Place, disguised, no doubt, from mortal eye, as seamstresses or charwomen —at all events, as Winifred Jenkins says, "they were never ketch'd in the fact." Perhaps it was the rule of the house to allow no followers, and they were obliged to come by stealth, and to go in the same manner; indeed, from the fragmental nature of John's verses, they appear to have often left him very abruptly. Other pieces bear witness of the severe distraction he suffered between his domestic duty to the Umphravilles, twelve in family, with their guests, and his own secret visitors from Helicon. It must have been provoking, when seeking for a

Not up yet!

simile, to be sent in search of a salt-cellar; or when hunting for a rhyme, to have to look for a missing teaspoon. By a whimsical peculiarity, the causes of these lets and hindrances are recorded in his verses by way of parenthesis: and though John's poetry was of a

* Comic Annual, 1832.

decidedly serious and moralising turn, these little insertions give it so whimsical a character as to make it an appropriate offering in the present work. Poor John! the grave has put a period to his didactics, and the publication of his lays, therefore, cannot give him pain, as it certainly would have done otherwise, for the MSS. were left by last will and testament "to his very worthy master, Joshua Umphraville, Esq., to be printed in Elegant Extracts or Flowers of English Poetry." The editor is indebted to the kindness of that gentleman for a selection from the papers, which he has been unable to arrange chronologically, as John always wrote in too great a hurry to put dates. Whether he ever sent any pieces to the periodicals is unknown, for he kept his authorship as secret as Junius's till his death discovered his propensity for poetry, and happily cleared up some points in John's character which had appeared to his disadvantage. Thus, when his eye was "in fine frenzy rolling," bemused only with Castalian water, he had been suspected of being "bemused with beer;" and when he was supposed to indulge in a morning sluggishness, he was really rising with the sun, at least with Apollo. He was accused occasionally of shamming deafness, whereas it was doubtless nothing but the natural difficulty of hearing more than Nine at once. Above all, he was reckoned almost wilfully unfortunate in his breakage; but it appears that when deductions for damage were made from his wages, the poetry ought to have been stopped, and not the money. The truth is, John's master was a classical scholar, and so accustomed to read of Pegasus, and to associate a poet with a horseman, that he never dreamt of one as a footman.

The editor is too diffident to volunteer an elaborate criticism of the merits of Humphreys as a bard, but he presumes to say this much, that there are several authors of the present day whom John ought not to walk behind.

THE BROKEN DISH.

WHAT'S life but full of care and doubt,
With all its fine humanities;
With parasols we walk about,
Long pigtails and such vanities.

We plant pomegranate trees and things,
And go in gardens sporting,
With toys and fans of peacocks' wings
To painted ladies courting.

We gather flowers of every hue,
And fish in boats for fishes,
Build summer-houses painted blue,—
But life's as frail as dishes.

Walking about their groves of trees,
Blue bridges and blue rivers,
How little thought them two Chinese
They'd both be smash'd to shivers.

ODE TO PEACE.

WRITTEN ON THE NIGHT OF MY MISTRESS'S GRAND ROUT.

O PEACE! oh come with me and dwell—
But stop, for there's the bell.
O Peace! for thee I go and sit in churches,
On Wednesday, when there's very few
In loft or pew—
Another ring, the tarts are come from Birch's.
O Peace! for thee I have avoided marriage—
Hush! there's a carriage.
O Peace! thou art the best of earthly goods—
The five Miss Woods.
O Peace! thou art the goddess I adore—
There come some more.
O Peace! thou child of solitude and quiet—
That's Lord Drum's footman, for he loves a riot.

O Peace!—
Knocks will not cease.
O Peace! thou wert for human comfort plann'd—
That's Weippert's band.
O Peace! how glad I welcome thy approaches—
I hear the sound of coaches.
O Peace! O Peace!—another carriage stops—
It's early for the Blenkinsops.

O Peace! with thee I love to wander,
But wait till I have show'd up Lady Squander;
And now I've seen her up the stair,
O Peace!—but here comes Captain Hare.
O Peace! thou art the slumber of the mind,
Untroubled, calm and quiet, and unbroken—
If that is Alderman Guzzle from Portsoken,
Alderman Gobble won't be far behind.
O Peace! serene in worldly shyness—
Make way there for his Serene Highness!

O Peace! if you do not disdain
To dwell amongst the menial train,
I have a silent place, and lone,
That you and I may call our own,
Where tumult never makes an entry—
Susan, what business have you in my pantry?

O Peace!—but there is Major Monk,
At variance with his wife. O Peace!—
And that great German, Vander Trunk,
And that great talker, Miss Apreece.

O Peace! so dear to poets' quills—
They re just beginning their quadrilles.
O Peace! our greatest renovator—
I wonder where I put my waiter.
O Peace!—but here my ode I'll cease;
I have no peace to write of Peace.

A FEW LINES ON COMPLETING FORTY-SEVEN.

WHEN I reflect, with serious sense,
While years and years run on,
How soon I may be summon'd hence—
There's cook a-calling John.

Our lives are built so frail and poor,
On sand, and not on rocks,
We're hourly standing at Death's door—
There's some one double-knocks.

All human days have settled terms,
Our fates we cannot force;
This flesh of mine will feed the worms—
They're come to lunch, of course.

And when my body's turn'd to clay,
And dear friends hear my knell,
Oh, let them give a sigh and say—
I hear the upstairs bell.

TO MARY HOUSEMAID,

ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

MARY, you know I've no love-nonsense,
And, though I pen on such a day,
I don't mean flirting, on my conscience,
Or writing in the courting way.

Though Beauty hasn't form'd your feature,
It saves you, p'rhaps, from being vain,
And many a poor unhappy creature
May wish that she was half as plain.

Your virtues would not rise an inch,
Although your shape was two foot taller,
And wisely you let others pinch
Great waists and feet to make them smaller.

You never try to spare your hands
From getting red by household duty,

But, doing all that it commands,
Their coarseness is a moral beauty.

Let Susan flourish her fair arms,
And at your odd legs sneer and scoff;
But let her laugh, for you have charms
That nobody knows nothing of.

What odd legs!

PAIN IN A PLEASURE-BOAT.

A SEA ECLOGUE.*

"I apprehend you!"—*School of Reform.*

BOATMAN.

SHOVE off there!—ship the rudder, Bill—cast off! she's under way!

MRS F.

She's under what?—I hope she's not!—good gracious, what a spray!

BOATMAN.

Run out the jib, and rig the boom!—keep clear of those two brigs!

MRS F.

I hope they don't intend some joke by running of their rigs!

BOATMAN.

Bill, shift them bags of ballast aft—she's rather out of trim!

MRS F.

Great bags of stones! they're pretty things to help a boat to swim!

* Comic Annual, 1831.

BOATMAN.

The wind is fresh—if she don't scud, it's not the breeze's fault!

MRS F.

Wind fresh, indeed! I never felt the air so full of salt!

BOATMAN.

That schooner, Bill, harn't left the roads, with oranges and nuts!

MRS F.

If seas have roads, they're very rough—I never felt such ruts!

See-view :—Broad Stares.

BOATMAN.

It's neap, ye see; she's heavy lade, and couldn't pass the bar.

MRS F.

The bar! what, roads with turnpikes too?—I wonder where they are!

BOATMAN.

Ho! brig ahoy! hard up! hard up!—that lubber cannot steer!

MRS F.

Yes, yes! hard up upon a rock! I know some danger's near!
Lord! there's a wave!—it's coming in! and roaring like a bull!

BOATMAN.

Nothing, ma'am, but a little slop!—go large, Bill! keep her full!

MRS F.

What! keep her full!—what daring work! when full, she must go down!

BOATMAN.

Why, Bill, it lulls! ease off a bit—it's coming off the town!
Steady your helm! we'll clear the *Pint!* lay right for yonder pink!

MRS F.

Be steady! well, I hope they can! but they've got a pint of drink!

BOATMAN.

Bill, give that sheet another haul—she'll fetch it up this reach.

MRS F.

I'm getting rather pale, I know, and they see it by that speech!
I wonder what it is, now, but——I never felt so queer!

BOATMAN.

Bill, mind your luff—why, Bill, I say, she's yawing—keep her near!

MRS F.

Keep near! we're going farther off; the land's behind our backs.

BOATMAN.

Be easy, ma'am, it's all correct; that's only 'cause we tacks:
We shall have to beat about a bit;—Bill, keep her out to sea.

MRS F.

Beat who about? keep who at sea?—how black they look at me!

BOATMAN.

It's veering round—I knew it would!—off with her head! stand by!

MRS F.

Off with her head!—whose? where? what with?—an axe I seem to spy!

BOATMAN.

She can't not keep her own, you see; we shall have to pull her in!

MRS F.

They'll drown me, and take all I have! my life's not worth a pin!

BOATMAN.

Look out, you know; be ready, Bill—just when she takes the sand!

MRS F.

The sand!—O Lord! to stop my mouth! how every thing is plann'd!

BOATMAN.

The handspike, Bill—quick, bear a hand! now, ma'am, just step ashore!

MRS F.

What! an't I going to be kill'd—and welter'd in my gore?
Well, Heaven be praised! but I'll not go a sailing any more!

Sterne's Maria.

*A SPENT BALL.**

"The flying ball."—GRAY.

A BALL is a round, but not a perpetual round, of pleasure. It spends itself at last, like that from the cannon's mouth; or rather, like that greatest of balls, "the great globe itself," is "dissolved with all that it inherits."

Four o'clock strikes. The company are all but gone, and the musicians "put up" with their absence. A few "*figures*," however, remain, that have never been danced, and the hostess, who is all urbanity and turbanity, kindly hopes that they will stand up for "one set more." The six figures jump at the offer; they "wake the harp," get the fiddlers into a fresh scrape, and "the Lancers" are put through their exercise. This may be called the Dance of Death, for it ends everything. The band is disbanded, and the ball takes the form of a family circle. It is long past the time when churchyards yawn, but the mouth of mamma opens to a bore, that gives hopes of the Thames' Tunnel. Papa, to whom the ball has been anything but a force-meat one, seizes eagerly upon the first eatables he can catch, and with his mouth open and his eyes shut, declares, in the spirit of an "Examiner" into such things, that a "party is the madness of many for the gain of a few." The son, heartily tired of a suit of broad-cloth cut

* Comic Annual, 1830.

narrow, assents to the proposition, and having no further use for his curled head, lays it quietly on the shelf. The daughter droops; art has had her Almack's, and nature establishes a free and easy. Grace throws herself, skow-wow anyhow, on an ottoman, and Good Breeding crosses her legs. Roses begin to relax, and curls to unbend themselves; the very candles seem released from the restraints of gentility, and getting low, some begin to smoke, while others indulge in a gutter. Muscles and sinews feel equally let loose, and, by way of a joke, the cramp ties a double-knot in Clarinda's calf.

Clarinda screams. To this appeal the maternal heart is more awake than the maternal eyes, and the maternal hand begins hastily to bestow its friction, not on the leg of suffering, but on the leg of the sofa. In the meantime, paternal hunger gets satisfied; he eats slower, and sleeps faster, subsiding, like a gorged boa-constrictor, into torpidity; and in this state, grasping an extinguished candle, he lights himself up to bed. Clarinda follows, stumbling through her steps in a doze-a-doze; the brother is next; and mamma, having seen with half an eye, or something less, that all is safe, winds up the procession.

Every ball, however, has its rebound, and so has this in their dreams:—with the mother, who has a daughter, as a golden ball; with the daughter, who has a lover, as an eyeball; with the son, who has a rival, as a pistol-ball; but with the father, who has no dreams at all, as nothing but the blacking-ball of oblivion.

*LITERARY AND LITERAL.**

THE march of Mind upon its mighty stilts
(A spirit by no means to fasten mocks on),
In travelling through Berks, Beds, Notts, and Wilts,
Hants, Bucks, Herts, Oxon,
Got up a thing our ancestors ne'er thought on,
A thing that only in our proper youth
We should have chuckled at—in sober truth,
A conversazione at Hog's Norton!—

A place whose native dialect, somehow,
Has always by an adage been affronted,
And that it is all *gutturals* is now
Taken for grunted.

Conceive the snoring of a greedy swine,
The slobbering of a hungry ursine sloth—
If you have ever heard such creature dine—
And, for Hog's Norton, make a mix of both!

O shades of Shakespeare! Chaucer! Spenser!
Milton! Pope! Gray! Warton!
O Colman! Kenny! Planche! Poole! Peake!
Pocock! Reynolds! Morton!

* Comic Annual, 1830.

O Grey! Peel! Sadler! Wilberforce! Burdett!
Hume! Wilmot Horton!
Think of your prose and verse, and worse—deliver'd in
Hog's Norton!

The founder of Hog's Norton Athenæum
Framed her society
With some variety
From Mr Roscoe's Liverpool museum;
Not a mere picnic, for the mind's repast,
But tempting to the solid knife-and-forker,
It held its sessions in the house that last
Had kill'd a porker.

It chanced one Friday,
One Farmer Grayley stuck a very big hog,
A perfect Gog or Magog of a pig-hog,
Which made of course a literary high day;—
Not that our farmer was a man to go
With literary tastes—so far from suiting 'em—
When he heard mention of Professor *Crowe*,

"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's self in print."

Or Lalla-*Rookh*,—he always was for shooting 'em!
In fact, in letters he was quite a log;
With him great Bacon
Was literally taken,

And Hogg—the poet—nothing but a hog!
As to all others on the list of fame,
Although they were discuss'd and mention'd daily,
He only recognised one classic name,
And thought that *she* had hung herself—*Miss Baillie!*

To balance this, our farmer's only daughter
Had a great taste for the Castalian water—
A Wordsworth worshipper—a Southey wooer—
(Though men that deal in water-colour cakes
May disbelieve the fact—yet nothing's truer)—
She got the *bluer*
The more she dipp'd and dabbled in the *Lakes.*
The secret truth is, Hope, the old deceiver,
At future authorship was apt to hint,
Producing what some call the *Type-us* fever,
Which means a burning to be seen in print.

Of learning's laurels—Miss Joanna Baillie—
Of Mrs Hemans—Mrs Wilson—daily
Dreamt Anne Priscilla Isabella Grayley;
And fancy hinting that she had the better
Of L. E. L. by one initial letter,
She thought the world would quite enraptured see

"LOVE LAYS AND LYRICS

BY

A. P. I. G."

Accordingly, with very great propriety,
She joined the H. N. B. and double S.,—
That is, Hog's Norton Blue Stocking Society;
And saving when her pa his pigs prohibited,
Contributed
Her pork and poetry towards the mess.

This feast, we said, one Friday was the case,
When Farmer Grayley—from Macbeth to quote—
Screwing his courage to the "sticking place,"
Stuck a large knife into a grunter's throat;—
A kind of murder that the law's rebuke
Seldom condemns by shake of its peruke,
Showing the little sympathy of *big-wigs*
With *pig-wigs!*

The swine—poor wretch!—with nobody to speak for it,
And beg its life, resolved to have a squeak for it;

So—like the fabled swan—died singing out,
And thus there issued from the farmer's yard
A note that notified, without a card,
An invitation to the evening rout.

And when the time came duly,—"At the close of
The day," as Beattie has it—"when the ham—"
Bacon, and pork were ready to dispose of,
And pettitoes and chit'lings too, to cram,—
Walked in the H. N. B. and double S.'s,
All in appropriate and swinish dresses;
For lo!—it is a fact, and not a joke,
Although the Muse might fairly jest upon it,—
They came—each "Pig-faced Lady," in that bonnet
We call *a poke.*

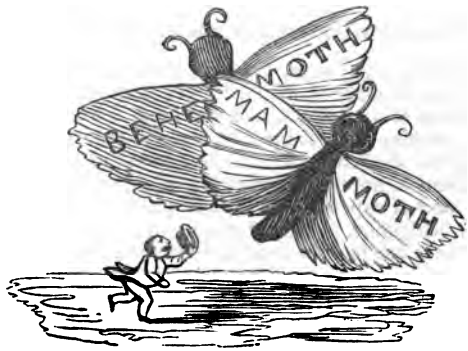
Breaking Up, no Holiday.

The members all assembled thus, a rare woman
At pork and poetry was chosen *chairwoman;*—
In fact, the bluest of the blues, Miss Ikey,
Whose whole pronunciation was so piggy,
She always named the authoress of "*Psyche*"—
As Mrs *Tiggey!*

And now arose a question of some moment,—
What author for a lecture was the richer,
Bacon or Hogg? There were no votes for Beaumont,
But some for *Flitcher;*
While others, with a more sagacious reasoning,
Proposed another work,
And thought their pork
Would prove more relishing from Thomson's Season-ing!

But, practised in Shakespearean readings daily,—
O Miss Macaulay! Shakespeare at Hog's Norton!—
Miss Anne Priscilla Isabella Grayley
Selected *him* that evening to snort on.
In short, to make our story not a big tale,
Just fancy her exerting
Her talents, and converting
The "Winter's Tale" to something like a pig-tale!
Her sister auditory,
All sitting round, with grave and learned faces,
Were very plauditory,
Of course, and clapp'd her at the proper places;
Till, fann'd at once by Fortune and the Muse,
She thought herself the blessedest of blues.
But happiness, alas! has blights of ill,
And pleasure's bubbles in the air explode;—
There is no travelling through life but still
The heart will meet with breakers on the road!

With that peculiar voice
Heard only from Hog's Norton throats and noses,
Miss G., with Perdita, was making choice
Of buds and blossoms for her summer posies,
When, coming to that line where Prosperine
Lets fall her flowers from the wain of Dis;
Imagine this—
Uprose on his hind legs old Farmer Grayley,
Grunting this question for the club's digestion,
"Do *Dis's Waggon* go from the Ould Bäaley?"



Dicky Birds.

SONNET.

TO LORD WHARNCLIFFE, ON HIS GAME-BILL.*

I'm fond of partridges, I'm fond of snipes,
I'm fond of blackcocks, for they're very good cocks—
I'm fond of wild ducks, and I'm fond of woodcocks,
And grouse, that set up such strange moorish pipes.
I'm fond of pheasants with their splendid stripes—
I'm fond of hares, whether from Whig or Tory—
I'm fond of capercailzies in their glory,—
Teal, widgeons, plovers, birds in all their types:
All these are in your care, law-giving Peer,
And when you next address your Lordly Babel,
Some clause put in your Bill, precise and clear,
With due and fit provision to enable
A man that holds all kinds of game so dear
To keep, like Crockford, a good Gaming Table.

* Comic Annual, 1832.

An Inn-quest.

*THE UNDYING ONE.**

"He shall not die."—*Uncle Toby.*

I.

OF all the verses, grave or gay
That ever wiled an hour,
I never knew a mingled lay,
At once so sweet and sour,
As that by Ladye Norton spun,
And christen'd "The Undying One."

II.

I'm very certain that she drew
A portrait when she penn'd
That picture of a perfect Jew,
Whose days will never end;
I'm sure it means my Uncle Lunn,
For he is an Undying One.

III.

These twenty years he's been the same,
And may be twenty more;
But Memory's pleasures only claim
His features for a score;
Yet in that time the change is none—
Th' image of th' Undying One!

IV.

They say our climate's damp and cold,
And lungs are tender things;
My uncle's much abroad and old,
But when "King Cole" he sings,
A Stentor's voice, enough to stun,
Declares him an Undying One.

* Comic Annual, 1832.

V.

Others have died from needle-pricks
And very slender blows,
From accidental slips or kicks,
Or bleedings at the nose;
Or choked by grape-stone, or a bun—
But he is the Undying One!

VI.

A soldier once, he once endured
A bullet in the breast—
It might have kill'd—but only cured
An asthma in the chest;
He was not to be slain with gun,
For he is the Undying One.

VII.

In water once too long he dived,
And all supposed him beat,
He seem'd so cold—but he revived
To have another heat,
Just when we thought his race was run,
And came in fresh—th' Undying One!

VIII.

To look at Meux's once he went,
And tumbled in the vat—
And greater Jobs their lives have spent
In lesser boils than that;—
He left the beer quite underdone,
No bier to the Undying One!

IX.

He's been from strangulation black,
From bile, of yellow hue,
Scarlet from fever's hot attack,
From cholera-morbus blue;
Yet with these dyes—to use a pun—
He still is the Undying One.

X.

He rolls in wealth, yet has no wife
His Three per Cents to share;
He never married in his life,
Or flirted with the fair;
The sex he made a point to shun,
For beauty an Undying One.

XI.

To judge him by the present signs,
The future by the past,
So quick he lives, so slow declines,
The Last Man won't be last,
But buried underneath a ton
Of mould by the Undying One!

XII.

Next Friday week, his birthday boast,
His ninetieth year he spends,
And I shall have his health to toast
Amongst expectant friends,
And wish—it really sounds like fun—
Long life to the Undying One!

COCKLE v. *CACKLE.**

THOSE who much read advertisements and bills,
Must have seen puffs of Cockle's Pills,
Call'd anti-bilious—
Which some physicians sneer at, supercilious,
But which we are assured, if timely taken,
May save your liver and bacon.
Whether or not they really give one ease,
I, who have never tried,
Will not decide;
But no two things in union go like these—
Viz., quacks and pills—save ducks and pease.
Now Mrs W. was getting sallow,
Her lilies not of the white kind, but yellow,
And friends portended was preparing for
A human Pâté Périgord;

* Comic Annual, 1831.

She was, indeed, so very far from well,
Her son, in filial fear, procured a box
Of those said pellets to resist bile's shocks,
And—though upon the ear it strangely knocks—
To save her by a Cockle from a shell!

But Mrs W., just like Macbeth,
Who very vehemently bids us "throw
Bark to the bow-wows," hated physic so,
It seem'd to share "the bitterness of Death:"
Rhubarb—Magnesia—Jalap, and the kind—
Senna—Steel—Assafœtida, and Squills—
Powder or draught—but least her throat inclined
To give a course to boluses or pills;
No—not to save her life, in lung or lobe,
For all her lights' or all her liver's sake,
Would her convulsive thorax undertake
Only one little uncelestial globe!

'Tis not to wonder at, in such a case,
If she put by the pill-box in a place
For linen rather than for drugs intended—
Yet for the credit of the pills let's say,
After they thus were stow'd away,
Some of the linen mended;
But Mrs W., by disease's dint,
Kept getting still more yellow in her tint,
When lo! her second son, like elder brother,
Marking the hue on the parental gills,
Brought a new charge of anti-tumeric pills,
To bleach the jaundiced visage of his mother—
Who took them—in her cupboard—like the other.

"Deeper and deeper, still," of course,
The fatal colour daily grew in force;
Till daughter W., newly come from Rome,
Acting the self-same filial, pillial part,
To cure mamma, another dose brought home
Of Cockles;—not the cockles of her heart!
These going where the others went before,
Of course she had a very pretty store;
And then—some hue of health her cheek adorning,
The medicine so good must be,
They brought her dose on dose, which she
Gave to the upstairs cupboard, "night and morning."
Till wanting room, at last, for other stocks,
Out of the window one fine day she pitch'd
The pillage of each box, and quite enrich'd
The feed of Mister Burrell's hens and cocks,—
A little barber of a bygone day,
Over the way,

Whose stock in trade, to keep the least of shops,
Was one great head of Kemble,—that is, John,
Staring in plaster, with a *Brutus* on,
And twenty little bantam fowls—with *crops.*

Little Dame W. thought, when through the sash
She gave the physic wings,
To find the very things
So good for bile, so bad for chicken rash,
For thoughtless cock, and unreflecting pullet!
But, while they gather'd up the nauseous nubbles,
Each peck'd itself into a peck of troubles,
And brought the hand of Death upon its gullet.
They might as well have addled been, or ratted,
For long before the night—ah! woe betide
The pills!—each suicidal bantam died
Unfatted!

Think of poor Burrell's shock,
Of Nature's debt to see his hens all payers,
And laid in death as everlasting layers,
With Bantam's small Ex-Emperor, the cock,
In ruffled plumage and funereal hackle,
Giving, undone by Cockle, a last cackle!
To see as stiff as stone his un'live stock,
It really was enough to move his block.
Down on the floor he dash'd, with horror big,
Mr Bell's third wife's mother's coachman's wig;
And with a tragic stare like his own Kemble,
Burst out with natural emphasis enough,
And voice that grief made tremble,
Into that very speech of sad Macduff—
"What! all my pretty chickens and their dam,
At one fell swoop!—
Just when I'd bought a coop
To see the poor lamented creatures cram!"

After a little of this mood,
And brooding over the departed brood,
With razor he began to ope each craw,
Already turning black, as black as coals;
When lo! the undigested cause he saw—
"Pison'd by goles!"

To Mrs W.'s luck a contradiction,
Her window still stood open to conviction;
And by short course of circumstantial labour,
He fix'd the guilt upon his adverse neighbour;—
Lord! how he rail'd at her: declaring now,
He'd bring an action ere next Term of Hilary,
Then, in another moment, swore a vow,
He'd make her do pill-penance in the pillory!

She, meanwhile distant from the dimmest dream
Of combating with guilt, yard-arm or arm-yard,
Lapp'd in a paradise of tea and cream ;
When up ran Betty with a dismal scream—
" Here's Mr Burrell, ma'am, with all his farmyard !"
Straight in he came, unbowing and unbending,
With all the warmth that iron and a barber
Can harbour ;
To dress the head and front of her offending,
The fuming phial of his wrath uncorking ;
In short he made her pay him altogether,
In hard cash, very *hard* for every feather,
Charging, of course, each bantam as a Dorking ;
Nothing could move him, nothing make him supple ;
So the sad dame unpocketing her loss,
Had nothing left but to sit hands across,
And see her poultry " going down ten couple."

Now birds by poison slain,
As venom'd dart from Indian's hollow cane,
Are edible ; and Mrs W.'s thrift,—
She had a thrifty vein,—
Destined one pair for supper to make shift,—
Supper as usual at the hour of ten :
But ten o'clock arrived and quickly pass'd,
Eleven—twelve—and one o'clock at last,
Without a sign of supper even then !
At length, the speed of cookery to quicken,
Betty was call'd, and with reluctant feet,
Came up at a white heat—
" Well, never I see chicken like them chicken !
My saucepans, they have been a pretty while in 'em,
Enough to stew them, if it comes to that,
To flesh and bones, and perfect rags ; but drat
Those anti-biling pills ! there is no bile in 'em !"

Halfpenny Hatch.

Which way did the Fox go?

*LETTER FROM AN OLD SPORTSMAN.**

DEAR SIR,—I receaved your's of the first last, wich I should have anser'd it sooner, only I have ad the Roomatiz in my fingers, so you must Pleas to excus my crampd hand.

As to my Sporting Reminis-cences, as you are pleasd to say, I have lookd them out in the dixenary, and kno verry well what it is. I beg leaf to Say, I have forgot all my recolections, and can not bring to Mind any of my old Rememberances.

As for Hunting, I shall never take a fence at it agen, altho I sumtims Ride to cover on the old Gray, wich is now be come quite Wite. The last tim I went out, we dru Hazelmere copses down to Broxley wood; then we dru Broxley wood over to Fox thorp; then we dru Fox thorp over to Middle ford, and then we dru Middle ford, in short, it was all drawing and no painting for want of a brush.

Sir William Chase cuming to be his father's hare, he set up a coarsing club, but being short of long dogs, and there hairs falling of, it was obleged to discourse, and is now turned into a conversasiony.

In regard to shuting, I have never dun anny thing Since percussion Captiousness cum up, wich I am Told they are sharper then Flints. The last hare I kild was 2 long cars ago, and the Last fezzant, but theres a long tail belonging to that, wich you shall have when you

* Comic Annual, 1832.

cum over, as I hop you wil, with your Horse's; I have good entertainment for boath, as the french Say, at my table D' oats. The lads go out after Burds now and then, but I seldum cum at the rites of there shuting—you kno

Wat is Hits is Histery,
But what is•nist is mistery.

Talking of shuting, hav you seen Ubbard's new guns like wauking sticks—there a cappital defence agin cappital offences; as you may ether stick a feller or Shute him; or boath together. I wish farmer Gale had carrid one last friday, for he was Rob'd cuming from markit by a foot paddy Irish man, that knockd him down to make him Stand. Luckly he had nothing on him when Stopd but sum notes of the Barnsby bank that had bin stopd the weak afore.

In the fishing line I am quite Dead bait, tho I have had manny a Good run in my tim, Partickler when the keeper spide me out were I hadent got Leaf. The last tim I went I could hardly un do my rod for roomatiz in my joints, and I got the Lumbago verry bad wen I cum Back, and its atax I doant like. Beside wich I found verry Little big fish on a count of the pochers, who Kil em al in colde blood. I used sumtims to float and sumtims to fli, but our waters is so over fished theres no fish to be had, and as I am verry musicle, I dont like trolling without a catch, the last jack I caut was with my boot, and was only a foot long.

Fly Fishing.

As for raceing, I never cared much a bout it, and in regard of betting, I am Better with out it, tho I al ways take the feeld wen I am Able, and suport the Farmer's Plate with al my Mite.

Our Wist club is going of, Some of the members go on so; two of em are perpetuly quareling like anny thing but double dummies, for one plays like Hoyle and the other like Vinegar. The young men hav interduced Shorts, but I doant think theyle Last long. They are al so verry Sharp at the Pints, and as for drinking, I never se sich Liquorish Chaps in my life. They are al ways laying ods, even at Super, when theyle Bet about the age of a Roosted foul, wich they cal Chicken hazzard, or about the Wait of a Curran py, wich they cal

the Currancy question. They al so smoke a grate manny seagars, but they cant Put the old men's pips out, wich it Wood be a Burning shame if they did. I am sorry to say politicks has Crept in ; Sum is al for reform, and some is al for none at al, and the only thing they agre in is, that the Land lord shant bring in no Bil. There is be sides grate dis-cushins as to the new game laws, sum entertaning douts wen sum peple go out a shuting, wether even acts of Parliament will inable them to shute anny game.

The crickit Club is going on uncomon wel. They are 36 members with out rekoning the byes ; our best man at Wickit is Captain Batty —he often gets four notches running ; and our best boler is Use Ball, tho we sumtims get Dr Pilby to bolus. As for the crickit Bal, it is quit wore out, wich the gals say they are verry Sory for it, as they took a grate intrest in our matches.

My lads are boath of em marred, wich mayhap you have Herd,— and if the gals are not, I Beleve its no falt of theres. They hope youle cum to the Wake, wich is next Sunday weak, for they Say there will be High fun, al tho I think it is Rather Low. The only use of waking that I can See, is to pervent folkes Sleeping, and as for there

Where's your Hawker's License?

jumping and throwing up their Heals, I see no Pleasur in it. If they had the Roomatiz as Bad as I have, they woudent be for Dancing there fandangoes at that rat, and Kicking for partners.

Our county Member, Sir William Wiseacre, is going to bring in a bil "for the supression of the Barbarus past-time of bul beating, and for the better incorigement of the nobul art of Cockin," by wich al

buls, wether inglish or irish, are to be Made game of no longer, and al such as are found at anny ring or stake are libel to be find. They cal it here the Cock and Bul Act, wich I think is a very good name. It has causd grate diversion in manny peple's opinnions, but most of us Think the cocks is quite as Bad as the buls The same Barrownet as tried to interduce Forkenry, but the first atempts as been verry Hawkward. The forkens flu at a herin, who tried to be above there atax, for the more they pecked him the more they maid him sore, but a boy flying a Kite skared em al away togither.

Last week was our grand archery Meetin, and the first prize was won by Little Master Tomkins, of grove House. I supose his fondnes for lolli pops made him ame.best at bulls Eyes. The Miss Courtenays were there as usul, and in comparison of arch Angles look raly archer.—The wags propposed miss Emily shood have the seccond prize for shuting in too a cows Eye that came to nere the target; she says she was so nervus, it put her arrow into a quiver. In the middle of the meeting we herd a Bad playd Key buggle, and out of the shrubbery, were they had bin hiding, Jumpd Revd. Mister Crumpe and asistants; he is Rector of Bow and Curat of Harrow, and was disgised in every thing green, as Robin Hood and his mery Men; after geting Little John to string his bow for him, I am sorry to say, Robin Hood shot Worst of every Body, for he did not even hit the target, and we should have never Seen wear his arrow went, but by hereing it smash in to the conservatorry. When we came to look for the prize, a silver Arrow, every Body had lost it, for it had dropt out of the case, and would never have been found, but for Revd. mister Crumpe sittin downe on the lawne, and wich made Him jump up agen, as miss Courtenay said out of Byron, like "a warrior bounding from its Barb." The Toxophilus Club is very flurrishing, but talk of expeling sum members for persisting in wereing peagreen insted of lincon, and puttin on there spanish Hats and fethers the rong side before.

Thank you for the Hoisters, wich was verry good. Mary has took the shels to make her a groto, of wich I think is very shameful, as I wanted them to Friten the Burds. Old Mark Lane, the man as Cheated you out of them oats, has bean sent to jail for Stealing barly. I am sadly Afearde old Marks corn will give Him 14 ears of Bottany.

Pleas to Remember me to al inquiring friends, if they should think it woth wile to Ask after me. From your Humbel servant,

ANDREW AXELTREE.

P.S. I forgot to menshun the subskripshon Stag hounds kep by the same members as the wist club, and its there wim to have fifty too dogs to the pack. If old Bil, the huntsman, was drest like Pam, theyd be complet. They have had sum cappital runs dooring the season. As you write for the sporting Maggazins, you may like to notice an apereance rather noo in the felde, I mean the Grate Creol Curnel Brown, who is very pompus, and hunts with Pompey, his black servant, after him. I have got a Deal more to Say, but carnt for want of Room. Mary says I should Cros it, wich I wood, but I doant Wish to put you to the expense of a Dubble leter.

*THE SUB-MARINE.**

It was a brave and jolly wight,
His cheek was baked and brown,
For he had been in many climes
With captains of renown,
And fought with those who fought so well
At Nile and Camperdown.

His coat it was a soldier coat,
Of red with yellow faced,
But (merman-like) he look'd marine
All downward from the waist—
His trowsers were so wide and blue,
And quite in sailor taste!

He put the rummer to his lips,
And drank a jolly draught;
He raised the rummer many times—
And ever as he quaff'd,
The more he drank, the more the ship
Seem'd pitching fore and aft!

The ship seem'd pitching fore and aft,
As in a heavy squall;
It gave a lurch and down he went,
Head-foremost in his fall!
Three times he did not rise, alas!
He never rose at all!

But down he went, right down at once,
Like any stone he dived,
He could not see, or hear, or feel—
Of senses all deprived!
At last he gave a look around
To see where he arrived!

And all that he could see was green,
Sea-green on every hand!
And then he tried to sound beneath,
And all he felt was sand!
There he was fain to lie, for he
Could neither sit nor stand!

And lo! above his head there bent
A strange and staring lass!
One hand was in her yellow hair,
The other held a glass;
A mermaid she must surely be
If ever mermaid was!

Her fish-like mouth was open'd wide,
Her eyes were blue and pale,
Her dress was of the ocean-green,
When ruffled by a gale;
Thought he "Beneath that petticoat
She hides a salmon-tail!"

She look'd as siren ought to look,
A sharp and bitter shrew,
To sing deceiving lullabies
For mariners to rue—
But when he saw her lips apart,
It chill'd him through and through!

With either hand he stopp'd his ears
Against her evil cry;
Alas! alas! for all his care,
His doom it seem'd to die;
Her voice went ringing through his head,
It was so sharp and high!

He thrust his fingers farther in
At each unwilling ear,
But still, in very spite of all,
The words were plain and clear:
"I can't stand here the whole day long
To hold your glass of beer!"

With open'd mouth and open'd eyes,
Up rose the sub-marine,
And gave a stare to find the sands
And deeps where he had been:
There was no siren with her glass,
No waters ocean-green!

The wet deception from his eyes
Kept fading more and more,
He only saw the barmaid stand
With pouting lip before—
The small green parlour of The Ship,
And little sanded floor!

* Comic Annual, 1830.

Boarding-School.

*THE ISLAND.**

"Oh, had I some sweet little isle of my own!"—MOORE.

IF the author of the "Irish Melodies" had ever had a little isle so much his own as I have possessed, he might not have found it so sweet as the song anticipates. It has been my fortune, like Robinson Crusoe and Alexander Selkirk, to be thrown on such a desolate spot, and I felt so lonely, though I had a follower, that I wish Moore had been there. I had the honour of being in that tremendous action off Finisterre, which proved an end of the earth to many a brave fellow. I was ordered with a boarding party to forcibly enter the *Santissima Trinidada*, but in the act of climbing into the quarter-gallery, which, however, gave no quarter, was rebutted by the butt-end of a marine's gun, who remained the quarter-master of the place. I fell senseless into the sea, and should no doubt have perished in the waters of oblivion, but for the kindness of John Monday, who picked me up to go adrift with him in one of the ship's boats. All our oars were carried away, that is to say, we did not carry away any oars, and while shot was raining, our feeble hailing was unheeded. In short, as Shakespeare

* Comic Annual, 1832.

says, we were drifted off by "the current of a heady fight." As may be supposed, our boat was anything but the jolly-boat, for we had no provisions to spare in the middle of an immense waste. We were, in fact, adrift in the cutter with nothing to cut. We had not even junk for junketing, and nothing but salt water, even if the wind should

The Pound of Flesh.

blow fresh. Famine indeed seemed to stare each of us in the face; that is, we stared at one another; but if men turn cannibals, a great allowance must be made for a short ditto. We were truly in a very disagreeable pickle, with oceans of brine and no beef, and, like Shylock, I fancy we would have exchanged a pound of gold for a pound of flesh. The more we drifted Nor, the more sharply we inclined to gnaw,—but when we drifted Sow, we found nothing like pork. No bread rose in the east, and in the opposite point we were equally disappointed. We could not compass a meal any how, but got mealy-mouthed notwithstanding. We could see the sea-mews to the eastward, flying over what Byron calls the Gardens of Gull. We saw plenty of grampus, but they were useless to all intents and porpusses, and we had no bait for catching a bottle-nose.

Time hung heavily on our hands, for our fast days seemed to pass very slowly, and our strength was rapidly sinking from being so much afloat. Still we nourished hope, though we had nothing to give her. But at last we lost all prospect of land, if one may so say when no land was in sight. The weather got thicker as we were getting thinner; and though we kept a sharp watch, it was a very bad look-out. We could see nothing before us but nothing to eat and drink. At last the

fog cleared off, and we saw something like land right ahead, but alas! the wind was in our teeth as well as in our stomachs. We could do nothing but keep her near, and as we could not keep ourselves full, we luckily suited the course of the boat; so that after a tedious beating about—for the wind not only gives blows, but takes a great deal of beating—we came incontinently to an island. Here we landed, and our first impulse on coming to dry land was to drink. There was a little brook at hand to which we applied ourselves till it

Catching a Bottle-Nose.

seemed actually to murmur at our inordinate thirst. Our next care was to look for some food, for though our hearts were full at our escape, the neighbouring region was dreadfully empty. We succeeded in getting some natives out of their bed, and ate them, poor things, as fast as they got up, but with some difficulty in getting them open; a common oyster knife would have been worth the price of a sceptre. Our next concern was to look out for a lodging, and at last we discovered an empty cave, reminding me of an old inscription at Portsmouth, "The hole of this place to let." We took the precaution of rolling some great stones to the entrance, for fear of last lodgers,—that some bear might come home from business, or a tiger to tea. Here, under the rock, we slept without rocking, and when, through the night's failing, the day broke, we saw with the first instalment of light that we were upon a small desert isle, now for the first time an Isle of Man. Accordingly, the birds in this wild solitude were so little wild, that a number of boobies and noddies allowed themselves to be taken by hand, though the asses were not such asses as to be caught. There was an abundance of rabbits, which we chased unremittingly, as Hunt runs Warren; and when coats and trousers fell short, we clothed our skins with theirs, till, as Monday said, we each represented a burrow. In this work Monday was the tailor, for, like the maker of shadowy rabbits and cocks upon the wall, he could turn his hand to anything. He became a potter, a carpenter, a butcher, and a baker—that is to say, a master butcher and a master baker, for I became

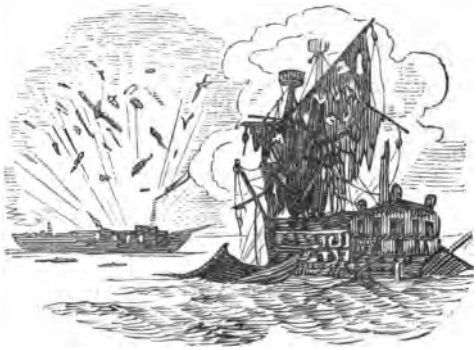
merely his journeyman. Reduced to a state of nature—Monday's favourite phrase for our condition—I found my being an officer fulfilled no office; to confess the truth, I made a very poor sort of savage, whereas Monday, I am persuaded, would have been made a chief by any tribe whatever. Our situations in life were completely reversed; he became the leader and I the follower, or rather, to do justice to his attachment and ability, he became like a strong big brother to a helpless little one.

We remained in a state of nature five years, when at last a whaler of Hull—though the hull was not visible—showed her masts on the

In Embarrassed Circumstances.

horizon, an event which was telegraphed by Monday, who began saying his prayers and dancing the college hornpipe at the same time with equal fervour. We contrived by lighting a fire, literally a *feu-de-joie*, to make a sign of distress, and a boat came to our signal deliverance. We had a prosperous passage home, where the reader may anticipate the happiness that awaited us; but not the trouble that was in store for me and Monday. Our parting was out of the question; we would both rather have parted from our sheet-anchor. We attempted to return to our relative rank, but we had lived so long in a kind of liberty and equality, that we could never resume our grades. The state of nature remained uppermost with us both, and Monday still watched over and tended me like Dominie Sampson

with the boy Harry Bertram ; go where I would, he followed with the dogged pertinacity of Tom Pipes ; and do what I might, he interfered with the resolute vigour of John Dory in "Wild Oats." This disposition involved us daily, nay, hourly, in the most embarrassing circumstances ; and how the connexion might have terminated I know not, if it had not been speedily dissolved in a very unexpected manner. One morning poor Monday was found on his bed in a sort of convulsion, which barely enabled him to grasp my hand, and to falter out, "Good-bye, I am go—going—back—to a state of nature."



A Good Action meets its own Reward.

THE KANGAROOS.

A FABLE.*

A PAIR of married kangaroos
(The case is oft a human one too)
Were greatly puzzled once to choose
A trade to put their eldest son to,—
A little brisk and busy chap,
As all the little K.'s just then are,
About some two months off the lap ;—
They're not so long in arms as men are.

A twist in each parental muzzle
Betray'd the hardship of the puzzle—
So much the flavour of life's cup
Is framed by early wrong or right,
And kangaroos we know are quite
Dependent on their "rearing up."
The question, with its ins and outs,
Was intricate and full of doubts ;

* Comic Annual, 1830.

And yet they had no squeamish carings
For trades unfit or fit for gentry,
Such notion never had an entry,
For they had no armorial bearings.
Howbeit they're not the last on earth
That might indulge in pride of birth;
Whoe'er has seen their infant young
Bob in and out their mother's pokes,
Would own, with very ready tongue,
They are not born like common folks.
Well, thus the serious subject stood,
It kept the old pair watchful nightly,
Debating for young Hopeful's good,
That he might earn his livelihood,
And go through life (like them) uprightly.
Arms would not do at all; no, marry,
In that line all his race miscarry;
And agriculture was not proper,
Unless they meant the lad to tarry
For ever as a mere clodhopper.
He was not well cut out for preaching,
At least in any striking style;
And as for being mercantile—
He was not form'd for over-reaching.
The law—why there still fate ill-starr'd him,
And plainly from the bar debarr'd him:
A doctor— who would ever fee him?
In music he could scarce engage;
And as for going on the stage,
In tragic socks I think I see him!

He would not make a rigging-mounter;
A haberdasher had some merit,
But there the counter still ran counter;
For just suppose
A lady chose
To ask him for a yard of ferret!
A gardener digging up his beds,
The puzzled parents shook their heads.
"A tailor would not do because"—
They paused and glanced upon his paws.
Some parish post,—though fate should place it
Before him, how could he embrace it?

In short, each anxious kangaroo
Discuss'd the matter through and through;
By day they seem'd to get no nearer,
'Twas posing quite—
And in the night
Of course they saw their way no clearer!

At last, thus musing on their knees—
Or hinder elbows if you please—
It came—no thought was ever brighter !
In weighing every why and whether,
They jump'd upon it both together—
" Let's make the imp a *short-hand writer !*"

MORAL.

I wish all human parents so
Would argue what their sons are fit for ;
Some would-be critics that I know
Would be in trades they have more wit for.

Finding a May'r's Nest.

ODE FOR THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER.[*]

O Lud ! O Lud ! O Lud !
I mean, of course, that venerable town,
Mention'd in stories of renown,
Built formerly of mud ;—
O Lud, I say, why didst thou e'er
Invent the office of a mayor,
An office that no useful purpose crowns,
But to set aldermen against each other,
That should be brother unto brother,—
Sisters at least, by virtue of their gowns ?

But still, if one must have a mayor
To fill the civic chair,

[*] Comic Annual, 1832.

O Lud, I say,
Was there no better day
To fix on than November Ninth so shivery,
And dull for showing off the Livery's livery?
Dimming, alas!
The Brazier's brass,
Soiling th' Embroiderers and all the Saddlers,
Sopping the Furriers,
Draggling the Curriers,
And making Merchant Tailors dirty paddlers;
Drenching the Skinners' Company to the skin,
Making the crusty Vintner chiller,
And turning the Distiller
To cold without instead of warm within;—
Spoiling the brand-new beavers
Of Wax-chandlers and Weavers,
Plastering the Plasterers and spotting Mercers,
Hearty November-cursers—
And showing Cordwainers and dapper Drapers
Sadly in want of brushes and of scrapers;
Making the Grocer's Company not fit
For company a bit;
Dyeing the Dyers with a dingy flood,
Daubing incorporated Bakers,
And leading the Patten-makers
Over their very pattens in the mud,—
O Lud! O Lud! O Lud!

"This is a sorry sight,"
To quote Macbeth—but oh, it grieves me quite,
To see your wives and daughters in their plumes—
White plumes not white—
Sitting at open windows catching rheums,
Not "angels ever bright and fair,"
But angels ever brown and sallow,
With eyes—you cannot see above one pair,
For city clouds of black and yellow—
And artificial flowers, rose, leaf, and bud,
Such sable lilies
And grim daffodilies,
Drooping, but not for drought—O Lud! O Lud!

I may as well, while I'm inclined,
Just go through all the faults I find:—
O Lud! then, with a better air, say June,
Could'st thou not find a better tune
To sound with trumpets and with drums
Than "See the Conquering Hero comes,"
When he who comes ne'er dealt in blood?
Thy may'r is not a war-horse, Lud,
That ever charged on Turk or Tartar,

And yet upon a march you strike
That treats him like—
A little French if I may martyr—
Lewis Cart-Horse or Henry Carter!

O Lud! I say,
Do change your day
To some time when your Show can really show;
When silk can seem like silk, and gold can glow.
Look at your Sweepers, how they shine in May!
Have it when there's a sun to gild the coach,
And sparkle in tiara—bracelet—brooch—
Diamond—or paste—of sister, mother, daughter;
When grandeur really may be grand—
But if thy pageant's thus obscured by land—
O Lud! it's ten times worse upon the water!
Suppose, O Lud, to show its plan,
I call, like Blue Beard's wife, to Sister Anne,
Who's gone to Beaufort Wharf with niece and aunt,
To see what she can see—and what she can't;
Chewing a saffron bun by way of cud,
To keep the fog out of a tender lung,
While perch'd in a verandah nicely hung
Over a margin of thy own black mud,
O Lud!

Now Sister Anne, I call to thee,
Look out and see:
Of course about the bridge you view them rally
And sally,
With many a wherry, sculler, punt, and cutter;
The Fishmongers' grand boat, but not for butter,
The Goldsmiths' glorious galley;—
Of course you see the Lord Mayor's coach aquatic,
With silken banners that the breezes fan,
In gold all glowing,
And men in scarlet rowing,
Like Doge of Venice to the Adriatic;
Of course you see all this, O Sister Anne?

"No, I see no such thing!
I only see the edge of Beaufort Wharf,
With two coal-lighters fasten'd to a ring;
And, dim as ghosts,
Two little boys are jumping over posts;
And something, farther off,
That's rather like the shadow of a dog,
And all beyond is fog.
If there be anything so fine and bright,
To see it I must see by second sight.

Arms found.

Call this a Show? It is not worth a pin!
I see no barges row,
No banners blow;
The Show is merely a gallanty-show,
Without a lamp or any candle in."

But Sister Anne, my dear,
Although you cannot see, you still may hear?
Of course you hear, I'm very sure of that,
The "Water Parted from the Sea" in C,
Or "Where the Bee sucks," set in B;
Or Huntsman's chorus from the Freischutz frightful,
Or Handel's Water Music in A flat.
Oh, music from the water comes delightful!
It sounds as nowhere else it can:
You hear it first
In some rich burst,
Then faintly sighing,
Tenderly dying,
Away upon the breezes, Sister Anne.

"There is no breeze to die on;
And all their drums and trumpets, flutes and harps,
Could never cut their way with ev'n three sharps
Through such a fog as this, you may rely on.
I think, but am not sure, I hear a hum,
Like a very muffled double drum,
And then a something faintly shrill,
Like Bartlemy Fair's old buz at Pentonville.

And now and then I hear a pop,
As if from Pedley's soda-water shop.
I'm almost ill with the strong scent of mud,
And, not to mention sneezing,
My cough is more than usual teasing;
I really fear that I have chill'd my blood,
O Lud! O Lud! O Lud! O Lud! O Lud!"

Fancy Portrait:—The Lord Mayor.

RONDEAU.

[EXTRACTED FROM A WELL-KNOWN ANNUAL.]*

O CURIOUS reader! didst thou ne'er
Behold a worshipful lord mayor
Seated in his great civic chair
So dear?

Then cast thy longing eyes this way,
It is the ninth November day,
And in his new-born state survey
One here!

To rise from little into great
Is pleasant; but to sink in state
From high to lowly is a fate
Severe.

Too soon his shine is overcast,
Chill'd by the next November blast;
His blushing honours only last
One year!

He casts his fur and sheds his chains,
And moults till not a plume remains—
The next impending mayor distrains
His gear.

He slips like water through a sieve—
Ah, could his little splendour live
Another twelvemonth—he would give
One ear!

* Comic Annual, 1832.

*LONDON FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.**

REMARKS.

NO season has offered such *variétés* in costume as the early part of the present month. Fancy dresses of the most *outré* description have appeared, even in the streets. Short waists and long, full sleeves and empty, broad skirts and narrow, whole skirts, half skirts, and none at all, have been indifferently worn. For the *Promenade*, rags and tatters of all kinds have been in much favour; very few buttons are worn; and the coats, waistcoats, and pantaloons, have been invariably padded and stuffed with hay or straw. We observed several *exquisites* making morning calls in scarecrow greatcoats; the skirts, lappels, collars, and cuffs, picturesquely, but not too formally, jagged *à la Vandyke*. The prevailing colours—all colours at once. Wigs have been very general—both *en buzz* and *frizzé;* these have been commonly composed of deal shavings; but in some cases of tow, and sometimes horsehair. For the evening party, a few squibs and crackers are stuck in the *perruque* or hat, and the boots and shoes are polished up with a little pitch or tar; sometimes a Catherine-wheel has been added *en coquarde*. Frills, collars, and ruffles of *papier coupé* have entirely superseded those of cambric or lace, and shirts of every description are quite discarded. Paint has been in much request, and ruddle seems to have been preferred to *rouge;* patches are also much worn, not on the countenance, but on the clothes; for these the favourite *matériel* is tartan, plush of any colour, or corduroy. Several dandies appeared on the Fifth with gloves, but they are not essential requisites to be in the *ton:* canes are discarded; even a riding-whip would be reckoned to evince *mauvais goût*, but a halfpenny bunch of matches "*à la main*" is indispensable to a fashionable aspirant. The old prac-

* Comic Annual, 1831.

tice of being carried abroad in chairs has been universally revived; and it must be confessed that it exhibits the figure to much advantage.

Amongst the *nouveautés*, we observed the following *caractère*, as making a felicitous *début*. The coat was *à-la-militaire*, of the colour formerly so much in vogue under the name of *fumée de Londres*, turned up with *flamme d'enfer*. It was *garni* with very dead gold and slashed *à l'Espagnole*, back and front. The pantaloons were equally *bizarre;* one leg being composed of Scotch tartan, and the other of blue striped bed-ticking, made very full, *en matelot*, in compliance with the prevailing taste for navals. The wig was made of green and white willow shavings, with a large link for a *queue*, tied on with a *nœud* of red tape. The hat, brown, somewhat darker than the Devonshire beaver, but disinclining to black. It had no brim, and was without a crown. A tarnished badge of the Phœnix Fire Office, on the bust, gave a *distingué* air to the whole figure, which was going down Bond street, and excited a sensation quite *à l'envie* by its appearance in the world of fashion.

N.B.—We are requested to state that the above described figure was entirely invented and manufactured by little Solomon Levy, of Holywell street, Strand, who has a variety always on show, about the metropolis.

SYMPTOMS OF OSSIFICATION.*

"An indifference to tears, and blood, and human suffering, that could only belong to a *Boney-parte*."—*Life of Napoleon.*

TIME was, I always had a drop
For any tale or sigh of sorrow;
My handkerchief I used to sop
Till often I was forced to borrow;
I don't know how it is, but now
My eyelids seldom want a drying;
The doctors, p'rhaps, could tell me how—
I fear my heart is ossifying!

O'er Goethe how I used to weep,
With turnip cheeks and nose of scarlet,
When Werter put himself to sleep
With pistols kiss'd and clean'd by Charlotte;
Self-murder is an awful sin,
No joke there is in bullets flying,
But now at such a tale I grin—
I fear my heart is ossifying!

The Drama once could shake and thrill
My nerves, and set my tears a-stealing,
The Siddons then could turn at will
Each plug upon the main of feeling;
At Belvidera now I smile,
And laugh while Mrs Haller's crying;
'Tis odd, so great a change of style—
I fear my heart is ossifying!

That heart was such—some years ago,
To see a beggar quite would shock it,
And in his hat I used to throw
The quarter's savings of my pocket:
I never wish—as I did *then!*—
The means from my own purse supplying,
To turn them all to gentlemen—
I fear my heart is ossifying!

We've had some serious things of late,
Our sympathies to beg or borrow,
New melo-drames, of tragic fate,
And acts, and songs, and tales of sorrow;
Miss Zouch's case, our eyes to melt,
And sundry actors sad good-bye-ing,
But Lord!—so little have I felt,
I'm sure my heart is ossifying!

* Comic Annual, 1831.

Cardy-Mums.

*SOME ACCOUNT OF WILLIAM WHISTON.**

"That boy is the brother of Pam ——."—*Joseph Andrews.*

"WILLIAM certainly *is* fond of whist!" This was an admission drawn, or extracted, as Cartwright would say, like a double tooth from the mouth of William's mother; an amiable and excellent lady, who ever reluctantly confessed foibles in her family, and invariably endeavoured to exhibit to the world the sunny side of her children.

There can be no possibility of doubt that William *was* fond of whist. He doted on it. Whist was his first passion—his first love; and in whist he experienced no disappointment. The two were made for each other.

William was one of a large bunch of children, and he never grew up. On his seventh birthday a relation gave him a miniature pack of cards, and made him a whistplayer for life. Our bias dates much earlier than some natural philosophers suppose. I remember William, a mere child, being one day William of Orange, and objecting to a St Michael's because it had no pips.

At school he was a total failure, except in reckoning the odd tricks. He counted nothing by honours, and the schoolmaster said of his head,

* Comic Annual, 1833.

what he has since said occasionally of his hand, that it "held literally nothing."

At sixteen, after a long maternal debate between the black and red suits, William was articled to an attorney; but instead of becoming a respectable land-shark, he played double-dummy with the common-law clerk, and was discharged on the 6th of November. The principal remonstrated with him on a breach of duty, and William imprudently answered that he was aware of his duty, like the ace of spades. Mr Bitem immediately banged the door against him, and William, for the first time in his life—to use his own expression, "got a slam."

William having served his time, and, as he calls it, followed suit for five years, was admitted as an attorney, and began to play at that finessing game, the law. *Short-hand* he still studied and practised; though more in parlours than in court.

William at one period admired Miss Hunt, or Miss Creswick, or Miss Hardy, or Miss Reynolds; a daughter of one of the great card-makers, I forgot which—and he cut for partners, but without "getting the lady." His own explanation was, that he "*was discarded.*" He then paid his addresses to a Scotch girl, a Miss MacNab, but she professed religious scruples about cards, and he *revoked.* I have heard it said that she expected to match higher; indeed William used to say she "looked over his hand."

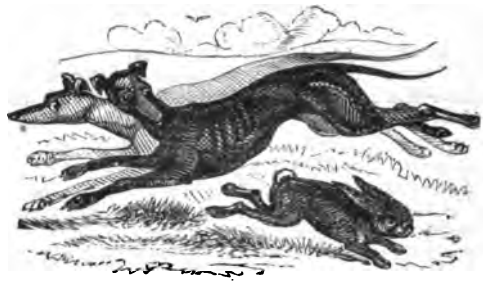
William is short, and likes shorts. He likes nothing of *longs*, but the St John of them; and he only takes to *him*, because that saint is partial to a *rubber.* Whist seems to influence his face as well as form; it is like a knave of clubs. I sometimes fancy whist could not go on without William, and certainly William could not go on without whist. His whole conversation, except on cards, is wool-gathering; and on that subject is like wool—carded. He "speaks by the card," and never gives equivocation a chance. At the Olympic once he had a quarrel with a gentleman about *the lead* of Madame Vestris or Miss Sydney: he was required to give his card, and gave the "Deuce of Hearts." This was what he termed "calling out."

Of late years William only goes out like a bad rushlight, earlyish of a night, and quits every table that is not covered with green baize with absolute disgust. The fairies love by night to "*gambol* on the *green*," and so does William, and he is constantly humming with great gusto,

> "Come unto these yellow sands,
> *And then take hands.*"

The only verses, by the way, he ever got by heart. He never cared to play much with the Muses. They stick, he used to say, at Nine.

William can sit longer—drink less—say as little—pay or receive as much—shuffle as well—and cut as deeply as any man on earth. You may leave him safely after dinner, and catch him at breakfast-time without alteration of attitude or look. He is a small statue erected in honour of whist, and, like eloquence, "holds his hand well up." He is content to ring the changes on thirteen cards a long midsummer night; for he does not *play* at cards—he *works* at them, and, considering the returns, for very low wages. William never was particularly



A Double at Long's.

lucky; but he bears the twos and threes with as much equanimity as any one, and seems, horticulturally speaking, to have grafted patience upon whist. I do not know whether it is the family motto, but he has upon his seal—with the Great Mogul for a crest—the inscription of "Packs in Bello."

William is now getting old (nearly fifty-two), with an asthma, which he says makes him rather "weak in trumps." He is preparing himself accordingly to "take down his score," and has made his will, bequeathing all he has, or has not, to a whist club. His funeral he directs to be quite private, and his gravestone a plain one, and especially "that there be no cherubims carved thereon, forasmuch,"—says the characteristic document, "that they never hold honours."

*LINES TO A FRIEND AT COBHAM.**

'Tis pleasant, when we've absent friends,
Sometimes to hob and nob 'em
With memory's glass—at such a pass,
Remember me at Cobham!

Ball-Practice.

Have pigs you will, and sometimes kill,
But if you sigh and sob 'em,

* Comic Annual, 1832.

And cannot eat your home-grown meat,
Remember me at Cobham!

Of hen and cock, you'll have a stock,
And death will oft unthrob 'em—
A country chick is good to pick—
Remember me at Cobham!

Some orchard trees of course you'll lease,
And boys will sometimes rob 'em,
A friend (you know) before a foe—
Remember me at Cobham!

You'll sometimes have wax-lighted rooms,
And friends of course to mob 'em;
Should you be short of such a sort,
Remember me at Cobham!

Out at Elbows.

*TO A BAD RIDER.**

I.

WHY, Mr Rider, why
Your nag so ill indorse, man?
To make observers cry,
You're mounted, but no horseman?

II.

With elbows out so far,
This thought you can't debar me—
Though no dragoon—hussar—
You're surely of the army!

III.

I hope to turn M.P.
You have not any notion,
So awkward you would be
At "seconding a motion!"

* Comic Annual, 1831.

Son and Hair.

*MY SON AND HEIR.**

I.

My mother bids me bind my heir,
But not the trade where I should bind;
To place a boy—the how and where—
It is the plague of parent-kind!

II.

She does not hint the slightest plan,
Nor what indentures to endorse;
Whether to bind him to a man,—
Or, like Mazeppa, to a horse.

III.

What line to choose of likely rise,
To something in the Stocks at last,—
"Fast bind, fast find," the proverb cries,
I find I cannot bind so fast!

IV.

A statesman James can never be;
A tailor?—there I only learn
His chief concern is cloth, and he
Is always cutting his concern.

V.

A seedsman?—I'd not have him so;
A grocer's plum might disappoint;
A butcher?—no, not that—although
I hear "the times are out of joint!"

VI.

Too many of all trades there be,
Like pedlars, each has such a pack;
A merchant selling coals?—we see
The buyer send to cellar back.

VII.

A hardware dealer?—that might please,
But if his trade's foundation leans
On spikes and nails he won't have ease
When he retires upon his means.

VIII.

A soldier?—there he has not nerves;
A sailor seldom lays up pelf:
A baker?—no, a baker serves
His customer before himself.

* Comic Annual, 1831.

IX.

Dresser of hair?—that's not the sort;
A joiner jars with his desire—
A churchman?—James is very short,
And cannot to a church aspire.

X.

A lawyer?—that's a hardish term!
A publisher might give him ease,
If he could into Longman's firm,
Just plunge at once "in medias Rees."

XI.

A shop for pot, and pan, and cup,
Such brittle stock I can't advise;
A builder running houses up,
Their gains are stories—maybe lies!

XII.

A coppersmith I can't endure—
Nor petty usher A, B, C-ing;
A publican no father sure
Would be the author of his be.ng!

XIII.

A paper-maker?—come he must
To rags before he sells a sheet—
A miller?—all his toil is just
To make a meal—he does not eat.

XIV.

A currier?—that by favour goes—
A chandler gives me great misgiving—
An undertaker?—one of those
That do not hope to get their living!

The Family Library.

XV.

Three golden balls?—I like them not;
An auctioneer I never did—
The victim of a slavish lot,
Obliged to do as he is bid!

XVI.

A broker watching fall and rise
Of stock?—I'd rather deal in stone,—
A printer?—there his toils comprise
Another's work beside his own.

XVII.

A cooper?—neither I nor Jem
Have any taste or turn for that—
A fish retailer?—but with him,
One part of trade is always flat.

XVIII.

A painter?—long he would not live—
An artist's a precarious craft—
In trade apothecaries give,
But very seldom take, a draught.

XIX.

A glazier?—what if he should smash!
A crispin he shall not be made—
A grazier may be losing cash,
Although he drives "a roaring trade."

XX.

Well, something must be done! to look
On all my little works around—
James is too big a boy, like book,
To leave upon the shelf unbound.

XXI.

But what to do?—my temples ache
From evening's dew till morning's pearl,
What course to take my boy to make—
Oh could I make my boy—a girl!

Son and Shade.

NATIONAL TALES

PREFACE.

IT has been decided, by the learned Malthusians of our century, that there is too great an influx of new books into this reading world. An apology seems therefore to be required for me, for increasing my family in this kind; and by twin volumes, instead of the single octavos which have hitherto been my issue. But I concede not to that modern doctrine, which supposes a world on short allowance, or a generation without a ration. There is no mentionable overgrowth likely to happen in life or literature. Wholesome checks are appointed against overfecundity in any species. Thus the whale thins the myriads of herrings, the teeming rabbit makes Thyestean family dinners on her own offspring, and the hyenas devour themselves. Death is never backward when the human race wants hoeing; nor the critic to thin the propagation of the press. The surplus children, that would encumber the earth, are thrown back in the grave—the superfluous works into the coffins prepared for them by the trunk-maker. Nature provides thus equally against scarcity or repletion. There are a thousand blossoms for the one fruit that ripens, and numberless buds for every prosperous flower. Those for which there is no space or sustenance drop early from the bough; and even so these leaves of mine will pass away, if there be not patronage extant, and to spare, that may endow them with a longer date.

I make, therefore, no excuses for this production, since it is a venture at my own peril. The serious character of the generality of the stories, is a deviation from my former attempts; and I have received advice enough, on that account, to make me present them with some misgiving. But because I have jested elsewhere, it does not follow that I am incompetent for gravity, of which any owl is capable; or proof against melancholy, which besets even the ass. Those who can be touched by neither of these moods, rank lower indeed than both of these creatures. It is from none of the player's ambition, which has led the buffoon by a rash step into the tragic buskin, that I assume the sadder humour, but because I know from certain passages that such affections are not foreign to my nature. During my short lifetime, I have often been as "sad as night," and not like the young gentlemen of France, merely from wantonness. It is the contrast of such leaden and golden fits that lends a double relish to our days. A life of mere laughter is like music without its bass; or a picture (conceive it) of vague unmitigated light; whereas the occasional melan-

choly, like those grand rich glooms of old Rembrandt, produces an incomparable effect and a very grateful relief.

It will flatter me, to find that these my Tales can give a hint to the dramatist—or a few hours' entertainment to any one. I confess I have thought well enough of them to make me compose some others, which I keep at home, like the younger Benjamin, till I know the treatment of their elder brethren, whom I have sent forth (to buy corn for me) into Egypt.

> "To be too confident is as unjust
> In any work, as too much to distrust;
> Who, from the rules of study have not swerved,
> Know begg'd applauses never were deserved.
> We must admit to censure, so doth he
> Whose hours begot this issue; yet, being free,
> For his part, if he have not pleased you, then,
> In this kind he'll not trouble you again."

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY.

INSTEAD of speaking of occurrences which accidentally came under my observation, or were related to me by others, I purpose to speak of certain tragical adventures which personally concerned me; and to judge from the agitation and horror which the remembrance, at this distance of time, excites in me, the narrative shall not concede in interest to any creation of fiction and romance. My hair has changed from black to grey since those events occurred:—strange, and wild, and terrible enough for a dream, I wish I could believe that they had passed only on my pillow; but when I look around me, too many sad tokens are present to convince me that they were real,—for I still behold the ruins of an old calamity!

To commence, I must refer back to my youth, when, having no brothers, it was my happy fortune to meet with one who, by his rare qualities and surpassing affection, made amends to me for that denial of nature. Antonio de Linares was, like myself, an orphan, and that circumstance contributed to endear him to my heart; we were both born, too, on the same day; and it was one of our childish superstitions to believe, that thereby our fates were so intimately blended that on the same day also we should each descend to the grave. He was my schoolmate, my playfellow, my partner in all my little possessions; and as we grew up, he became my counsellor, my bosom friend, and adopted brother. I gave to his keeping the very keys of my heart, and with a like sweet confidence he entrusted me even with his ardent passion for my beautiful and accomplished cousin, Isabelle de ****; and many earnest deliberations we held over the certain opposition to be dreaded from her father, who was one of the proudest as well as poorest nobles of Andalusia. Antonio had embraced the profession of arms, and his whole fortune lay at the point of his sword; yet with that he hoped to clear himself a path to glory, to wealth, and to Isabelle. The ancestors of the Condé himself had been

originally ennobled and enriched by the gratitude of their sovereign, for their signal services in the field; and when I considered the splendid and warlike talents which had been evinced by my friend, I did not think that his aspirations were too lofty or too sanguine. He seemed made for war; his chief delight was to read of the exploits of our old Spanish chivalry against the Moors; and he lamented bitterly that an interval of profound peace allowed him no opportunity of signalising his prowess and his valour against the infidels and enemies of Spain. All his exercises were martial; the chase and the bull-fight were his amusement, and more than once he engaged as a volunteer in expeditions against the mountain banditti, a race of men dangerous and destructive to our enemies in war, but the scourge and terror of their own country in times of peace. Often his bold and adventurous spirit led him into imminent jeopardy; but the same contempt of danger, united with his generous and humane nature, made him as often the instrument of safety to others. An occasion upon which he rescued me from drowning, confirmed in us both the opinion that our lives were mutually dependent, and at the same time put a stop to the frequent railleries I used to address to him on his wanton and unfair exposures of our joint existences. This service procured him a gracious introduction and reception at my uncle's, and gave him opportunities of enjoying the society of his beloved Isabelle; but the stern disposition of the Condé was too well known on both sides to allow of any more than the secret avowal of their passion for each other. Many tears were secretly shed by my excellent cousin over this cruel consideration, which deterred her from sharing her confidence with her parent; but at length, on his preparing for a journey to Madrid, in those days an undertaking of some peril, she resolved, by the assistance of filial duty, to overcome this fear, and to open her bosom to her father, before he departed from her, perhaps for ever.

I was present at the parting of the Condé with his daughter, which the subsequent event impressed too strongly on my memory to be ever forgotten. It has been much disputed whether persons have those special warnings, by dreams or omens, which some affirm they have experienced before sudden or great calamity; but it is certain that before the departure of my uncle, he was oppressed with the most gloomy forebodings. These depressions he attributed to the difficulties of the momentous lawsuit which called him to Madrid, and which, in fact, involved his title to the whole possessions of his ancestors; but Isabelle's mind interpreted this despondence as the whisper of some guardian spirit or angel; and this belief, united with the difficulty she found in making the confession that lay at her heart, made her earnestly convert these glooms into an argument against his journey.

"Surely," she said, "this melancholy which besets you is some warning from above, which it would be impious to despise; and therefore, sir, let me entreat you to remain here, lest you sin by tempting your own fate, and make me wretched for ever."

"Nay, Isabelle," he replied gravely, "I should rather sin by mistrusting the good providence of God, which is with us in all places: with the traveller in the desert, as with the mariner on the wild ocean; notwithstanding, let me embrace you, my dear child, as though we

never should meet again ;" and he held her for some minutes closely pressed against his bosom.

I saw that Isabelle's heart was vainly swelling with the secret it had to deliver, and would fain have spoken for her ; but she had strictly forbidden me or Antonio to utter a word on the subject, from a feeling that such an avowal should only come from her own lips. Twice, as her father prepared to mount his horse, she caught the skirts of his mantle and drew him back to the threshold ; but as often as she attempted to speak, the blood overflooded her pale cheeks and bosom, her throat choked, and at last she turned away with a despairing gesture, which was meant to say, that the avowal was impossible. The Condé was not unmoved, but he mistook the cause of her agitation, and referred it to a vague presentiment of evil, by which he was not uninfluenced himself. Twice, after solemnly blessing his daughter, he turned back ; once, indeed, to repeat some trifling direction, but the second time he lingered, abstracted and thoughtful, as if internally taking a last farewell of his house and child. I had before earnestly entreated to be allowed to accompany him, and now renewed my request ; but the proposal seemed only to offend him, as an imputation on the courage of an old soldier, and he deigned no other reply than by immediately setting spurs to his horse. I then turned to Isabelle ; she was deadly pale, and with clasped hands and streaming eyes was leaning against the pillars of the porch for support. Neither of us spoke ; but we kept our eyes earnestly fixed on the lessening figure, that with a slackened pace was now ascending the opposite hill. The road was winding, and sometimes hid and sometimes gave him back to our gaze, till at last he attained a point near the summit, where we knew a sudden turn of the road would soon cover him entirely from our sight. My cousin, I saw, was overwhelmed with fear and self-reproach, and pointing to the figure, now no bigger than a raven, I said I would still overtake him, and if she pleased, induce him to return ; but she would not listen to the suggestion. Her avowal, she said, should never come to her father from any lips but her own ; but she still hoped, she added with a faint smile, that he would return safely from Madrid ; and then, if the lawsuit should be won, he would be in such a mood, that she should not be afraid to unlock her heart to him. This answer satisfied me. The Condé was now passing behind the extreme point of the road, and it was destined to be the last glimpse we should ever have of him. The old man never returned.

As soon as a considerable time had elapsed more than was necessary to inform us of his arrival in the capital, we began to grow very anxious, and a letter was despatched to his advocate with the necessary inquiries. The answer brought affliction and dismay. The Condé had never made his appearance, and the greatest anxiety prevailed amongst the lawyers engaged on his behalf, for the success of their cause. Isabelle was in despair : all her tears and self-reproaches were renewed with increased bitterness, and the tenderest arguments of Antonio and myself were insufficient to subdue her alarm, or console her for what was now aggravated in her eyes to a most heinous breach of filial piety and affection. She was naturally of a religious turn, and the reproofs of her confessor not only tended to increase her

despondency, but induced her to impose upon herself a voluntary and rash act of penance, that caused us the greatest affliction. It had been concerted between Antonio and myself, that we should immediately proceed by different routes in search of my uncle; and at daybreak, after the receipt of the advocate's letter, we were mounted and armed, and ready to set forth upon our anxious expedition. It only remained for us to take leave of my cousin; and as we were conscious that some considerable degree of peril was attached to our pursuit, it was on mine, and must have been to Antonio's feeling, a parting of anxious interest and importance. But the farewell was forbidden—the confessor himself informed us of a resolution which he strenuously commended, but which to us, for this once, seemed to rob his words of either reverence or authority. Isabelle, to mark her penitence for her imaginary sin, had abjured the company and even the sight of her lover until her father's return, and she should have reposed in his bosom that filial confidence, which, she conceived, had been so sinfully omitted. This rash determination was confirmed by a sacred vow; and in a momentary fit of disappointment and disapprobation, which with pain I now confess, I refused to avail myself of the exception that was allowed in my favour, to receive her farewell. Antonio was loud in his murmurings; but the case admitted of no alternative, and we set forward with sad and heavy hearts, which were not at all lightened as we approached the appointed spot, where we were to diverge from each other. I was accompanied by my man-servant Juan; but Antonio had resolutely persisted in his intention of travelling alone: the general rapidity and adventurous course of his proceedings, indeed, would have made a companion an incumbrance; and he insisted that the impenetrability and consequent success of his plans, had been always most insured by his being single in their execution. There was some reason in this argument. Antonio's spirits seemed to rally as he advanced to the threshold of the dangers and difficulties he was going probably to encounter; and after ardently wringing my hand, and half jestingly reminding me of the co-dependence of our lives, he dashed the spurs into his horse, and speedily galloped out of sight.

The road assigned to myself was the least arduous, but the one I thought it most likely my uncle would have taken on account of the neighbourhood of some family connexions, whither his business would most probably carry him; but only at the first of these mansions could I obtain any intelligence of his arrival. He had called there to obtain some necessary signatures, and had proceeded without any expressed intention of the route in which he was next to travel. It was conjectured, however, that he would proceed to the Chateau of * * * * another branch of the family, and to that point I directed my course. But here all clue was lost; and no alternative was left me, but to return to the line of the high road to Madrid. I must here pass over a part of my progress, which would consist only of tedious repetitions. Traces, imagined to be discovered, but ending in constant disappointment—hopes and fears—exertion and fatigue, make up all the history of the second day, till finally a mistaken and unknown road brought us in time to take refuge from a tempestuous night at a lonely inn on the mountains. I have called it an inn, but the portion thus occupied

was only a fraction of an old deserted mansion, one wing of which had been rudely repaired and made habitable, whilst the greater part was left untenanted to its slow and picturesque decay. The contrast was striking: whilst in the windows of one end, the lights moving to and fro, the passing and repassing of shadows, and various intermitting noises and voices, denoted the occupancy; in the centre and the other extreme of the pile, silence and darkness held their desolate and absolute reign. I thought I recognised in this building the description of an ancient residence of my uncle's ancestry, but long since alienated and surrendered to the wardenship of time. It frowned, methought, with the gloomy pride and defiance which had been recorded as the hereditary characteristics of its founders; and, but for the timely shelter it afforded, I should perhaps have bitterly denounced the appropriation of the innkeeper, which interfered so injuriously with these hallowed associations. At present, when the sky lowered, and large falling raindrops heralded a tempest, I turned without reluctance from the old quaintly-wrought portal, to the more humble porch, which held out its invitation of comfort and hospitality.

My knocking brought the host himself to the door, and he speedily introduced me to an inner room, for the smallness of which he apologised, adding, that I should find, however, that it was the better for being somewhat distant from the noisy carousal of his other guests. This man was a striking example of the strange marriage of inconsistencies with which Nature seems sometimes to amuse herself. My arms were instinctively surrendered to the offer of his care, and, till I looked again on his face, I did not think they had been so imprudently given up. His countenance—enveloped, almost hidden, in black shaggy hair—had in it a savage, animal expression, that excited at once my fear and disgust. It was wolf-like; and as I have heard of brutes, that they are unable to endure the steady gaze of man, so his eyes were continually shifting; ever restless, yet ever watchful, though only by short and sidelong glances. They seemed to penetrate and surprise, by startling and hasty snatches the designs and emotions you might have kept veiled from a more steadfast and determined inquisition. I am certain, I would rather have met the most fixed and unremitting gaze than his. His frame was appropriately large, yet proportioned and muscular; it seemed adapted at once for strength and activity,—to spring, to wind, to crouch, or, at need, to stiffen itself into an attitude of staunch and inflexible resistance. How came such a figure to be the habitation of such a voice? This was low, mellow, full of soft and musical inflexions, which insinuated his courtesies with a charm it was impossible to repel. If the utterance be tuned by the heart, as some have affirmed, and the characteristics of passion denote themselves in the lines of the countenance, what an irreconcilable contradiction was involved in this man! His face was infernal, demoniac—his utterance divine!

I know not if he observed the eager scrutiny with which I dwelt on these peculiarities; he hastily left me just as I had commenced those inquiries concerning my uncle, which my curiosity had in the first instance delayed. Perhaps he could not, or would not, reply to my questions; but they seemed to precipitate his retreat. Was it pos-

sible that he possessed any secret knowledge of the fate of the Condé? His absence had been succeeded by a momentary silence amongst the revellers without, as if he were relating to them the particulars of my inquiries. A slight glance at that boisterous company during my hasty passage through their banquet-room, had given me no very favourable opinion of their habits or character; and it was possible that the warlike defences and fastenings which I observed everywhere about me, might be as much intended for the home security of a banditti, as for a precaution against their probable vicinity. It was now too late for me to retrace my steps. Flight was impracticable, the same precautions which were used against any hostile entrance, were equally opposed to my egress; unless, indeed, I had recourse to the way by which I had entered, and which led through the common room immediately occupied by the objects of my suspicion: this would have been to draw upon myself the very consequence I dreaded. My safety for the present seemed to be most assured by a careful suppression of all tokens of distrust, till these suspicions should be more explicitly confirmed; and I should not readily forgive myself if, after incurring all the dangers of darkness and tempest and an unknown country, it should prove that my apprehensions had been acted upon without any just foundation.

These thoughts, however, were soon diverted by a new object. The innkeeper's daughter entered with refreshments,—bread merely, with a few olives; and I could not restrain Juan from addressing to her some familiarities, which were so strangely and incoherently answered, as quickly to bespeak my whole attention. It was then impossible to look away from her. From her features she had evidently been very handsome, with a good figure; but now she stooped in her shoulders, and had that peculiar crouching and humbled demeanour, which I have often observed in the insane. Indeed, she had altogether the manner and appearance of one under the influence of melancholy derangement. She looked, moved, spoke, like a being but half recovered from death and the grave; as if the body, indeed, was released from its cerements, but the mind had not yet escaped from its mortal thraldom. I never saw an eye so dark and so dull in woman!—it had not the least lustre or intelligence, but seemed glazed, and moved with a heaviness and languor just short of death! Her cheeks were as pale as marble, but of a cold, unhealthy ashen white; and my heart ached to think that they had been bleached, most probably, by bitter and continual tears. On her neck she wore a small black crucifix, which she sometimes kissed, as if mechanically, and with a very faint semblance of devotion; and her hands were adorned with several most costly and beautiful rings; far foreign, indeed, to her station; but borne, it seemed, without any feeling of personal vanity, or even of consciousness. The world seemed to contain for her no stirring interest; her mind had stagnated like a dark pool, or had rather frozen, till it took no impression from any external object. Where she acted, it was only from the influence of habit; and when the task was done, she relapsed again into the same cold and calm indifference. Judge, then, of my astonishment,—I might say, terror, when this mysterious being, so insensible, so apparently abstracted from all

earthly contemplations, began to rivet her black eyes upon mine, and to lose her accustomed apathy in an expression of some wild and inconceivable interest! What was there in me to arouse her from that mental trance in which she had been absorbed? I wished, with the most intense anxiety, to gain some information from her looks; and, yet at the same time, I could not confront her gaze even for an instant. Her father, who had entered, surprised at so extraordinary an emotion, hastened abruptly out; and the immediate entrance of the mother, evidently upon some feigned pretext of business, only tended to increase my inquietude.

How had I become an object of interest to these people, whom till that hour I had never seen; and with whose affairs, by any possibility, I could not have the most remote connexion, unless by their implication in the fate of my uncle? This conjecture filled me with an alarm and agitation I could ill have concealed, if my remorseless observer had not been too much absorbed in her own undivined emotions, to take any notice of mine. A sensation of shame flushed over me, at being thus quelled and daunted by the mere gaze of a woman; but then it was such a look and from such a being as I can never behold again! It seemed to realise all that I had read of Circean enchantment, or of the snake-like gaze, neither to be endured nor shunned; and under this dismal spell I remained till the timely entrance of Juan. The charm, whatever it might be, was then broken; with a long shuddering sigh she turned away her eyes from me, and then left the room. What a load, at that moment, seemed removed from my heart! Her presence had oppressed me, like that of one of the mortal Fates; but now, at her going, my ebbing breath returned again, and the blood thrilled joyfully through my veins.

Juan crossed himself in amaze! he had noticed me shrinking and shuddering beneath her glance, and doubtless framed the most horrible notions of an influence which could work upon me so potently. He, too, had met with his own terrors, in a whispering dialogue he had partially overheard during his employment in the stable, and which served to unravel the fearful mystery that hung like a cloud over all the seeming and doings of that bewildered creature. She had loved; and it was but too plain, from the allusions of the dialogue, that the object of her affection had been a robber! He had suffered for his crimes a cruel and lingering death, of which she had been a constrained spectator, and she had maddened over the remembrance of his agonies.

It required but little conjecture to fill up the blanks of the narrative; her manners, her apathy, the possession of those costly ornaments, were easily accounted for; and it only remained to find a solution for the wild and intense interest with which she had regarded me. This would have a natural explanation by supposing in myself some accidental resemblance to the features of her lover; and the after-course of events proved that this conjecture was well founded. There were sufficient grounds in these particulars for inquietude and alarm. From the nature of her attachment, the avocations and connexions of the family must be of a very dubious character. What if my host himself should be secretly associated with some neighbouring horde

of banditti, and under his ostensible occupation of innkeeper, abetted their savage and bloodthirsty designs upon the unwary traveller! Might not his very house be their lurking-place or rendezvous? nay, might it not be provided with cellars and traps, and secret vaults, and all those atrocious contrivances which we have heard of as expressly prepared for the perpetration of outrage and murder? There was a marked wariness and reserve about the master, a mixture of fox-like caution, with the ferocity of the wolf, that confirmed, rather than allayed such suspicions; and why had my arms been so officiously conveyed away, under a pretence of care and attention, but in reality to deprive me of even the chances of defence? All these considerations shaped themselves so reasonably, and agreed together so naturally, as to induce conviction; and looking upon myself as a victim already marked for destruction, it only remained for me to exercise all my sagacity and mental energy, to extricate myself from the toils. Flight I had resolved was impracticable,—and if I should demand my arms, the result of such an application was obviously certain; I dared not even hint a suspicion: but why do I speak of suspicions? they were immediately to be ripened into an appalling certainty.

I had not communicated my thoughts to Juan, knowing too well his impetuous and indiscreet character; but in the meantime his own fears had been busy with him, and his depression was aggravated by the circumstance that he had not been able to procure any wine from the innkeeper, who swore that he had not so much as a flask left in his house. It would have been difficult to believe that one of his profession should be so indifferently provided; but this assertion, made in the face of all the flasks and flagons of his revellers, convinced me that he felt his own mastery over us, and was resolved to let us cost him as little as possible.

Juan was in despair; his courage was always proportioned to the wine he had taken, and feeling at this moment an urgent necessity for its assistance, he resolved to supply himself by a stolen visit to the cellar. He had shrewdly taken note of its situation during a temporary assistance rendered to the innkeeper, and made sure that by watching his opportunity he could reach it unperceived. It seemed to require no small degree of courage to venture in the dark upon such a course; but the excitement was stronger than fear could overbalance; and plucking off his boots, to prevent any noise, he set forth on his expedition. No sooner was he gone, than I began to perceive the danger to which such an imprudent step might subject us, but it was too late to be recalled, and I was obliged to wait in no very enviable anxiety for his return.

The interval was tediously long, or seemed so, before he made his appearance. He bore a small can; and, from his looks, had met with no serious obstacle; but whether the theft had been observed, or it happened simply by chance, the innkeeper entered close upon his heels. There is sometimes an instinctive presence of mind inspired by the aspect of danger; and guided by this impulse, in an instant I extinguished the light as if by accident. For a time, at least, we were sheltered from discovery. The innkeeper turned back—it was a critical

moment for us—but even in that moment the unruly spirit of drink prompted my unlucky servant to take a draught of his stolen beverage, and immediately afterwards I heard him spitting it forth again, in evident disgust with its flavour. In a few moments the innkeeper returned with a lamp, and as soon as he was gone the liquor was eagerly inspected, and to our unspeakable horror, it had every appearance of blood! It was impossible to suppress the effect of the natural disgust which affected Juan at this loathsome discovery—he groaned aloud, he vomited violently, the innkeeper again came in upon us, and though I attributed the illness of my servant to an internal rupture which occasioned him at times to spit up blood, it was evident that he gave no credit to the explanation. He seemed to comprehend the whole scene at a glance. In fact, the vessel with its horrid contents stood there to confront me, and I gave up my vain attempt in silent and absolute despair.

If we were not before devoted to death, this deadly circumstance had decided our fate. His own safety, indeed, would enforce upon the innkeeper the necessity of our being sacrificed. The fellow, meanwhile, departed without uttering a syllable: but I saw in his look that his determination was sealed, and that my own must be as promptly resolved. I had before thought of one measure as a last desperate resource. This was to avail myself of the favourable interest I had excited in the daughter—to appeal to her pity—to awaken her, if possible, to a sympathy with my danger, and invoke her interference to assist my escape. Yet how could I obtain even an interview for my purpose? Strange that I should now wish so ardently for that very being whose presence had so lately seemed to me a curse. Now I listened for her voice, her step, with an impatience never equalled, perhaps, but by him for whom she had crazed. My whole hope rested on that resemblance which might attract her again to gaze on a shadow, as it were, of his image, and I was not deceived. She came again, and quietly seating herself before me, began to watch me with the same earnestness.

Poor wretch! now that I knew her history, I regarded her with nothing but tenderness and pity. Her love might have burned as bright and pure as ever was kindled in a maiden's bosom; and was she necessarily aware of the unhallowed profession of its object? He might have been brave, generous—in love, at least, honoured and honourable, and compared with the wretches with whom her home associated her, even as an angel of light. Would his fate else have crushed her with that eternal sorrow? Such were my reflections on the melancholy of the woman before me; and if my pity could obtain its recompense in hers, I was saved!

Hope catches at straws. I saw, or fancied in her looks, an affectionate expression of sympathy and anxiety, that I eagerly interpreted in my own behalf; but the result belied this anticipation. It was evident that my most impassioned words produced no corresponding impression on her mind. My voice even seemed to dispel the illusion that was raised by my features, and rising up, she was going to withdraw, but that I detained her by seizing her hand.

"No, no!" she said, and made a slight effort to free herself; "you are not Andreas."

"No, my poor maiden," I said, "I am not Andreas; but am I not his image? Do I not remind you of his look, of his features?"

"Yes, yes," she replied quickly, "you *are* like my Andreas—you are like him here," and she stroked back the hair from my forehead; "but *his* hair was darker than this," and the mournful remembrance for the first time filled her dull eyes with tears.

This was an auspicious omen. Whilst I saw only her hot glazed eyes, as if the fever within had parched up every tear, I despaired of exciting her sympathy with an external interest; but now that her grief and her malady even seemed to relent in this effusion, it was a favourable moment for renewing my appeal. I addressed her in the most touching voice I could assume.

"You loved Andreas, and you say I resemble him; for his sake, will you not save me from perishing?"

Her only answer was an unconscious and wondering look.

"I know too well," I continued, "that I am to perish, and you know it likewise. Am I not to be murdered this very night?"

She made no reply; but it seemed as if she had comprehended my words. Could it be that, with that strange cunning not uncommon to insanity, she thus dissembled, in order to cover her own knowledge of the murderous designs of her father? I resolved, at least, to proceed on this supposition, and repeated my words in a tone of certainty. This decision had its effect; or else, her reason had before been incompetent to my question.

"Yes! yes! yes!" she said, in a low hurried tone, and with a suspicious glance at the door, "it is so; he will come to you about midnight. You are the son of the old man we strangled."

Conceive how I started at these words! They literally stung my ears. It was not merely that my worst fears were verified as regarded the fate of my uncle; for, doubtless, he was the victim—or, that I was looked upon and devoted to a bloody death as his avenger; for these announcements I was already prepared; but there was yet another and a deeper cause of horror:—"The old man that *we* strangled!" Had that wild maniac then lent her own hands to the horrid deed? had she, perhaps, helped to bind—to pluck down and hold the struggling victim—to stifle his feeble cries—nay, joined her strength even to tighten the fatal cord; or was it that she only implicated herself in the act, by the use of an equivocal expression? It might merely signify, that it was the act of some of those of the house, with whom, by habit, she included herself as a part. At the same time, I could not but remember, that even the female heart has been known to become so hardened by desperation and habitudes of crime, as to be capable of the most ferocious and remorseless cruelties. She had, too, those same black eyes and locks, which I have always been accustomed to think of in connection with Jael and Judith, and all those stern-hearted women, who dipped their unfaltering hands in blood. Her brain was dizzy, her bosom was chilled, her sympathies were dead and torpid, and she might gaze on murder and all its horrors with her wonted apathy and indifference. To what a being then was I going to commit my safety! To one who from the cradle had been nursed amidst scenes of bloodshed and violence; whose associates had ever

been the fierce and the lawless; whose lover even had been a leader of banditti; and by his influence and example, might make even murder and cruelty lose some portion of their natural blackness and horror.

It might happen, that in these thoughts I wronged that unhappy creature; but my dismal situation predisposed me to regard everything in the most unfavourable light. I had cause for apprehension in every sound that was raised—in every foot that stirred—in whatever face I met—that belonged to that horrible place. Still, my present experiment was the last, short of mere force, which I could hope would avail me; and I resumed the attempt. It seemed prudent, in order to quiet the suspicion I had excited, that I should first disclaim all connection or interest in the unfortunate victim; and I thought it not criminal, in such an extremity, to have recourse to a falsehood.

"What you say," I replied to her, "of an old man being murdered, is to me a mystery. If such an occurrence has happened, it is no doubt lamentable to some one; but as for my father, I trust, that for these many years he has been with the blessed in the presence of God. For myself, I am a traveller, and the purposes of my journey are purely mercantile. My birthplace is England—but, alas! I shall never see it again! You tell me I am to die to-night—that I am to perish by violence—and have you the heart to resign me to such a horrible fate? You have power or interest to save me; let me not perish by I know not what cruelties. I have a home far away—let it not be made desolate. Let me return to my wife, and to my young children, and they shall daily bless thee at the foot of our altars!"

I believe the necessity of the occasion inspired me with a suitable eloquence of voice and manner; for these words, untrue as they were, made a visible impression on the wild being to whom they were addressed. As I spoke of violence and cruelty she shuddered, as if moved by her own terrible associations with those words; but when I came to the mention of my wife and children, it evidently awakened her compassion; and all at once, her womanly nature burst through the sullen clouds that had held it in eclipse.

"Oh, no—no—no!" she replied, hurriedly; "you must not die—your babes will weep else, and your wife will craze. Andreas would have said thus too, but he met with no pity for all the eyes that wept for him."

She clasped her forehead for a moment with her hands, and continued:—"But I must find a way to save you. I thought, when *he* died, I could never pity any one again; but he will be glad in heaven that I have spared one for his sake."

A momentary pang shot through me at these touching words, when I remembered how much I had wronged her by my injurious suspicions: but the consideration of my personal safety quickly engrossed my thoughts, and I demanded eagerly to know by what means she proposed to effect my escape. She soon satisfied me that it would be a trial of my utmost fortitude. There was a secret door in the panelling of my allotted bedchamber, which communicated with her own, and by this, an hour before midnight, she would guide me and provide for my egress from the house: but she could neither promise to procure me my horse, nor to provide for the safety of the

unlucky Juan, who was destined to be lodged in a loft far distant from my apartment. It may be imagined that I listened with a very unwilling ear to this arrangement; by which, alone, unarmed, I was to await the uncertain coming of my preserver. What if by any accident it should be preceded by that of the assassin?—but it was idle to indulge in these doubts. There was but one chance of escape open to me; and it was for me to embrace it upon whatever terms it was offered. Accordingly, I promised to conform implicitly to the maiden's instructions, to offer no opposition to any arrangements which should be made, to stifle carefully the slightest indications of mistrust, to seal up my lips for ever in silence on these events, and above all, to avoid any expression or movement which might give umbrage to her father; with these cautions, and kissing her crucifix in token of her sincerity, she left me.

I was alone; Juan, on some occasion, had withdrawn, and I was left to the companionship of reflections which in such a feverish interval could not be anything but disgusting. At one time, I calculated the many chances there were against the continuance of this rational interval in the mind of a maniac: then I doubted her power of saving me, and whether the means she had proposed as existing in reality might not be her own delusion, as well as mine. I even debated with myself, whether it was not an act of moral turpitude that I should accept of deliverance without stipulating for the safety of my poor servant.

These thoughts utterly unnerved me. The ticking of the clock grew into a sensation of real and exquisite pain, as indicating the continual advances of time towards a certain crisis, with its yet uncertain catastrophe. The hour-hand was already within a few digits of ten, and kept travelling onward with my thoughts to a point that might verge with me on eternity. The lamp was every moment consuming its little remainder of oil, to supply me, it might be, with my last of light. My days were perhaps numbered; and the blood taking its last course through my veins!

One of these subjects of my anxiety I might have spared myself. The innkeeper abruptly entered, and with a look and tone of seeming dissatisfaction, informed me that Juan had decamped, taking with him my arms, and whatever of my portable property he had been able to lay his hands upon. So far, then, if the tale was true, he was safe: but it seemed wonderful by what means he could have eluded a vigilance which, doubtless, included him in its keeping; and still more, that at such a moment he should have chosen to rob me. A minute ago I would have staked my fortune on his honesty, and my life on his fidelity. The story was too improbable: but on the other hand, it was but too likely that he had either been actually despatched, or else in some way removed from me, that I might not claim his company or assistance in my chamber.

There was only one person who was likely to solve these doubts, and she was absent; and I began to consider that in order to give time and scope for her promised assistance, it was necessary that I should retire. To ask in a few words to be shown to my room seemed an easy task: but when I glanced on the dark scowling features of my chamberlain,

harshly and vividly marked by the strong light and shade, as he bent over the lamp, even those few words were beyond my utterance. To meet such a visage, in the dead of night, thrusting apart one's curtains, would be a sufficient warning for death! The ruffian seemed to understand and anticipate my unexpressed desire, and taking up the lamp, proposed to conduct me to my chamber. I nodded assent, and he began to lead the way in the same deep silence. A mutual and conscious antipathy seemed to keep us from speaking.

Our way led through several dark, narrow passages, and through one or two small rooms, which I lost no time in reconnoitring. The accumulated cobwebs which hung from all the angles of the ceilings, the old dingy furniture, and the visible neglect of cleanliness, gave them an aspect of dreariness that chilled me to the very soul. As I passed through them, I fancied that on the dusty floors I could trace the stains of blood; the walls seemed spotted and splashed with the same hue; the rude hands of my host-guide even seemed tinged with it. As though I had gazed on the sun, a crimson blot hovered before me wherever I looked, and imbued all objects with this horrible colour. Every moving shadow, projected by the lamp on the walls, seemed to be the passing spectre of some one who had here been murdered, sometimes confronting me at a door, sometimes looking down upon me from the ceiling, or echoing me, step by step, up the old, crazy stairs; still following me indeed, whithersoever I went, as if conscious of our approaching fellowship!

At last I was informed that I stood in my allotted chamber. I instantly and mechanically cast my eyes towards the window, and a moment's glance sufficed to show me that it was strongly grated. This movement did not escape the vigilant eye of my companion.

"Well, Senor," he said, "what dost think? have I not bravely barricaded my chateau?"

I could make no answer. There was a look and tone of triumph and malicious irony, accompanying the question, that would not have suffered me to speak calmly. The ruffian had secured his victim, and looked upon me, no doubt, as a spider does upon its prey, which it has immeshed, and leaves to be destroyed at its leisure. Fortunately, I recollected his daughter's caution, and subdued my emotion in his presence; but my heart sank within me at his exit, as I heard the door locked behind him, and felt myself his prisoner. All the horrible narratives I had read, or heard related of midnight assassinations, of travellers murdered in such very abodes as this, thronged into my memory with a vivid and hideous fidelity to their wild and horrible details. A fearful curiosity led me towards the bed; a presentiment that it would afford me some unequivocal confirmation of these fears; and I turned over the pillow, with a shuddering conviction that on the under side I should be startled with stains of blood. It was, however, fair, snow-white indeed; and the sheets and coverlet were of the same innocent colour.

I then recollected the secret panel. It was natural that I should be eager to verify its existence, but with the strictest inspection I could make, I was unable to discover any trace of it. Panels indeed opened upon me from every side; but it was only to usher forth hideous phan-

toms of armed ruffians, with brandished daggers, that vanished again on a moment's scrutiny: and as these panels were only creations of my imagination, so that one for which I sought had no existence, I doubted not, but in the bewildered brain of a maniac.

Thus, then, my last avenue to escape was utterly annihilated, and I had no hope left but in such a despairing resistance as I might make by help of the mere bones and sinews with which God had provided me. The whole furniture of the chamber would not afford me an effective weapon, and a thousand times I cursed myself that I had not sooner adopted this desperate resolution, while such rude arms as a fireplace could supply me with were within my reach. There was now nothing left for me but to die; and Antonio would have another victim to avenge. Alas! would he ever know how or where I had perished; or that I had even passed the boundaries of death? I should fall unheard, unseen, unwept, and my unsoothed spirit would walk unavenged, with those shadows I had fancied wandering. The reflection maddened me. My brain whirled dizzily round; my brow seemed parched by the fever of my thoughts, and hastening to the window, I threw open a little wicket for air: a grateful gush of wind immediately entered; but the lamp with which I had been making my fruitless search, was still in my hand, and that gust extinguished it.

Darkness was now added to all my other evils. There was no moon, nor a single star; the night was intensely obscure, and groping my way back to the bed, I cast myself upon it in an agony of despair. I cannot describe the dreadful storm of passions that shook me: fear, anguish, horror, self-reproach, made up the terrible chaos; and then came rage, and I vowed, if ever I survived, to visit my tormentors with a bloody and fierce retribution. I have said that the room was utterly dark, but imagination peopled it with terrific images; and kept my eyes straining upon the gloom, with an attention painfully intense. Shadows, blacker even than the night, seemed to pass and repass before me; the curtains were grasped and withdrawn; visionary arms, furnished with glancing steel, were uplifted and descended again into obscurity. Every sense was assailed; the silence was interrupted by audible breathings—slow, cautious footsteps stirred across the floor—imagined hands travelled stealthily over the bedclothes, as if in feeling for my face. Then I heard distant shrieks, and recognised the voice of Juan in piteous and gradually stifled intercession; sometimes the bed seemed descending under me, as if into some yawning vault or cellar, and at others, faint fumes of sulphur would seem to issue from the floor, as if designed to suffocate me, without affording me even the poor chance of resistance.

At length a sound came, which my ear readily distinguished, by its distinctness, from the mere suggestions of fear: it was the cautious unlocking and opening of the door. My eyes turning instantly in that direction were eagerly distended, but there was not a glimmer of light even accompanied the entrance of my unknown visitor: but it was a man's foot. A boiling noise rushed through my ears, and my tongue and throat were parched with a sudden and stifling thirst. The power of utterance and of motion seemed at once to desert me; my heart

panted as though it were grown too large for my body, and the weight of twenty mountains lay piled upon my breast. To lie still, however, was to be lost. By a violent exertion of the will, I flung myself out of the bed, furthest from the door; and scarcely had I set foot upon the ground, when I heard something strike against the opposite side. Immediately afterwards a heavy blow was given—a second—a third; the stabs themselves, as well as the sound, seemed to fall upon my very heart. A cold sweat rushed out upon my forehead. I felt sick, my limbs bowed, and I could barely keep myself from falling. It was certain that my absence would be promptly discovered: that a search would instantly commence, and my only chance was, by listening intensely for his footsteps, to discern the course and elude the approaches of my foe.

I could hear him grasp the pillows, and the rustling of the bedclothes as he turned them over in his search. For a minute all was then deeply, painfully silent. I could fancy him stealing towards me, and almost supposed the warmth of his breath against my face. I expected every instant to feel myself seized, I knew not where, in his grasp, and my flesh was ready to shrink all over from his touch. Such an interval had now elapsed as I judged would suffice for him to traverse the bed; and in fact the next moment his foot struck against the wainscot close beside me, followed by a long hasty sweep of his arm along the wall—it seemed to pass over my head. Then all was still again, as if he paused to listen; meanwhile I strode away, silently as death, in the direction of the opposite side of the chamber. Then I paused: but I had suppressed my breath so long, that involuntarily it escaped from me in a long deep sigh, and I was forced again to change my station. There was not a particle of light; but in shifting cautiously round, I espied a bright spot or crevice in the wall: upon this spot I resolved to keep my eyes steadily fixed, judging that by this means I should be warned of the approach of any opaque body, by its intercepting the light. On a sudden, it was obscured; but I have reason to believe it was by some unconscious movement of my own, for just as I retired backwards from the approach, as I conceived, of my enemy, I was suddenly seized from behind. The crisis was come, and all my fears were consummated: I was in the arms of the assassin!

A fierce and desperate struggle instantly commenced, which, from its nature, could be but of short duration. I was defenceless, but my adversary was armed; and, wherever he might aim his dagger, I was disabled, by the utter darkness, from warding off the blow. The salvation of my life depended only on the strength and presence of mind I might bring to the conflict. A momentary relaxation of his hold indicated that my foe was about to make use of his weapon; and my immediate impulse was to grasp him so closely round the body, as to deprive him of the advantage. My antagonist was fearfully powerful, and struggled violently to free himself from my arms; but an acquaintance with wrestling and athletic sports, acquired in my youth, and still more the strong love of life, enabled me to grapple with him and maintain my hold. I was safe, indeed, only so long as I could restrain him from the use of his steel. Our arms were firmly locked

in each other, our chests closely pressed together, and it seemed that strength at least was fairly matched with strength.

From a dogged shame, perhaps, or whatever cause, the ruffian did not deign to summon any other to his aid, but endeavoured, singly and silently, to accomplish his bloody task. Not a word, in fact, was uttered on either part—not a breathing space even was allowed by our brief and desperate struggle. Many violent efforts were made by the wretch to disengage himself, in the course of which we were often forced against the wall, or hung balanced on straining sinews, ready to fall headlong on the floor. At last, by one of these furious exertions, we were dashed against the wall, and the panelling giving way to our weight, we were precipitated with a fearful crash, but still clinging to each other, down a considerable descent. On touching the ground, however, the violence of the shock separated us. The ruffian, fortunately, had fallen undermost, which stunned him, and gave me time to spring upon my feet.

A moment's glance round told me that we had fallen through the secret panel, spoken of by the maniac, into her own chamber; but my eyes were too soon riveted by one object, to take any further note of the place. It was her—that wild, strange being herself, just risen from her chair at this thundering intrusion, drowsy and bewildered, as if from a calm and profound sleep. She that was to watch, to snatch me from the dagger itself, had forgotten and slept over the appointment that involved my very existence!

But this was no time for wonder or reproach. My late assailant was lying prostrate before me, and his masterless weapon was readily to be seized and appropriated to my own defence. I might have killed him, but a moment's reflection showed me that his single death, whilst it might exasperate his fellows, could tend but little to my safety. This was yet but a present and temporary security; a respite, not a reprieve, from the fate that impended over me. It was important, therefore, to learn, if possible, from that bewildered creature, the means which should have led to my escape from the house; and if she was still willing and competent to become my guide. The first step had been accidentally accomplished; but here it seemed that my progress was to find its termination. All the past, except that horrible and distant part of it over which she brooded, had utterly lapsed again from her memory, like words traced upon water. The examination only lasted for a moment, but sufficed to convince me of this unwelcome result. What then, indeed, could have been expected from the uncertain and intermitting intelligences of a maniac? I wondered how I could have built up a single hope on so slippery a foundation.

It was now too late to arraign my folly or bewail its consequences; a few minutes would recall the robber to consciousness, and those were all that would allow me to seek, or avail myself of any passage for retreat. Although no other entrance was immediately apparent, it was obvious that this chamber must have some other one than the panel by which I had so unexpectedly arrived; and this conclusion proved to be correct.

There was a trap-door, in one corner, for communication with beneath. To espy it—to grasp the ring—to raise it up—were the

transactions of an instant; but no sooner was it thrown open, than my ears were assailed by a sudden uproar of sounds from below. The noise seemed at first to be the mere Bacchanalian riot of a drunken banditti; but a continued attention made me interpret differently of the tumult, which now seemed to partake less of the mirth of carousal, than of the violence and voices of some serious affray. The distance of the sounds, which came from the further part of the house, precluded an accurate judgment of their nature. Had the banditti quarrelled amongst themselves, and proceeded to blows? The disorder and distraction incident to such a tumult could not but be highly favourable to my purpose; and I was just on the point of stepping through the aperture, when the ruffian behind me, as if aroused by the uproar, sprang up on his feet, rushed past me with a speed that seemed to be urged by alarm, and bounded through the trap-door. The room beneath was in darkness, so that I was unable to distinguish his course, which his intimate knowledge of the place, nevertheless, enabled him to pursue with ease and certainty.

As soon as his footsteps were unheard, I followed, with less speed and celerity. I might, indeed, have possessed myself of the lamp which stood upon the table, but a light would infallibly have betrayed me, and I continued to grope my way in darkness and ignorance to the lower chamber. An influx of sound, to the left, denoted an open door, and directing my course to that quarter, I found that it led into a narrow passage. As yet I had seen no light; but now a cool gush of air seemed to promise that a few steps onward I should meet with a window. It proved to be only a loop-hole. The noise as I advanced had meanwhile become more and more violent, and was now even accompanied by irregular discharges of pistols. My vicinity to the scene of contest made me hesitate. I could even distinguish voices, and partially understood the blasphemies and imprecations that were most loudly uttered. I had before attributed this tumult to a brawling contention amongst the inmates themselves, but now the indications seemed to be those of a more serious strife. The discharges of fire-arms were almost incessant, and the shouts and cries were like the cheers of onset and battle, of fury and anguish. The banditti had doubtless been tracked and assaulted in their den; and it became necessary to consider what course in such a case it was the most prudent for me to adopt. Should I seek for some place of concealment, and there await the issue of a contest, which would most probably terminate in favour of justice?—or ought I not rather to hasten and lend all my energies to the cause? I still held in my hand the dagger, of which I had possessed myself; but could it be hoped that thus imperfectly armed, if armed it might be called, my feeble aid could essentially contribute to such a victory?

The decision was as suddenly as unexpectedly resolved. A familiar voice, which I could not mistake, though loud and raving far above its natural pitch, amidst a clamour of fifty others—struck on my ear; and no other call was necessary to precipitate my steps towards the scene of action. I had yet to traverse some passages, which the increase of light enabled me to do more readily. The smoke, the din, the flashing reflections along the walls, now told me that I was close upon

the strife ; and in a few moments, on turning an abrupt angle, I had it in all its confusion before me.

The first and nearest object that struck me was the figure of the innkeeper himself, apparently in the act of reloading his piece. His back was towards me, but I could not mistake his tall and muscular frame. On hearing a step behind him, he turned hastily round, discharged a pistol at my head, and then disappeared in the thickest of the tumult. The ball, however, only whizzed past my ear, but not harmless, for immediately afterwards I felt some one reel against me from behind, clasp me for an instant by the shoulders, and then roll downwards to the floor. The noise, and the exciting interest which hurried me hither had hindered me from perceiving that I was followed, and I turned eagerly round to ascertain who had become the victim of the mis-directed shot. It was the ruffian's own daughter, the unhappy maniac herself, whose shattered brain had thus received from his hand the last pang it was destined to endure ; a single groan was all that the poor wretch had uttered. I felt an inexpressible shock at this horrid catastrophe. I was stained with her blood, particles of her brain even adhered to my clothes ; and I was glad to escape from the horror excited by the harrowing spectacle, by plunging into the chaos before me. Further than of a few moments, during which, however, I had exchanged and parried a number of blows and thrusts, I have no recollection. A spent ball on the rebound struck me directly on the forehead, and laid me insensible, under foot, amidst the dying and the dead.

When I recovered, I found myself lying on a bed—the same, by a strange coincidence, that I had already occupied ; but the faces around me, though warlike, were friendly. My first eager inquiries, as soon as I could speak, were for my friend Antonio, for it was indeed his voice that I had recognised amidst the conflict, but I could obtain no direct answer. Sad and silent looks, sighs and tears, only, made up the terrible response. He was then slain ! Nothing but death indeed would have kept him at such a moment from my pillow. It availed nothing to me that the victory had been won, that their wretched adversaries were all prisoners or destroyed ; at such a price, a thousand of such victories would have been dearly purchased. If I could have felt any consolation in his death, it would have been to learn that his arm had first amply avenged in blood the murder of the Condé—that the innkeeper had been cleft by him to the heart—that numbers of the robbers had perished by his heroic hand : but I only replied to the tidings with tears for my friend, and regrets that I had not died with him. How cruelly, by his going before me, had the sweet belief of our youth been falsified ! Was it possible that I had survived : perhaps to see the grass grow over his head ; and to walk alone upon the earth, when he should be nothing but a little dust ? Why had I been spared ? others could convey to Isabelle the afflicting intelligence that she had no longer a father or a lover ; and in such an overwhelming dispensation, she could well forego the poor and unavailing consolations of a friend.

Such were my natural and desponding feelings, on contemplating the loss of my beloved friend ;—but new and indispensable duties

recalled the energies of my mind, and diverted me from a grief which would else have consumed me. The last sacred rites remained to be performed for the dead; and although the fate of the Condé might readily be divined, it was necessary to establish its certainty by the discovery of his remains. The prisoners who were questioned on this point maintained an obstinate silence; and the researches of the military had hitherto been unavailing, except to one poor wretch, whom they rescued from extreme suffering and probable death.

I have related the disappearance of my servant Juan, and my suspicions as to the cause of his absence were found to have verged nearly on the truth. He had saved himself, it appeared, from immediate danger, by a feigned compliance with the invitations of the banditti to enrol himself in their numbers; but as a precaution or a probation, he had been bound hand and foot, and consigned to a garret till I should have been first disposed of. The poor fellow was dreadfully cramped in his limbs by the tightness of the ligatures, and was nearly half dead with cold and affright, when he was thus opportunely discovered; but no sooner had he revived, and comprehended the object of our search, than his memory supplied us with a clue:—the wine barrels! The house had been narrowly investigated; but these cellars, by some hasty omission, had been overlooked.

I resolved to lead this new inquisition myself. Juan's sickening and disgustful recollections, which now pointed his suspicions, would not let him be present at the examination; but he directed us by such minute particulars, that we had no difficulty in finding our way to the spot. There were other traces had they been necessary for our guidance: stains of blood were seen on descending the stairs and across the floor, till they terminated at a large barrel or tun, which stood first of a range of several others on the opposite side of the cellar. Here then stood the vessel that contained the object of our search. My firm conviction that it was so, made me see, as through the wood itself, the mutilated appearance which I had conceived of my ill-fated uncle. The horrible picture overcame me;—and whilst I involuntarily turned aside, the mangled quarters of a human body, and finally the dissevered head, were drawn forth from the infernal receptacle! As soon as I dared turn my eyes, they fell upon the fearful spectacle; but I looked in vain for the lineaments I had expected to meet. The remains were those of a middle-aged man; the features were quite unknown to me; but a profusion of long black hair told me at a glance, that this was not the head of the aged Condé. Neither could this belong to the old man who had been alluded to by the maniac as having been strangled. Our search must, therefore, be extended.

The neighbouring barrel from its sound was empty, and the next likewise; but the third and last one, on being struck, gave indications of being occupied; perhaps, by contents as horrible as those of the first. It was, however, only half filled with water. There was still a smaller cellar, communicating with the outer one by a narrow arched passage; but on examination, it proved to have been applied to its original and legitimate purpose, for it contained a considerable quantity of wine. Every recess, every nook, was carefully inspected; the floors

in particular were minutely examined, but they supplied no appearance of having been recently disturbed.

This unsuccessful result almost begot a doubt in me, whether, indeed, this place had been the theatre of the imputed tragedy; my strongest belief had been founded on the words of the maniac, in allusion to the old man who had been strangled; but her story pointed to no determined period of time, and might refer to an occurrence of many years back. Surely the police and the military, Antonio certainly, had been led hither by some more perfect information. I had neglected, hitherto, to possess myself of the particulars which led to their attack on the house; but the answers to my inquiries tended in no way to throw any light upon the fate of the Condé. Antonio, in his progress through the mountains, had fallen in with a party of the provincial militia, who were scouring the country in pursuit of the predatory bands that infested it: and the capture of a wounded robber had furnished them with particulars which led to their attack upon the inn. The dying wretch had been eagerly interrogated by Antonio, as to his knowledge of the transactions of his fellows; but though he could obtain no intelligence of the Condé, his impetuous spirit made him readily unite himself with an expedition against a class of men, to whom he confidently attributed the old nobleman's mysterious disappearance. The mournful sequel I have related. His vengeance was amply but dearly sated on the innkeeper and his bloodthirsty associates;—but the fate of my uncle remained as doubtful as ever.

The discovery was reserved for chance. One of the troopers, in shifting some litter in the stables, remarked that the earth and stones beneath appeared to have been recently turned up: the fact was immediately communicated to his officer, and I was summoned to be present at this new investigation. The men had already begun to dig when I arrived, and some soiled fragments of clothes which they turned up already assured them of the nature and the nearness of the deposit. A few moments' more labour sufficed to lay it bare; and then, by the torchlight, I instantly recognised the grey hairs and the features of him of whom we were in search. All that remained of my uncle lay before me! The starting and blood-distended eyes, the gaping mouth, the blackness of the face, and a livid mark round the neck, confirmed the tale of the maniac as to the cruel mode of his death. May I never gaze on such an object again!

Hitherto, the excitement, the labour, the uncertainty of the search had sustained me; but now a violent re-action took place, a reflux of all the horrors I had witnessed and endured rushed over me like a flood; and for some time I raved in a state of high delirium. I was again laid in bed, and in the interval of my repose, preparations were made for our departure. The bodies of the slain robbers and militiamen were promptly interred, and after securing all the portable effects of any value, which the soldiers were allowed to appropriate as a spoil, the house was ordered to be fired, as affording too eligible a refuge and rendezvous for such desperate associations. At my earnest request, a separate grave had been provided for the remains of the unfortunate maniac, which were committed to the earth with all the

decencies that our limited time and means could afford. The spot had been chosen at the foot of a tall pine, in the rear of the house, and a small cross carved in the bark of the tree was the only memorial of this ill-starred girl.

These cares, speedily executed, occupied till daybreak, and just at sunrise we commenced our march. A horse, left masterless by the death of one of the troopers, was assigned to me; two others were more mournfully occupied by the bodies of Antonio and the Condé, each covered with a coarse sheet; and the captive robbers followed, bound, with their faces backward, upon the innkeeper's mules. The innkeeper's wife was amongst the prisoners, and her loud lamentations, breaking out afresh at every few paces, prevailed even over the boisterous merriment of the troopers, and the low-muttered imprecations of the banditti. When, from the rear, I looked upon this wild procession, in the cold grey light of the morning winding down the mountains, that warlike escort, those two horses, with their funereal burthens, the fierce scowling faces of the prisoners, confronting me; and then turned back, and distinguished the tall pine-tree, and saw the dense column of smoke soaring upward from those ancient ruins, as from some altar dedicated to vengeance, the whole past appeared to me like a dream! My mind, stunned by the magnitude and number of events which had been crowded into a single night's space, refused to believe that so bounded a period had sufficed for such disproportionate effects; but recalled again and again every scene and every fact,—as if to be convinced by the vividness of the repetitions, and the fidelity of the details,—of a foregone reality. I could not banish or divert these thoughts: all the former horrors were freshly dramatised before me; the images of the innkeeper, of the maniac, of Juan, of Antonio, were successively conjured up, and acted their parts anew, till all was finally wound up in the consummation that riveted my eyes on those two melancholy burthens before me.

But I will not dwell here on those objects as I did then. An hour or two after sunrise we entered a town, where we delivered up to justice those miserable wretches, who were afterwards to be seen impaled and blackening in the sun throughout the province. And here also my own progress, for three long months, was destined to be impeded. Other lips than mine conveyed to Isabelle the dismal tidings with which I was charged; other hands than mine assisted in paying to the dead their last pious dues. Excessive fatigue, grief, horror, and a neglected wound, generated a raging fever, from which, with difficulty, and by slow degrees, I recovered,—alas! only to find myself an alien on the earth, without one tie to attach me to the life I had so unwillingly regained! . . . . .

I have only to speak of the fate of one more person connected with this history. In the Convent of St * * * at Madrid, there is one who, by the peculiar sweetness of her disposition, and the superior sanctity of her life, has obtained the love and veneration of all her pure sisterhood. She is called Sister Isabelle. The lines of an early and acute sorrow are deeply engraven on her brow, but her life is placid and serene, as it is holy and saint-like; and her eyes will neither weep, nor her bosom heave a sigh, but when she recurs to the memorials of

this melancholy story. She is now nearly ripe for heaven; and may her bliss there be as endless and perfect, as here it was troubled and fearfully hurried to its close!

THE MIRACLE OF THE HOLY HERMIT.

IN my younger days, there was much talk of an old hermit of great sanctity, who lived in a rocky cave near Naples. He had a very reverend grey beard, which reached down to his middle, where his body, looking like a pismire's, was almost cut in two by the tightness of a stout leathern girdle, which he wore probably to restrain his hunger, during his long and frequent abstinences. His nails, besides, had grown long and crooked like the talons of a bird; his arms and legs were bare, and his brown garments very coarse and ragged. He never tasted flesh, but fed upon herbs and roots, and drank nothing but water; nor ever lodged anywhere, winter or summer, but in his bleak rocky cavern; above all, it was his painful custom to stand for hours together with his arms extended, in imitation of the holy cross, by way of penance and mortification for the sins of his body.

After many years spent in these austerities, he fell ill, towards the autumn, of a mortal disease, whereupon he was constantly visited by certain Benedictines and Cordeliers, who had convents in the neighbourhood, not so much as a work of charity and mercy, as that they were anxious to obtain his body, for they made sure that many notable miracles might be wrought at his tomb. Accordingly, they hovered about his death-bed of leaves, like so many ravens when they scent a prey, but more jealous of each other, till the pious hermit's last breath at length took flight towards the skies.

As soon as he was dead, the two friars who were watching him, ran each to their several convents, to report the event. The Cordelier, being swiftest of foot, was the first to arrive with his tidings, when he found his brethren just sitting down to their noontide meal; whereas when the Benedictines heard the news, they were at prayers, which gave them the advantage. Cutting the service short, therefore, with an abrupt amen, they ran instantly in a body to the cave; but before they could well fetch their breath, the Cordeliers also came up, finishing their dinner as they ran, and both parties ranged themselves about the dead hermit. Father Gometa, a Cordelier, and a very portly man, then stepping in front of his fraternity, addressed them as follows:—

"My dear brethren, we are too late, as you see, to receive the passing breath of the holy man; he is quite dead and cold. Put your victuals out of your hands, therefore, and with all due reverence assist me to carry these saintly relics to our convent, that they may repose amongst his fellow Cordeliers."

The Benedictines murmuring at this expression; "Yea," added he, "I may truly call him a Cordelier, and a rigid one; witness his leathern girdle, which, for want of a rope, he hath belted round his middle, almost to the cutting asunder of his holy body. Take, up I say, these precious relics;" whereupon his followers, obeying his commands,

and the Benedictines resisting them, there arose a lively struggle, as if between so many Greeks and Trojans, over the dead body. The two fraternities, however, being equally matched in strength, they seemed more likely to dismember the hermit, than to carry him off on either side, wherefore Father Gometa, by dint of entreaties and struggling, procured a truce. "It was a shameful thing," he told them, "for servants of the Prince of Peace, as they were, to mingle in such an affray; and besides that, the country people being likely to witness it, the scandal of such a broil would do more harm to them, jointly, than the possession of the body could be a benefit to either of their orders." The religious men, of both sides, concurring in the prudence of this advice, they left a friar, on either part, to take charge of the dead body, and then adjourned, by common consent, to the house of the Benedictines.

The chapel being very large, and convenient for the purpose, they went thither to carry on the debate; and, surely, such a strange kind of service had never been performed before within its walls. Father Gometa, standing beside a painted window, which made his face of all manner of hues, began in a pompous discourse to assert the claims of his convent; but Friar John quickly interrupted him; and another brother contradicting Friar John, all the monks, Benedictines as well as Cordeliers, were soon talking furiously together at the same moment. Their Babel-arguments, therefore, were balanced against each other. At last, Brother Geronimo, who had a shrill voice like a parrot's, leaped upon a bench, and called out for a hearing; and, moreover, clapping two large missals together, in the manner of a pair of castanets, he dinned the other noise-mongers into a temporary silence. As soon as they were quiet—"This squabble," said he, "may easily be adjusted. As for the hermit's body, let those have it, of whatever order, who have ministered to the good man's soul, and given him the extreme unction."

At this proposal there was a general silence throughout the chapel; till Father Gometa, feeling what a scandal it would be if such a man had died without the last sacrament, affirmed that he had given to him the wafer; and Father Philippo, on behalf of the Benedictines, declared he had performed the same office. Thus, that seemed to have been superfluously repeated, which, in truth, had been altogether omitted. Wherefore Geronimo, at his wit's end, proposed that the superiors should draw lots, and had actually cut a slip or two out of the margin of his psalter for the purpose; but Father Gometa relied too much on his own subtlety, to refer the issue to mere chance. In this extremity, a certain Capuchin happening to be present, they besought him, as a neutral man and impartial, to lead them to some decision; and after a little thinking, he was so fortunate as to bring them to an acceptable method of arbitration.

The matter being thus arranged, the Cordeliers returned to their own convent, where, as soon as they arrived, Father Gometa assembled them all in the refectory, and spoke to them in these words:

"You have heard it settled, my brethren, that the claims of our several convents are to be determined by propinquity to the cave. Now I know that our crafty rivals will omit no artifice that may show

their house to be the nearest; wherefore, not to be wilfully duped, I am resolved to make a proper substraction from our own measurements. I foresee, notwithstanding, that this measuring bout will lead to no accommodation; for the reckonings on both sides being false, will certainly beget a fresh cavil. Go, therefore, some of you, very warily, and bring hither the blessed body of the hermit, which, by God's grace, will save a great deal of indecent dissension, and then the Benedictines may measure as unfairly as they please."

The brethren, approving of this design, chose out four of the stoutest, amongst whom was Friar Francis, to proceed on this expedition; and in the meantime, the event fell out as the superior had predicted. The adverse measurers, encountering on their task, began to wrangle; and after belabouring each other with their rods, returned with complaints to their separate convents; but Friar Francis, with his comrades, proceeded prosperously to the cave, where they found the dead body of the hermit, but neither of the truant friars who had been appointed to keep watch.

Taking the carcase, therefore, without any obstruction, on their shoulders, they began to wend homewards very merrily, till coming to a by-place in the middle of a wood, they agreed to set down their burden awhile, and refresh themselves after their labour. One of the friars, however, of weaker nerves than the rest, objected to the companionship of the dead hermit, who with his long white beard and his ragged garments, which stirred now and then in the wind, was in truth a very awful object. Dragging him aside, therefore, into a dark solitary thicket, they returned to sit down on the grass; and pulling out their flasks, which contained some very passable wine, they began to enjoy themselves without stint or hindrance.

The last level rays of the setting sun were beginning to shoot through the horizontal boughs, tinging the trunks, which at noon are all shady and obscure, with a flaming gold; but the merry friars thought it prudent to wait till nightfall before they ventured with their charge beyond the friendly shelter of the wood. As soon, therefore, as it was so safely dark that they could barely distinguish each other, they returned to the thicket for the body; but to their horrible dismay, the dead hermit had vanished, nobody knew whither, leaving them only a handful of his grey beard, as a legacy, with a remnant or two of his tattered garments. At this discovery, the friars were in despair, and some of them began to weep, dreading to go back to the convent; but Friar Francis, being in a jolly mood, put them in better heart.

"Why, what a whimpering is this," said he, "about a dead body? The good father, as you know, was no fop, and did not smell over purely; for which reason, doubtless, some hungry devil of a wolf has relieved us from the labour of bearing him any farther. There is no such heretic as your wolf is, who would not be likely to boggle at his great piety, though I marvel he did not object to his meagreness. I tell you, take courage, then, and trust to me to clear you, who have brought you out of fifty such scrapes."

The friars, knowing that he spoke reasonably, soon comforted them-

selves; and running back to the convent, they repaired, all trembling, into the presence of the superior.

Father Gometa, inquiring eagerly if they had brought the body, Friar Francis answered boldly that they had not. "But here," said he, "is a part of his most reverend beard, and also his mantle, which, like Elisha, he dropped upon us as he ascended into heaven; for as the pious Elisha was translated into the skies, even so was the holy hermit, excepting these precious relics—being torn out of our arms, as it were, by a whirlwind." Anon appealing to his comrades, to confirm his fabrication, they declared that it happened with them even as he related; and moreover, that a bright and glorious light shining upon them, as it did upon Saul and his company, when they journeyed to Damascus, had so bewildered them, that they had not yet recovered their perfect senses.

In this plausible manner, the friars got themselves dismissed without any penance; but Father Gometa discredited the story at the bottom of his heart, and went to bed in great trouble of mind, not doubting that they had lost the body by some negligence, and that on the morrow it would be found in the possession of his rivals, the Benedictines. The latter, however, proving as disconcerted as he was, he took comfort, and causing the story to be set down at large in the records of the convent, and subscribed with the names of the four friars, he had it read publicly on the next Sunday from the pulpit, with an exhibition of the beard and the mantle, which procured a great deal of wonder and reverence amongst the congregation.

The Benedictines at first were vexed at the credit which was thus lost to their own convent; but being afterwards pacified with a portion of the grey hairs and a shred or two of the brown cloth, they joined in the propagation of the story; and the country people believe to this day in the miracle of the holy hermit.

THE WIDOW OF GALICIA.

THERE lived in the Province of Galicia, a lady so perfectly beautiful, that she was called by travellers, and by all indeed who beheld her, the Flower of Spain. It too frequently happens that such handsome women are but as beautiful weeds, useless or even noxious; whereas with her excelling charms, she possessed all those virtues which should properly inhabit in so lovely a person. She had therefore many wooers, but especially a certain old knight of Castile (bulky in person, and with hideously coarse features), who, as he was exceedingly wealthy, made the most tempting offers to induce her to become his mistress, and failing in that object by reason of her strict virtue, he proposed to espouse her. But she, despising him as a bad and brutal man, which was his character, let fall the blessing of her affection on a young gentleman of small estate but good reputation in the province, and being speedily married, they lived together for three years very happily. Notwithstanding this, the abominable knight did

not cease to persecute her, till being rudely checked by her husband, and threatened with his vengeance, he desisted for a season.

It happened at the end of the third year of their marriage, that her husband being unhappily murdered on his return from Madrid, whither he had been called by a lawsuit, she was left without protection, and from the failure of the cause much straitened, besides, in her means of living. This time, therefore, the knight thought favourable to renew his importunities, and neither respecting the sacredness of her grief, nor her forlorn state, he molested her so continually, that if it had not been for the love of her fatherless child, she would have been content to die. For if the knight was odious before, he was now thrice hateful from his undisguised brutality, and above all execrable in her eyes, from a suspicion that he had procured the assassination of her dear husband. She was obliged, however, to confine this belief to her own bosom, for her persecutor was rich and powerful, and wanted not the means, and scarcely the will, to crush her. Many families had thus suffered by his malignity, and therefore she only awaited the arrangement of certain private affairs to withdraw secretly, with her scanty maintenance, into some remote village. There she hoped to be free from her inhuman suitor; but she was delivered from this trouble in the meantime by his death, yet in so terrible a manner, as made it more grievous to her than his life had ever been.

It wanted, at this event, but a few days of the time when the lady proposed to remove to her country-lodging, taking with her a maid who was called Maria; for since the reduction of her fortune, she had retained but this one servant. Now, it happened that this woman going one day to her lady's closet, which was in her bedchamber,—so soon as she had opened the door, there tumbled forward the dead body of a man; and the police being summoned by her shrieks, they soon recognised the corpse to be that of the old Castilian knight, though the countenance was so blackened and disfigured as to seem scarcely human. It was sufficiently evident that he had perished by poison; whereupon the unhappy lady, being interrogated, was unable to give any account of the matter; and in spite of her fair reputation, and although she appealed to God in behalf of her innocence, she was thrown into the common gaol along with other reputed murderers.

The criminal addresses of the deceased knight being generally known, many persons who believed in her guilt still pitied her, and excused the cruelty of the deed on account of the persecution she had suffered from that wicked man:—but these were the most charitable of her judges. The violent death of her husband, which before had been only attributed to robbers, was now assigned by scandalous persons to her own act; and the whole province was shocked that a lady of her fair seeming, and of such unblemished character, should have brought so heavy a disgrace upon her sex and upon human nature.

At her trial, therefore, the court was crowded to excess; and some few generous persons were not without a hope of her acquittal; but the same facts, as before, being proved upon oath, and the lady still producing no justification, but only asserting her innocence, there remained no reasonable cause for doubting of her guilt. The public advocate then began to plead, as his painful duty commanded him,

for her condemnation;—he urged the facts of her acquaintance and bad terms with the murdered knight; and, moreover, certain expressions of hatred which she had been heard to utter against him. The very scene and manner of his destruction, he said, spoke to her undoubted prejudice,—the first a private closet in her own bedchamber,—and the last by poison, which was likely to be employed by a woman, rather than any weapon of violence. Afterwards, he interpreted to the same conclusion the abrupt flight of the waiting-maid, who, like a guilty and fearful accomplice, had disappeared whenever her mistress was arrested; and, finally, he recalled the still mysterious fate of her late husband; so that all who heard him began to bend their brows solemnly, and some reproachfully, on the unhappy object of his discourse. Still she upheld herself, firmly and calmly, only from time to time lifting her eyes towards heaven; but when she heard the death of her dear husband touched upon, and in a manner that laid his blood to her charge, she stood forward, and placing her right hand on the head of her son, cried:—

"So witness God, if ever I shed his father's blood, so may this, his dear child, shed mine in vengeance."

Then sinking down from exhaustion, and the child weeping bitterly over her, the beholders were again touched with compassion, almost to the doubting of her guilt; but the evidence being so strong against her, she was immediately condemned by the Court.

It was the custom in those days for a woman who had committed murder to be first strangled by the hangman, and then burnt to ashes in the midst of the market-place; but before this horrible sentence could be pronounced on the lady, a fresh witness was moved by the grace of God to come forward in her behalf. This was the waiting-woman, Maria, who hitherto had remained disguised in the body of the Court; but now being touched with remorse at her lady's unmerited distresses, she stood up on one of the benches, and called out earnestly to be allowed to make her confession. She then related, that she herself had been prevailed upon, by several great sums of money, and still more by the artful and seducing promises of the dead knight, to secrete him in a closet in her lady's chamber; but that of the cause of his death she knew nothing, except that upon a shelf she had placed some sweet cakes, mixed with arsenic, to poison the rats, and that the knight, being rather gluttonous, might have eaten of them in the dark, and so died.

At this probable explanation, the people all shouted one shout, and the lady's innocence being acknowledged, the sentence was ordered to be reversed; but she reviving a little at the noise, and being told of this providence, only clasped her hands; and then, in a few words, commending her son to the guardianship of good men, and saying that she could never survive the shame of her unworthy reproach, she ended with a deep sigh, and expired upon the spot.

THE GOLDEN CUP AND THE DISH OF SILVER.

EVERY one knows what a dog's life the miserable Jews lead all over the world, but especially amongst the Turks, who plunder them of their riches, and slay them on the most frivolous pretences. Thus, if they acquire any wealth, they are obliged to hide it in holes and corners, and to snatch their scanty enjoyments by stealth, in recompense of the buffets and contumely of their turbaned oppressors.

In this manner lived Yussuf, a Hebrew of great wealth and wisdom, but, outwardly, a poor beggarly druggist, inhabiting, with his wife, Anna, one of the meanest houses in Constantinople. The curse of his nation had often fallen bitterly upon his head; his great skill in medicine procuring him some uncertain favour from the Turks, but on the failure of his remedies, a tenfold proportion of ill-usage and contempt. In such cases, a hundred blows on the soles of his feet were his common payment; whereas on the happiest cures, he was often dismissed with empty hands and some epithet of disgrace.

As he was sitting one day at his humble door, thinking over these miseries, a janizary came up to him, and commanded Yussuf to go with him to his Aga or captain, whose palace was close at hand. Yussuf's gold immediately weighed heavy at his heart, as the cause of this summons; however, he arose obediently, and followed the soldier to the Aga, who was sitting cross-legged on a handsome carpet, with his long pipe in his mouth. The Jew, casting himself on his knees, with his face to the floor, began, like his brethren, to plead poverty in excuse for the shabbiness of his appearance; but the Aga, interrupting him, proceeded to compliment him in a flattering strain on his reputation for wisdom, which he said had made him desirous of his conversation. He then ordered the banquet to be brought in; whereupon the slaves put down before them some wine, in a golden cup, and some pork, in a dish of silver; both of which were forbidden things, and therefore made the Jew wonder very much at such an entertainment. The Aga then pointing to the refreshments addressed him as follows:—

"Yussuf, they say you are a very wise and learned man, and have studied deeper than any one the mysteries of nature. I have sent for you, therefore, to resolve me on certain doubts concerning this flesh, and this liquor before us; the pork being as abominable to your religion, as the wine is unto ours. But I am especially curious to know the reasons why your prophet should have forbidden a meat, which by report of the Christians is both savoury and wholesome; wherefore I will have you to proceed first with that argument; and, in order that you may not discuss it negligently, I am resolved in case you fail to justify the prohibition, that you shall empty the silver dish before you stir from the place. Nevertheless, to show you that I am equally candid, I promise, if you shall thereafter prove to me the unreasonableness of the injunction against wine, I will drink off this golden goblet as frankly before we part."

The terrified Jew understood very readily the purpose of this trial; however, after a secret prayer to Moses, he began in the best way he could to plead against the abominable dish that was steaming under

his nostrils. He failed, notwithstanding, to convince the sceptical Aga, who, therefore, commanded him to eat up the pork, and then begin his discourse in favour of the wine.

The sad Jew, at this order, endeavoured to move the obdurate Turk by his tears; but the Aga was resolute, and drawing his crooked cimetar, declared, "that if Yussuf did not instantly fall to, he would smite his head from his shoulders."

It was time, at this threat, for Yussuf to commend his soul unto heaven, for in Turkey the Jews wear their heads very loosely; however, by dint of fresh tears and supplications he obtained a respite of three days, to consider if he could not bring forward any further arguments.

As soon as the audience was over, Yussuf returned disconsolately to his house, and informed his wife Anna of what had passed between him and the Aga. The poor woman foresaw clearly how the matter would end; for it was aimed only at the confiscation of their riches. She advised Yussuf, therefore, instead of racking his wits for fresh arguments, to carry a bag of gold to the Aga, who condescended to receive his reasons; and after another brief discourse, to grant him a respite of three days longer. In the same manner, Yussuf procured a further interval, but somewhat dearer; so that in despair at losing his money at this rate, he returned for the fourth time to the palace.

The Aga and Yussuf being seated as before, with the mess of pork and the wine between them, the Turk asked, if he had brought any fresh arguments. The doctor replied, "Alas! he had already discussed the subject so often, that his reasons were quite exhausted;" whereupon the flashing cimetar leaping quickly out of its scabbard, the trembling Hebrew plucked the loathsome dish towards him, and with many struggles began to eat.

It cost him a thousand wry faces to swallow the first morsel; and from the laughter that came from behind a silken screen, they were observed by more mockers besides the Aga, who took such a cruel pleasure in the amusement of his women, that Yussuf was compelled to proceed even to the licking of the dish. He was then suffered to depart, without wasting any logic upon the cup of wine, which after his loathsome meal he would have been quite happy to discuss.

I guess not how the Jew consoled himself besides for his involuntary sin, but he bitterly cursed the cruel Aga and all his wives, who could not amuse their indolent lives with their dancing-girls and tale-tellers, but made merry at the expense of his soul. His wife joined heartily in his imprecations; and both putting ashes on their heads, they mourned and cursed together till the sunset. There came no janizary, however, on the morrow, as they expected; but on the eighth day, Yussuf was summoned again to the Aga.

The Jew at this message began to weep, making sure, in his mind, that a fresh dish of pork was prepared for him; however, he repaired obediently to the palace, where he was told, that the favourite lady of the harem was indisposed, and the Aga commanded him to prescribe for her. Now, the Turks are very jealous of their mistresses, and disdain, especially, to expose them to the eyes of infidels, of whom the Jews are held the most vile;—wherefore, when Yussuf begged to see

his patient, she was allowed to be brought forth only in a long white veil, that reached down to her feet. The Aga, notwithstanding the folly of such a proceeding, forbade her veil to be lifted; neither would he permit the Jew to converse with her, but commanded him on pain of death to return home and prepare his medicines.

The wretched doctor, groaning all the way, went back to his house, without wasting a thought on what drugs he should administer on so hopeless a case; but considering, instead, the surgical practice of the Aga, which separated so many necks. However, he told his wife of the new jeopardy he was placed in for the Moorish Jezebel.

"A curse take her!" said Anna; "give her a dose of poison, and let her perish before his eyes."

"Nay," answered the Jew, "that will be to pluck the sword down upon our own heads; nevertheless, I will cheat the infidel's concubine with some wine, which is equally damnable to their souls; and may God visit upon their conscience the misery they have enforced upon mine!"

In this bitter mood, going to a filthy hole in the floor, he drew out a flask of schiraz; and bestowing as many Hebrew curses on the liquor as the Mussulmans are wont to utter of blessings over their medicines, he filled up some physic bottles, and repaired with them to the palace.

And now let the generous virtues of good wine be duly lauded for the happy sequel!

The illness of the favourite, being merely a languor and melancholy, proceeding from the voluptuous indolence of her life, the draughts of Yussuf soon dissipated her chagrin, in such a miraculous manner, that she sang and danced more gaily than any of her slaves. The Aga, therefore, instead of beheading Yussuf, returned to him all the purses of gold he had taken; to which the grateful lady, besides, added a valuable ruby; and, thenceforward, when she was ill, would have none but the Jewish physician.

Thus, Yussuf saved both his head and his money; and, besides, convinced the Aga of the virtues of good wine; so that the golden cup was finally emptied, as well as the dish of silver.

THE TRAGEDY OF SEVILLE.

EVERY one, in Seville, has heard of the famous robber Bazardo; but, as some may be ignorant of one of the most interesting incidents of his career, I propose to relate a part of his history as it is attested in the criminal records of that city.

This wicked man was born in the fair city of Cadiz, and of very obscure parentage; but the time which I mean to speak of is, when he returned to Seville, after being some years absent in the Western Indies, and with a fortune which, whether justly or unjustly acquired, sufficed to afford him the rank and apparel of a gentleman.

It was then, as he strolled up one of the by-streets, a few days after his arrival, that he was attracted by a very poor woman, gazing most

anxiously and eagerly at a shop-window. She was lean and famished, and clad in very rags, and made altogether so miserable an appearance, that even a robber, with the least grace of charity in his heart, would have instantly relieved her with an alms. The robber, however, contented himself with observing her motions at a distance, till, at last, casting a fearful glance behind her, the poor famished wretch suddenly dashed her withered arm through a pane of the window, and made off with a small coarse loaf. But whether from the feebleness of hunger or affright, she ran so slowly, it cost Bazardo but a moment's pursuit to overtake her, and seizing her by the arm, he began, thief as he was, to upbraid her for making so free with another's property.

The poor woman made no reply, but uttered a short shrill scream, and threw the loaf, unperceived, through a little casement, and then turning a face full of hunger and fear, besought Bazardo, for charity's sake and the love of God, to let her go free. She was no daily pilferer, she told him, but a distressed woman, who could relate to him a story, which, if it did not break her own heart in the utterance, must needs command his pity. But he was no way moved by her appeal; and the baker coming up and insisting on the restoration of the loaf, to which she made no answer but by her tears, they began to drag her away between them, and with as much violence as if she had been no such skeleton as she appeared.

By this time a crowd had assembled, and beholding this inhumanity, and learning besides the trifling amount of the theft, they bestowed a thousand curses, and some blows too, on Bazardo and the baker. These hard-hearted men, however, maintained their hold; and the office of police being close by, the poor wretched creature was delivered to the guard, and as the magistrates were then sitting, the cause was presently examined.

During the accusation of Bazardo the poor woman stood utterly silent, till coming to speak of her abusive speech, and of the resistance which she had made to her capture, she suddenly interrupted him, and lifting up her shrivelled hands and arms towards heaven, inquired if those poor bones, which had not strength enough to work for her livelihood, were likely weapons for the injury of any human creature.

At this pathetic appeal there was a general murmur of indignation against the accuser, and the charge being ended, she was advised that as only one witness had deposed against her, she could not be convicted, except upon her own confession. But she, scorning to shame the truth, or to wrong even her accuser, for the people were ready to believe that he had impeached her falsely, freely admitted the theft, adding, that under the like necessity she must needs sin again; and with that, hiding her face in her hands, she sobbed out, "My children! —Alas! for my poor children!"

At this exclamation the judge even could not contain his tears, but told her with a broken voice that he would hear nothing further to her own prejudice; expressing, moreover, his regret, that the world possessed so little charity, as not to have prevented the mournful crime which she had committed. Then, desiring to know more particulars of her condition, she gratefully thanked him, and imploring the bless-

ing of God upon all those who had shown so much sweet charity on her behalf, she began to relate her melancholy history.

"She was the daughter, she said, of a wealthy merchant at Cadiz, and had been instructed in all accomplishments that belong to a lady. That having listened unhappily to the flatteries of an officer in the King's guard, she had married him, and bestowed upon him all her fortune; but that instead of being grateful for these benefits, he had expended her property in riotous living; and, finally, deserted her with her two children, to the care of Him that feedeth the ravens." Here her voice becoming more tremulous, and almost inaudible, she excused herself, saying, that for two whole days she had not tasted of any food, and must needs have perished, but that by God's good grace she had then caught a rat, which served her, loathsome as it was, for a meal.

Hereupon, the judge was exceedingly shocked, and immediately gave orders for some refreshments; but she declined to touch them, saying, that whilst her children were in want she could not eat; but with his gracious permission would only rest her head upon her hands. And so she sat down in silence, whilst all the people contemplated her with pity, still beautiful in her misery, and reduced from a luxurious condition to so dreadful an extremity.

In the meantime, the officers were despatched by the judge's direction to bring hither the children: and after resting for a little while, the unfortunate lady resumed her story. "For two years, she said, she had maintained herself and her little ones by her skill in embroidery and other works of art; but afterwards, falling ill from her over-exertion and concealed sorrows, her strength had deserted her; and latterly, having no other resource, she had been obliged to sell her raiment. At last, she had nothing left but the poor rags she at present wore, besides her wedding ring; and that she would sooner die than part with. For I still live," she added, "in the hope of my husband's return to me,—and then, may God forgive thee, Bazardo, as I will forgive thee, for all this cruel misery."

At the mention of this name, her accuser turned instantly to the complexion of marble, and he would fain have made his escape from the court; but the crowd pressing upon him, as if willing that he should hear the utmost of a misery for which he had shown so little compassion, he was compelled to remain in his place. He flattered himself, notwithstanding, that by reason of the alteration in his features, from his living in the Indies, he should still be unrecognised by the object of his cruelty; whereas, the captain of the vessel which had brought him over was at that moment present; and wondering that his ship had come safely with so wicked a wretch on board, he instantly denounced Bazardo by name, and pointed him out to the indignation of the people.

At this discovery there was a sudden movement amongst the crowd; and in spite of the presence of the judge, and of the entreaties of the wretched lady herself, the robber would have been torn into as many pieces as there were persons in the court, except for the timely interposition of the guard.

In the meantime, the officers who had been sent for the children had entered by the opposite side of the hall, and making way towards

the judge, and depositing somewhat upon the table, before it could be perceived what it was, they covered it over with a coarse linen cloth. Afterwards, being interrogated, they declared, that having proceeded whither they had been directed, they heard sounds of moaning, and sobbing, and lamentations, in a child's voice. That entering upon this, and beholding one child bending over another and weeping bitterly, they supposed the latter to have died of hunger; but on going nearer, they discovered that it had a large wound on the left side, and that it was then warm and breathing, but was since dead. They pointed, as they said this, to the body on the table, where the blood was now beginning to ooze visibly through the linen cloth. As for the manner of its being wounded, or the author, they could give no evidence; not only because the house was otherwise uninhabited, but that the remaining child was so affrighted, or so stricken with grief, that it could give no account of the occurrence. His cries, indeed, at this moment, resounded from the adjoining corridor; and the mother, staring wildly around her, and beholding that which lay upon the table, suddenly snatched away the cloth, and so exposed the body of the dead child. It was very lean and famished, with a gaping wound on its left bosom; from which the blood trickled even to the clerk's desk, so that the paper, which contained the record of the lady's sorrows, was stained with this new sad evidence of her misfortunes.

The people at this dreadful sight uttered a general moan of horror, and the mother made the whole court re-echo with her shrieks; insomuch, that some from mere anguish ran out of the hall, whilst others stopped their ears with their hands, her cries were so long and piercing. At last, when she could scream no longer, but lay as one dead, the judge rose up, and commanding the other child to be brought in, and the dead body to be removed out of sight, he endeavoured, partly by soothing, and partly by threats, to draw forth the truth of what had been hitherto an incomprehensible mystery.

For a long time, the poor child, being famished and spiritless, made no answer, but only sobbed and trembled, as if his little joints would fall asunder; till at last, being re-assured by the judge, and having partaken of some wine, he began to relate what had happened. His mother, early in the morning, had promised them some bread; but being a long time absent, and he and his little brother growing more and more hungry, they lay down upon the floor and wept. That whilst they cried, a small loaf—very small indeed, was thrown in at the window; and both being almost famished, and both struggling together to obtain it, he had unwarily stabbed his little brother with a knife which he held in his hand. And with that, bursting afresh into tears, he besought the judge not to hang him.

All this time, the cruel Bazardo remained unmoved; and the judge, reproaching him in the sternest language, ordered him to be imprisoned. He then lamented afresh, that the dearth of Christian charity and benevolence was accountable for such horrors as they had witnessed; and immediately the people, as if by consent, began to offer money, and some their purses, to the unfortunate lady. But she, heedless of them all, and exclaiming that she would sell her dead child for no

money, rushed out into the street; and there repeating the same words, and at last sitting down, she expired a martyr to hunger and grief, on the steps of her own dwelling.

THE LADY IN LOVE WITH ROMANCE.

MANY persons in Castille remember the old Knight Pedro de Peubla,—surnamed The Gross. In his person, he was eminently large and vulgar, with a most brutal countenance; and in his disposition so coarse and gluttonous, and withal so great a drunkard, that if one could believe in a transmigration of beasts, the spirit of a swine had passed into this man's body, for the discredit of human nature.

Now, truly, this was a proper suitor for the Lady Blanche, who, besides the comeliness of her person, was adorned with all those accomplishments which become a gentlewoman: she was moreover gifted with a most excellent wit; so that she not only played on the guitar and various musical instruments to admiration, but also she enriched the melody with most beautiful verses of her own composition. Her father, a great man, and very proud besides of the nobility of his blood, was not insensible of these her rare merits, but declaring that so precious a jewel deserved to be richly set in gold, and that rather than marry her below her estate he would devote her to a life of perpetual celibacy, he watched her with the vigilance of an Argus. To do them justice, the young gentlemen of the province omitted no stratagem to gain access to her presence, but all their attempts were as vain as the grasping at water; and at length her parent becoming more and more jealous of her admirers, she was confined to the solitude of her own chamber.

It was in this irksome seclusion that, reading constantly in novels and such works which refer to the ages of chivalry, she became suddenly smitten with such a new passion for the romantic, talking continually of knights and squires, and stratagems of love and war, that her father, doubting whither such a madness might tend, gave orders that all books should be removed from her chamber.

It was a grievous thing to think of that young lady, cheerful and beautiful as the day, confined thus like a wild bird to an unnatural cage, and deprived of the common delights of liberty and nature. At length, that old Knight of Castille, coming, not with rope-ladders, nor disguised in woman's apparel, like some adventurers, but with a costly equipage, and a most golden reputation, he was permitted to lay his large person at her feet, and, contrary to all expectation, was regarded with an eye of favour.

At the first report of his reception, no one could sufficiently marvel how, in a man of such a countenance, she could behold any similarity with those brave and comely young cavaliers, who, it was thought, must have risen out of their graves in Palestine to behold such a wooer; but when they called to mind her grievous captivity, and how hopeless it was that she could be freed by any artifice from the vigilance of her

father, they almost forgave her that she was ready to obtain her freedom by bestowing her hand on a first cousin to the devil. A certain gallant gentleman, however, who was named Castello, was so offended by the news, that he would have slain the Knight, without any concern for the consequences to himself; but the Lady Blanche, hearing of his design, made shift to send him a message, that by the same blow he would wound her quiet for ever.

In the meantime her father was overjoyed at the prospect of so rich a son-in-law as the Knight; for he was one of those parents, that would bestow their children upon Midas himself, notwithstanding that they should be turned into sordid gold at the first embrace. In a transport of joy, therefore, he made an unusual present of valuable jewels to his daughter, and told her withal, that in any reasonable request he would instantly indulge her. This liberal promise astonished Blanche not a little; but after a moment's musing she made answer.

"You know, sir," she said, "my passion for romance, and how heartily I despise the fashion of these degenerate days, when every thing is performed in a dull formal manner, and the occurrence of to-day is but a pattern for the morrow. There is nothing done now so romantically as in those delightful times, when you could not divine, in one hour, the fate that should befal you in the next, as you may read of in those delicious works of which you have so cruelly deprived me. I beg, therefore, as I have so dutifully consulted your satisfaction in the choice of a husband, that you will so far indulge me, as to leave the manner of our marriage to my own discretion, which is, that it may be on the model of that in the history of Donna Eleanora, in which novel, if you remember, the lady being confined by her father as I am, contrives to conceal a lover in her closet, and making their escape together by a rope-ladder, they are happily united in marriage."

"Now, by the Holy Virgin!" replied her father, "this thing shall never be;" and foreseeing a thousand difficulties, and above all that the Knight would be exceeding adverse to his part in the drama, he repented a thousand times over of the books which had filled her with such preposterous fancies. The lady, notwithstanding, was resolute; and declaring that otherwise she would kill herself rather than be crossed in her will, the old miser reluctantly acceded to her scheme. Accordingly it was concerted that the next evening, at dusk, the Knight should come and play his serenade under her lattice, whereupon, hearing his most ravishing music, she was to let fall a ladder of ropes, and so admit him to her chamber; her father, moreover, making his nightly rounds, she was to conceal her lover in her closet, and then, both descending by the ladder together, they were to take flight on a pair of fleet horses, which should be ready at the garden gate.

"And now," said she, "if you fail me in the smallest of these particulars, the Knight shall never have of me so much as a ring may embrace," and with this injunction they severally awaited the completion of their drama.

The next night, the Lady Blanche watched at her window, and in due season the Knight came with his twangling guitar; but, as if to make her sport of him for the last time, she affected to mistake his music.

"Ah!" she cried, "here is a goodly serenade to sing one awake with; I prithee go away a mile hence, with thy execrable voice, or I will have thee answered with an arquebuss."

All this time the Knight fretted himself into a violent rage, stamping and blaspheming all the blessed saints; but when he heard mention of the arquebuss, he made a motion to run away, which constrained the lady to recal him, and to cast him down the ladder without any further ado. It was a perilous and painful journey for him, you may be sure, to climb up to a single story; but at length with great labour he clambered into the balcony, and in a humour that went nigh to mar the most charming romance that was ever invented. In short, he vowed not to stir a step further in the plot: but Blanche, telling him that for this first and last time he must needs fulfil her will, which would so speedily be resolved into his own; and seducing him besides with some little tokens of endearment, he allowed himself to be locked up in her closet.

The lady then laid herself down in bed, and her father knocking at the door soon after, she called out that he was at liberty to enter. He came in then, very gravely, with a dark lantern, and asking if his daughter was asleep, she replied that she was just on the skirts of a dose.

"Ah," quoth he, after bidding her a good night, "am I not a good father to humour thee thus, in all thy fantasies? In verity, I have forgotten the speech which I ought here to deliver; but pray look well to thy footing, Blanche, and keep a firm hold of the ladder, for else thou wilt have a deadly fall, and I would not have thee to damage my carnations."

Hereupon he departed; and going back to his own chamber, he could not help praising God that this troublesome folly was so nearly at an end. It only remained for him now to receive the letter, which was to be sent to him, as if to procure his fatherly pardon and benediction; and this, after a space, being brought to him by a domestic, he read as follows:—

"Sir,—If you had treated me with loving-kindness as your daughter, I should most joyfully have reverenced you as my father: but, as you have always carried a purse where instead you ought to have worn a human heart, I have made free to bestow myself where that seat of love will not be wanting to my happiness. As for the huge Knight, whom you have thought fit to select for my husband, you will find him locked up in my closet. For the manner of my departure, I would not willingly have made you a party to your own disappointment; but that, from your excessive vigilance, it was hopeless for me to escape except by a ladder of your own planting. Necessity was the mother of my invention, and its father was love. Excepting this performance, I was never romantic, and am not now; and, therefore, neither scorning your forgiveness, nor yet despairing at its denial, I am going to settle into that sober discretion which I hope is not foreign to my nature. Farewell.—Before you read this I am in the arms of my dear Josef Castello, a gentleman of such merit, that you will regain more honour with such a son, than you can have lost in your undutiful daughter,

"BLANCHE."

On reading this letter, the old man fell into the most ungovernable rage, and releasing the Knight from the closet, they reproached each other so bitterly, and quarrelled so long, as to make it hopeless that they could overtake the fugitives, even had they known the direction of their flight.

In this pleasant manner, the Lady Blanche of Castille made her escape from an almost hopeless captivity and an odious suitor; and the letter which she wrote is preserved unto this day, as an evidence of her wit. But her father never forgave her elopement; and when he was stretched even at the point of death, being importuned on this subject, he made answer that, "he could never forgive her, when he had never forgiven himself for her evasion." And with these words on his lips he expired.

THE EIGHTH SLEEPER OF EPHESUS.

IT happened one day, in a certain merry party of Genoese, that their conversation fell at last on the noted miracle of Ephesus. Most of the company treated the story of the Seven Sleepers as a pleasant fable, and many shrewd conceits and witty jests were passed on the occasion. Some of the gentlemen, inventing dreams for those drowsy personages, provoked much mirth by their allusions; whilst others speculated satirically on the changes in manners, which they must have remarked after their century of slumber—all of the listeners being highly diverted, excepting one sober gentleman, who made a thousand wry faces at the discourse.

At length, taking an opportunity to address them, he lectured them very seriously in defence of the miracle, calling them so many heretics and infidels; and saying that he saw no reason why the history should not be believed as well as any other legend of the holy fathers. Then, after many other curious arguments, he brought the example of the dormouse, which sleeps throughout a whole winter, affirming, that the Ephesian Christians, being laid in a cold place, like a rocky cavern or a sepulchre, might reasonably have remained torpid for a hundred years.

His companions, feigning themselves to be converted, flattered him on to proceed in a discourse which was so diverting, some of them replenishing his glass continually with wine—of which, through talking till he became thirsty, he partook very freely. At last after uttering a volume of follies and extravagances, he dropped his head upon the table and fell into a profound doze; during which interval, his merry companions plotted a scheme against him, which they promised themselves would afford some excellent sport. Carrying him softly therefore to an upper chamber, they laid him upon an old bed of state, very quaintly furnished and decorated in the style of the Gothic ages. Thence repairing to a private theatre in the house, which belonged to their entertainer, they arrayed themselves in some Bohemian habits, very grotesque and fanciful, and disguised their faces with paint; and then sending one of their number to keep watch in the bed-chamber,

they awaited in this masquerade the awaking of the credulous sleeper.

In an hour or thereabouts, the watcher, perceiving that the other began to yawn, ran instantly to his comrades, who hurrying up to the chamber found their Ephesian sitting upright in bed, and wondering about him at its uncouth mouldering furniture. One of them then speaking for the rest, began to congratulate him on his revival out of so tedious a slumber, persuading him, by help of the others and a legion of lies, that he had slept out a hundred years. He thereupon asking them who they were, they answered they were his dutiful great-grandchildren, who had kept watch over him by turns ever since they were juveniles. In proof of this, they showed him how dilapidated the bed had become since he had slept in it, nobody daring to remove him against the advice of the physicians.

"I perceive it well," said he, "the golden embroideries are indeed very much tarnished—and the hangings in truth, as tattered as any of our old Genoese standards that were carried against the Turks. These faded heraldries too, upon the head-cloth, have been thoroughly fretted by the moths. I notice also, my dear great-grandchildren, by your garments, how much the fashions have altered since my time, though you have kept our ancient language very purely, which is owing of course to the invention of printing. The trees, likewise, and the park, I observe, have much the same appearance that I remember a century since—but the serene aspect of nature does not alter so constantly like our frivolous human customs."

Then recollecting himself, he began to make inquiries concerning his former acquaintance, and in particular about one Giacoppo Rossi —the same wag that in his mummery was then standing before him. They told him he had been dead and buried, fourscore years ago.

"Now, God be praised!" he answered; "for that same fellow was a most pestilent coxcomb, who, pretending to be a wit, thought himself licensed to ridicule men of worth and gravity with the most shameful buffooneries. The world must have been much comforted by his death, and especially if he took with him his fellow mountebank, Guidolphi, who was as laborious a jester, but duller."

In this strain, going through the names of all those that were with him in the room, he praised God heartily that he was rid of such a generation of knaves and fools and profane heretics; and then recollecting himself afresh.

"Of course, my great-grandchildren," said he, "I am a widower?"

His wife, who was amongst the maskers, at this question began to prick up her ears, and answering for herself, she said,

"Alas! the good woman that was thy partner has been dead these seventy-three years, and has left thee desolate."

At this news the sleeper began to rub his hands together very briskly, saying, "Then there was a cursed shrew gone;" whereupon his wife striking him in a fury on the cheek, she let fall her mask through this indiscretion: and so awaked him out of his marvellous dream.

MADELINE.

THERE lived in Toledo a young gentleman, so passionately loved by a young lady of the same city, that on his sudden decease she made a vow to think of no other; and having neither relations nor friends, except her dear brother Juan, who was then abroad, she hired a small house, and lived almost the life of a hermit. Being young and handsome, however, and possessed besides of a plentiful fortune, she was much annoyed by the young gallants of the place, who practised so many stratagems to get speech of her, and molested her so continually, that to free herself from their importunities, both now and for the future, she exchanged her dress for a man's apparel, and privately withdrew to another city. By favour of her complexion, which was a brunette's, and the solitary manner of her life, she was enabled to preserve this disguise; and it might have been expected that she would have met with few adventures; but on the contrary, she had barely sojourned a month in this new dwelling, and in this unwonted garb, when she was visited with still sterner inquietudes than in those she had so lately resigned.

As the beginning of her troubles, it happened one evening, in going out a little distance, that she was delayed in the street by seeing a young woman, who, sitting on some stone steps, and with scanty rags to cover her, was nursing a beautiful infant at her breast and weeping bitterly. At this painful spectacle, the charitable Madeline immediately cast her purse into the poor mother's lap, and the woman eagerly seizing the gift, and clasping it to her bosom, began to implore the blessing of God upon so charitable and Christian-like a gentleman. But an instant had scarcely been gone, when on looking up, and more completely discerning the countenance of her benefactor, she suddenly desisted.

"Ah, wretch!" she cried, "do you come hither to insult me? Go again to your false dice; and the curse of a wife and of a mother be upon you!" Then casting away the purse, and bending herself down over her child, and crying, "Alas! my poor babe, shall we eat from the hand that has ruined thy father;"—she resumed her weeping.

The tender Madeline was greatly afflicted at being so painfully mistaken; and hastening home, she deliberated with herself whether she should any longer retain an apparel which had subjected her to so painful an occurrence; but recalling her former persecutions, and trusting that so strange an adventure could scarcely befal her a second time, she continued in her masculine disguise. And now, thinking of the comfort and protection which her dear brother Juan might be to her in such troubles, she became vehemently anxious for his return; and the more so, because she could obtain no tidings of him whatever. On the morrow, therefore, she went forth to make inquiry; and forsaking her usual road, and especially the quarter where she had encountered with that unfortunate woman, she trusted reasonably to meet with no other such misery.

Now it chanced that the road which she had chosen on this day led

close beside a cemetery; and just at the moment when she arrived by the gates, there came also a funeral, so that she was obliged to stand aside during the procession. Madeline was much struck by the splendour of the escutcheons; but still more by the general expression of sorrow amongst the people; and inquiring of a by-stander the name of the deceased:—"What!" said the man, "have ye not heard of the villanous murder of our good lord, the Don Felix de Castro?—the hot curse of God fall on the wicked Cain that slew him!" and with that, he uttered so many more dreadful imprecations as made her blood run cold to hear him.

In the meantime, the mourners one by one had almost entered; and the last one was just stepping by, with her hands clasped and a countenance of the deepest sorrow, when casting her eyes on Madeline, she uttered a piercing shriek, and pointing with her finger, cried, "That is he, that is he who murdered my poor brother!"

At this exclamation, the people eagerly pressed towards the quarter whither she pointed; but Madeline, shrinking back from the piercing glance of the lady, was so hidden by the gate as to be unnoticed; and the next man being seized on suspicion, and a great tumult arising, she was enabled to make her escape. "Alas!" she sighed inwardly, "what sin have I committed, that this cruel fortune pursues me whithersoever I turn. Alas, what have I done;" and walking sorrowfully in these meditations, she was suddenly accosted by a strange domestic.

"Senor," he said, "my lady desires most earnestly to see you; nay, you must needs come;" and thereupon leading the way into an ancient, noble-looking mansion, the bewildered Madeline, silent and wondering, was introduced to a large apartment. At the further end a lady attired in deep mourning, like a widow, was reclining on a black velvet sofa; the curtains were black, the pictures were framed also in black, and the whole room was so furnished in that dismal colour, that it looked like a very palace of grief.

At sight of Madeline, the lady rose hastily and ran a few steps forward; but her limbs failing, she stopped short, and rested with both hands on a little table which stood in the centre of the room. Her figure was tall and graceful, but so wasted, that it seemed as if it must needs bend to that attitude; and her countenance was so thin and pale, and yet withal so beautiful, that Madeline could not behold it without tears of pity. After a pause, the lady cried in a low voice, "Ah, cruel, how could you desert me! See how I have grieved for you!" and therewith unbinding her hair, so that it fell about her face, it was as grey as in a woman of four-score!

"Alas!" she said, "it was black once, when I gave thee a lock for a keepsake; but it was fitting it should change when thou hast changed;" and leaning her face on her hands she sobbed heavily.

At these words, the tender Madeline approached to console her; but the lady pushing her gently aside, exclaimed mournfully, "It is too late! it is too late, now!" and then casting herself on the sofa, gave way to such a passion of grief, and trembled so exceedingly, that it seemed as if life and sorrow would part asunder on the spot. Madeline kneeling down, and swearing that she had never injured her, besought her to moderate a transport which broke her heart only to

gaze upon; and the lady moving her lips, but unable to make any reply, then drew from her bosom a small miniature, and sobbing out, "O Juan, Juan!" hid her face again upon the cushion.

At sight of the picture, the miserable Madeline was in her own turn speechless; and remembering instantly the beggar and the mourner, whose mistakes were thus illustrated by the unhappy lady—she comprehended at once the full measure of her wretchedness. "Oh, Juan, Juan!" she groaned, "is it thus horribly that I must hear of thee!" and stretching herself upon the carpet, she uttered such piercing cries, that the lady, alarmed by a grief which surpassed even her own, endeavoured to raise her, and happening to tear open the bosom of her dress, the sex of Madeline was discovered. "Alas, poor wretch! hast thou too been deceived," cried the lady, "and by the same false Juan?" and enfolding Madeline in her arms, the two unfortunates wept together for the space of many minutes.

In the meantime, a domestic abruptly entered; and exclaiming that the murderer of Don Felix was condemned, and that he had seen him conducted to prison, he delivered into the hands of his mistress a fragment of a letter, which she read as follows:—

"Most dear and injured lady,—Before this shocks your eyes, your ears will be stung with the news that it is I who have killed your kinsman; and knowing that by the same blow I have slain your peace, I am not less stained by your tears than by his blood which is shed. My wretched life will speedily make atonement for this last offence; but that I should have requited your admirable constancy and affection by so unworthy a return of cruelty and falsehood, is a crime that scorches up my tears before I can shed them; and makes me so despair, that I cannot pray even on the threshold of death. And yet, I am not quite the wretch you may account me, except in misery; but desiring only to die as the most unhappy man in this unhappy world I have withheld many particulars which might otherwise intercede for me with my judges. But I desire to die, and to pass away from both hatred and pity, if any such befal me; but above all, to perish from a remembrance whereof I am most unworthy: and when I am but a clod, and a poor remnant of dust, you may happily forgive, for mortality's sake, the many faults and human sins which did once inhabit it.

"I am only a few brief hours short of this consummation: and the life which was bestowed for your misery and mine will be extinguished for ever. My blood is running its last course through its veins—and the light and air of which all others so largely partake, is scantily measured out to me. Do not curse me—do not forget that which you once were to me, though unrelated to my crimes; but if my name may still live where my lips have been, put your pardon into a prayer for my soul against its last sunrise. Only one more request. I have a sister in Toledo who tenderly loves me, and believes that I am still abroad. If it be a thing possible, confirm her still in that happy delusion—or tell her that I am dead, but not how. As I have concealed my true name, I hope that this deadly reproach may be spared to her, and now from the very confines of the grave"——

. . . . . .

It was a painful thing to hear the afflicted lady reading thus far betwixt her groans—but the remainder was written in so wavering a hand, and withal so stained and blotted, that, like the meaning of death itself, it surpassed discovery. At length, "Let me go," cried Madeline, "let me go and liberate him! If they mistake me thus for my brother Juan, the gaoler will not be able to distinguish him from me, and in this manner he may escape, and so have more years for repentance, and make his peace with God." Hereupon, wildly clapping her hands, as if for joy at this fortunate thought, she entreated so earnestly for a womanly dress that it was given to her, and throwing it over her man's apparel, she made the best of her way to the prison. But, alas! the countenance of the miserable Juan was so changed by sickness and sharp anguish of mind, that for want of a more happy token she was constrained to recognise him by his bonds. Her fond stratagem therefore would have been hopeless, if Juan besides had not been so resolute, as he was, in his opposition to her entreaties. She was obliged, therefore, to content herself with mingling tears with him till night, in his dungeon,—and then struggling, and tearing her fine hair, as though it had been guilty of her grief, she was removed from him by main force, and in that manner conveyed back to the lady's residence.

For some hours she expended her breath only in raving and the most passionate arguments of distress,—but afterwards she became as fearfully calm, neither speaking, nor weeping, nor listening to what was addressed to her, merely remarking about midnight, that she heard the din of the workmen upon the scaffold—and which, though heard by no other person at so great a distance, was confirmed afterwards to have been a truth. In this state, with her eyes fixed and her lips moving, but without any utterance, she remained till morning in a kind of lethargy — and therein so much more happy than her unfortunate companion, who at every sound of the great bell which is always tolled against the death of a convict, started and sobbed and shook, as if each stroke was made against her own heart. But of Madeline, on the contrary, it was noted that even when the doleful procession was passing immediately under the window at which she was present, she only shivered a little, as if at a cool breath of air, and then turning slowly away, and desiring to be laid in bed, she fell into a slumber, as profound nearly as death itself. But it was not her blessed fate to die so quickly, although on the next morning the unhappy partner of her grief was found dead upon her pillow, still and cold, and with so sorrowful an expression about her countenance, as might well rejoice the beholder that she was divorced from a life of so deep a trouble.

As for Madeline, she took no visible note of this occurrence, nor seemed to have any return of reason till the third day, when growing more and more restless, and at length wandering out into the city, she was observed to tear down one of the proclamations for the execution, which were still attached to the walls. After this, she was no more seen in the neighbourhood, and it was feared she had violently made away with her life; but by later accounts from Toledo, it was ascertained that she had wandered back, bare-footed and quite a maniac, to that city.

She was for some years the wonder and the pity of its inhabitants.

and when I have been in Toledo with my Uncle Francis, I have seen this poor crazed Madeline, as they called her, with her long loose hair and her fine face, so pale and thin, and so calm-looking, that it seemed to be only held alive by her large black eyes. She was always mild and gentle, and if you provoked it, would freely converse with you; but oftentimes in the midst of her discourse, whether cheerful or sad, she would pause and sigh, and say in a different voice, "O Juan, Juan!" and with these two words, simple though they be, she made every heart ache that heard her.

MASETTO AND HIS MARE.

IT is remarkable, and hardly to be believed by those who have not studied the history of superstition, what extravagant fables may be imposed on the faith of the vulgar people; especially when such fables are rehearsed in print, which of itself has passed before now as the work of a black or magical art, and has still influence enough over ignorant minds, to make them believe, like Masetto, that a book of romances is a gospel.

This Masetto, like most other rustics, was a very credulous man; but more simple otherwise than country-folks commonly appear, who have a great deal of crafty instinct of their own, which comes to them spontaneously, as to the ravens and magpies. And whereas pastoral people are generally churlish and headstrong, and in spite of the antique poets, of coarse and brutal tempers, Masetto, on the contrary, was very gentle and mild, and so compassionate withal, that he would weep over a wounded creature like a very woman. This easy disposition made him liable to be tricked by any subtle knave that might think it worth his pains, and amongst such rogues there was none that duped him more notably than one Bruno Corvetto, a horse-courser, and as dishonest as the most capital of his trade. This fellow, observing that Masetto had a very good mare, which he kept to convey his wares to Florence, resolved to obtain her at the cheapest rate, which was by stratagem, and knowing well the simple and credulous character of the farmer, he soon devised a plan. Now Masetto was very tender to all dumb animals, and especially to his mare, who was not insensible to his kindly usage, but pricked up her ears at the sound of his voice, and followed him here and there, with the sagacity and affection of a faithful dog, together with many other such tokens of an intelligence that has rarely belonged to her race. The crafty Corvetto, therefore, conceived great hopes of his scheme: accordingly, having planted himself in the road by which Masetto used to return home, he managed to fall into discourse with him about the mare, which he regarded very earnestly, and this he repeated for several days. At last Masetto observing that he seemed very much affected when he talked of her, became very curious about the cause, and inquired if it had ever been his good fortune to have such another good mare as his own; to this Corvetto made no reply, but throwing his arms about the mare's neck, began to hug her so lovingly, and with so many deep-

drawr. sighs, that Masetto began to stare amazingly, and to cross himself as fast as he could. The hypocritical Corvetto then turning away from the animal,—"Alas!" said he, "this beloved creature that you see before you is no mare, but an unhappy woman, disguised in this horrible brutal shape by an accursed magician. Heaven only knows in what manner my beloved wife provoked this infernal malice, but doubtless it was by her unconquerable virtue, which was rivalled only by the loveliness of her person. I have been seeking her in this shape, all over the wearisome earth, and now I have discovered her, I have not wherewithal to redeem her of you, my money being all expended in the charges of travelling, otherwise I would take her instantly to the most famous wizard, Michael Scott, who is presently sojourning at Florence, and by help of his magical books might discover some charm to restore her to her natural shape." Then clasping the docile mare about the neck again, he affected to weep over her very bitterly.

The simple Masetto was very much disturbed at this story, but knew not whether to believe it, till at last he bethought himself of the village priest, and proposed to consult him upon the case; and whether the lady, if there was one, might not be exorcised out of the body of his mare. The knavish Corvetto, knowing well that this would ruin his whole plot, was prepared to dissuade him. "You know," said he, "the vile curiosity of our country-people, who would not fail at such a rumour to pester us out of our senses; and, especially, they would torment my unhappy wife, upon whom they would omit no experiment, however cruel, for their satisfaction. Besides, it would certainly kill her with grief, to have her disgrace so published to the world, which she cannot but feel very bitterly; for it must be a shocking thing for a young lady who has been accustomed to listen to the loftiest praises of her womanly beauty, to know herself thus horribly degraded in the foul body of a brute. Alas! who could think that her beautiful locks, which used to shine like golden wires, are now turned by damnable magic into this coarse slovenly mane;—or her delicate white hands —oh! how pure and lily-like they were—into these hard and iron-shod hoofs!" The tender-hearted Masétto beginning to look very doleful at these exclamations, the knave saw that his performance began to take effect, and so begged no more for the present, than that Masetto would treat his mare very kindly, and rub her teeth daily with a sprig of magical hornbeam, which the simple-witted rustic promised very readily to perform. He had, notwithstanding, some buzzing doubts in his head upon the matter, which Corvetto found means to remove by degrees, taking care, above all, to caress the unconscious mare whenever they met, and sometimes going half-privately to converse with her in the stable.

At last, Masetto being very much distressed by these proceedings, he addressed Corvetto as follows:—"I am at my wit's end about this matter. I cannot find in my heart, from respect, to make my lady do any kind of rude work, so that my cart stands idle in the stable, and my wares are thus unsold, which is a state of things that I cannot very well afford. But, above all, your anguish whenever you meet with your poor wife is more than I can bear; it seems such a shocking and

unchristian-like sin in me, for the sake of a little money, to keep you both asunder. Take her, therefore, freely of me as a gift; or if you will not receive her thus, out of consideration for my poverty, it shall be paid me when your lady is restored to her estates, and by your favour, with her own lily-white hand. Nay, pray accept of her without a word; you must be longing, I know, to take her to the great wizard, Michael Scott; and in the meantime I will pray, myself, to the blessed saints and martyrs, that his charms may have the proper effect." The rogue, at these words, with undissembled joy fell about the mare's neck; and, taking her by the halter, after a formal parting with Masetto, began to lead her gently away. Her old master, with brimful eyes, continued watching her departure till her tail was quite out of sight; whereupon, Corvetto leapt instantly on her back, and without stint or mercy began galloping towards Florence, where he sold her, as certain Saxons are recorded to have disposed of their wives, in the market-place.

Some time afterwards, Masetto repairing to Florence on a holiday, to purchase another horse for his business, he beheld a carrier in one of the streets, who was beating his jade very cruelly. The kind Masetto directly interfered in behalf of the ill-used brute,—which indeed, was his own mare, though much altered by hard labour and sorry diet,—and now got into a fresh scrape, with redoubled blows, through capering up to her old master. Masetto was much shocked, you may be sure, to discover the enchanted lady in such a wretched plight. But not doubting that she had been stolen from her afflicted husband, he taxed the carrier very roundly with the theft, who laughed at him in his turn for a madman, and proved by three witnesses that he had purchased the mare of Corvetto. Masetto's eyes were thus opened, but by a very painful operation. However, he purchased his mare again, without bargaining for either golden hair or lily-white hands, and with a heavy heart rode back again to his village. The inhabitants, when he arrived, were met together on some public business; after which Masetto, like an imprudent man as he was, complained bitterly amongst his neighbours of his disaster. They made themselves, therefore, very merry at his expense, and the schoolmaster especially, who was reckoned the chiefest wit of the place. Masetto bore all their railleries with great patience, defending himself with many reasonable arguments—and at last he told them he would bring them in proof quite as wonderful a case. Accordingly, stepping back to his own house, he returned with an old tattered volume, which Corvetto had bestowed on him, of the "Arabian Nights," and began to read to them the story of Sidi Nonman, whose wife was turned, as well as Corvetto's, into a beautiful mare. His neighbours laughing more lustily than ever at this illustration, and the schoolmaster crowing above them all, Masetto interrupted him with great indignation. "How is this, sir," said he, "that you mock me so, whereas, I remember, that when I was your serving-man and swept out the schoolroom, I have overheard you teaching the little children concerning people in the old ages, that were half men and the other half turned into horses; yea, and showing them the effigies in a print, and what was there more impossible in this matter of my own mare?" The

priest interposing at this passage, in defence of the schoolmaster, Masetto answered him as he had answered the pedagogue, excepting that instead of the Centaurs, he alleged a miracle out of the Holy Fathers, in proof of the powers of magic. There was some fresh laughing at this rub of the bowls against the pastor, who being a Jesuit and a very subtle man, began to consider within himself whether it was not better for their souls, that his flock should believe by wholesale, than have too scrupulous a faith, and accordingly, after a little deliberation, he sided with Masetto. He engaged, moreover, to write for the opinion of his College, who replied, that as sorcery was a devilish and infernal art, its existence was as certain as the devil's.

Thus a belief in enchantment took root in the village, which in the end flourished so vigorously, that although the rustics could not be juggled out of any of their mares, they burned, nevertheless, a number of unprofitable old women.

THE STORY OF MICHEL ARGENTI.

MICHEL ARGENTI was a learned physician of Padua but lately settled at Florence, a few years only before its memorable visitation, when the Destroying Angel brooded over that unhappy city, shaking out deadly vapours from its wings.

It must have been a savage heart, indeed, that could not be moved by the shocking scenes that ensued from that horrible calamity, and which were fearful enough to overcome even the dearest pieties and prejudices of humanity; causing the holy ashes of the dead to be no longer venerated, and the living to be disregarded by their nearest ties: the tenderest mothers forsaking their infants; wives flying from the sick couches of their husbands; and children neglecting their dying parents: when love closed the door against love, and particular selfishness took place of all mutual sympathies. There were some brave, humane spirits, nevertheless, that with a divine courage ventured into the very chambers of the sick, and contended over their prostrate bodies with the common enemy; and amongst these was Argenti, who led the way in such works of mercy, till at last the pestilence stepped over his own threshold, and he was beckoned home by the ghastly finger of Death, to struggle with him for the wife of his own bosom.

Imagine him then, worn out in spirit and body, ministering hopelessly to her that had been dearer to him than health or life; but now, instead of an object of loveliness, a livid and ghastly spectacle, almost too loathsome to look upon; her pure flesh being covered with blue and mortiferous blotches, her sweet breath changed into a fetid vapour, and her accents expressive only of anguish and despair. These doleful sounds were aggravated by the songs and festivities of the giddy populace, which, now the pestilence had abated, ascended into the desolate chamber of its last martyr, and mingled with her dying groans.

These ending on the third day with her life, Argenti was left to his solitary grief, the only living person in his desolate house; his servants

having fled during the pestilence, and left him to perform every office with his own hands. Hitherto the dead had gone without their rites; but he had the melancholy satisfaction of those sacred and decent services for his wife's remains, which during the height of the plague had been direfully suspended; the dead bodies being so awfully numerous, that they defied a careful sepulture, but were thrown, by random and slovenly heaps, into great holes and ditches.

As soon as was prudent after this catastrophe, his friends repaired to him with his two little children, who had fortunately been absent in the country, and now returned with brave ruddy cheeks and vigorous spirits to his arms; but, alas! not to cheer their miserable parent, who thenceforward was never known to smile, nor scarcely to speak, excepting of the pestilence. As a person that goes forth from a dark sick-chamber is still haunted by its glooms, in spite of the sunshine; so, though the plague had ceased, its horrors still clung about the mind of Argenti, and with such a deadly influence in his thoughts, as it bequeaths to the infected garments of the dead. The dreadful objects he had witnessed still walking with their ghostly images in his brain—his mind, in short, being but a doleful lazaretto devoted to pestilence and death. The same horrible spectres possessed his dreams; which he sometimes described as filled up from the same black source, and thronging with the living sick he had visited, or the multitudinous dead corses, with the unmentionable and unsightly rites of their inhumation.

These dreary visions entering into all his thoughts, it happened often, that when he was summoned to the sick, he pronounced that their malady was the plague, discovering its awful symptoms in bodies where it had no existence; but above all, his terrors were busy with his children, whom he watched with a vigilant and despairing eye; discerning constantly some deadly taint in their wholesome breath, or declaring that he saw the plague-spot in their tender faces. Thus, watching them sometimes upon their pillows, he would burst into tears and exclaim that they were smitten with death; in short, he regarded their blue eyes and ruddy cheeks but as the frail roses and violets that are to perish in a day, and their silken hair like the most brittle gossamers. Thus their existence, which should have been a blessing to his hopes, became a very curse to him through his despair.

His friends, judging rightly from these tokens that his mind was impaired, persuaded him to remove from a place which had been the theatre of his calamities, and served but too frequently to remind him of his fears. He repaired, therefore, with his children to the house of a kinswoman at Genoa; but his melancholy was not at all relieved by the change, his mind being now like a black Stygian pool that reflects not, except one dismal hue, whatever shifting colours are presented by the skies. In this mood he continued there five or six weeks, when the superb city was thrown into the greatest alarm and confusion. The popular rumour reported that the plague had been brought into the port by a Moorish felucca, whereupon the magistrates ordered that the usual precautions should be observed; so that although there was no real pestilence, the city presented the usual appearances of such a visitation.

These tokens were sufficient to aggravate the malady of Argenti, whose illusions became instantly more frequent and desperate, and his affliction almost a frenzy; so that going at night to his children, he looked upon them in an agony of despair, as though they were already in their shrouds. And when he gazed on their delicate round cheeks, like ripening fruits, and their fair arms, like sculptured marbles, entwining each other, 'tis no marvel that he begrudged to pestilence the horrible and loathsome disfigurements and changes which it would bring upon their beautiful bodies; neither that he contemplated with horror the painful stages by which they must travel to their premature graves. Some meditations as dismal I doubt not occupied his incoherent thoughts, and whilst they lay before him so lovely and calm-looking, made him wish that instead of a temporal sleep, they were laid in eternal rest. Their odorous breath, as he kissed them, was as sweet as flowers; and their pure skin without spot or blemish: nevertheless, to his gloomy fancy the corrupted touches of Death were on them both, and devoted their short-lived frames to his most hateful inflictions.

Imagine him gazing full of these dismal thoughts on their faces, sometimes smiting himself upon his forehead, that entertained such horrible fancies, and sometimes pacing to and fro in the chamber with an emphatic step, which must needs have wakened his little ones if they had not been lapped in the profound slumber of innocence and childhood. In the meantime the mild light of love in his looks, changes into a fierce and dreary fire; his sparkling eyes, and his lips as pallid as ashes, betraying the desperate access of frenzy, which like a howling demon passes into his feverish soul, and provokes him to unnatural action: and first of all he plucks away the pillows, those downy ministers to harmless sleep, but now unto death, with which crushing the tender faces of his little ones, he thus dams up their gentle respirations before they can utter a cry; then casting himself with horrid fervour upon their bodies, with this unfatherlike embrace he enfolds them till they are quite breathless. After which he lifts up the pillows, and, lo! there lie the two murdered babes, utterly quiet and still,—and with the ghastly seal of death imprinted on their waxen cheeks.

In this dreadful manner Argenti destroyed his innocent children,—not in hatred, but ignorantly, and wrought upon by the constant apprehension of their death; even as a terrified wretch upon a precipice, who swerves towards the very side that presents the danger. Let his deed, therefore, be viewed with compassion, as the fault of his unhappy fate, which forced upon him such a cruel crisis, and finally ended his sorrows by as tragical a death. On the morrow his dead body was found at sea by some fishermen, and being recognised as Argenti's, it was interred in one grave with those of his two children.

THE THREE JEWELS.

THERE are many examples in ancient and modern story, of lovers who have worn various disguises to obtain their mistresses; the great Jupiter himself setting the pattern by his notable transformations. Since those heroic days, love has often diverted himself in Italy as a shepherd with his pastoral crook; and I propose to tell you how, in more recent times, he has gone amongst us in various other shapes. But in the first place I must introduce to you a handsome youth, named Torrello, of Bergamo, who was enamoured of Fiorenza, the daughter of gentlefolks in the same neighbourhood. His enemies never objected anything against Torrello but his want of means to support his gentlemanly pretensions, and some extravagances and follies which belong generally to youth, and are often the mere foils of a generous nature. However, the parents of Fiorenza being somewhat austere, perceived graver offences in his flights, and forbade him, under grievous penalties, to keep company with his mistress.

Love, notwithstanding, is the parent of more inventions than necessity, and Torrello, being a lively-witted fellow, and withal deeply inspired by love, soon found out a way to be as often as he would in the presence of his lady. Seeing that he could not transform himself, like Jupiter, into a shower of gold for her sake, he put on the more humble seeming of a gardener, and so got employed in the pleasure-ground of her parents. I leave you to guess, then, how the flowers prospered under his care, since they were to form bouquets for Fiorenza, who was seldom afterwards to be seen without some pretty blossom in her bosom. She took many lessons, besides, of the gardener in his gentle craft, and her fondness growing for the employment, her time was almost all spent naturally amongst her plants, and to the infinite cultivation of her heart's-ease, which had never before prospered to such a growth. She learned also of Torrello a pretty language of hieroglyphics, which he had gathered from the girls of the Greek islands, so that they could hold secret colloquies together by exchanges of flowers; and Fiorenza became more eloquent by this kind of speech than in her own language, which she had never found competent to her dearest confessions.

Conceive how abundantly happy they were in such employments, surrounded by the lovely gifts of Nature, their pleasant occupation of itself being the primeval recreation of humankind before the Fall, and love especially being with them, that can convert a wilderness into a garden of sweets.

The mother of Fiorenza chiding her sometimes for the neglect of her embroideries, she would answer in this manner:—

"O my dear mother! what is there in labours of art at all comparable with these? Why should I task myself with a tedious needle to stitch out poor tame formal emblems of these beautiful flowers and plants, when thus the living blooms spring up naturally under my hands? I confess I never could account for the fondness of young women for that unwholesome chamber-work, for the sake of a

piece of inanimate tapestry, which hath neither freshness nor fraggrance; whereas, this breezy air, with the odour of the plants and shrubs, inspirits my very heart. I assure you, 'tis like a work of magic to see how they are charmed to spring up by the hands of our skilful gardener, who is so civil and kind as to teach me all the secrets of his art."

By such expressions her mother was quieted; but her father was not so easily pacified; for it happened, that whilst the roses flourished everywhere, the household herbs, by the neglect of Torrello and his assistants, went entirely to decay, so that at last, though there was a nosegay in every chamber, there was seldom a salad for the table. The master taking notice of the neglect, and the foolish Torrello in reply showing a beautiful flowery arbour, which he had busied himself in erecting, he was abruptly discharged on the spot, and driven out, like Adam, from his paradise of flowers.

The mother being informed afterwards of this transaction—

"In truth," said she, "it was well done of you, for the fellow was very forward, and I think Fiorenza did herself some disparagement in making so much of him, as I have observed. For example, a small fee of a crown or two would have paid him handsomely for his lessons to her, without giving him one of her jewels, which I fear the knave will be insolent enough to wear and make a boast of."

And truly Torrello never parted with the gift, which, as though it had been some magical talisman, transformed him quickly into a master falconer, on the estate of the parent of Fiorenza; and thus he rode side by side with her whenever she went a-fowling. That healthful exercise soon restored her cheerfulness, which, towards autumn, on the withering of her flowers, had been touched with melancholy; and she pursued her new pastime with as much eagerness as before. She rode always beside the falconer, as constant as a tassel-gentle to his lure; whilst Torrello often forgot to recall his birds from their flights. His giddiness and inadvertence at last procuring his dismissal, the falcon was taken from his finger, which Fiorenza recompensed with a fresh jewel, to console him for his disgrace.

After this event, there being neither gardening nor fowling to amuse her, the languid girl fell into a worse melancholy than before, that quite disconcerted her parents. After a consultation, therefore, between themselves, they sent for a noted physician from Turin, in spite of the opposition of Fiorenza, who understood her own ailment sufficiently to know that it was desperate to his remedies. In the meantime his visits raised the anxiety of Torrello to such a pitch, that after languishing some days about the mansion, he contrived to waylay the doctor on his return, and learned from him the mysterious nature of the patient's disease. The doctor confessing his despair of her cure—

"Be of good cheer," replied Torrello; "I know well her complaint, and without any miracle will enable you to restore her, so as to redound very greatly to your credit. You tell me that she will neither eat nor drink, and cannot sleep if she would, but pines miserably away, with a despondency which must end in either madness or her dissolution: whereas, I promise you she shall not only feed

heartily, and sleep soundly, but dance and sing as merrily as you can desire."

He then related confidentially the history of their mutual love, and begged earnestly that the physician would devise some means of getting him admitted to the presence of his mistress. The doctor being a good-hearted man, was much moved by the entreaties of Torrello, and consented to use his ability.

"However," said he, "I can think of no way but one, which would displease you, and that is, that you should personate my pupil, and attend upon her with my medicines."

The joyful Torrello assured the doctor, "that he was very much mistaken in supposing that any falsely-imagined pride could overmaster the vehemence of his love;" and accordingly putting on an apron, with the requisite habits, he repaired on his errand to the languishing Fiorenza. She recovered very speedily at his presence—but was altogether well again, to learn that thus a new mode was provided for their interviews. The physician thereupon was gratified with a handsome present by her parents, who allowed the assistant likewise to continue his visits till he had earned another jewel of Fiorenza. Prudence at last telling them that they must abandon this stratagem, they prepared for a fresh separation, but taking leave of each other upon a time too tenderly, they were observed by the father, and whilst Torrello was indignantly thrust out at the door, Fiorenza was commanded, with a stern rebuke, to her own chamber.

The old lady thereupon asking her angry husband concerning the cause of the uproar, he told her that he had caught the doctor's man on his knees to Fiorenza.

"A plague take him!" said he; "'tis the trick of all his tribe, with a pretence of feeling women's pulses to steal away their hands. I marvel how meanly the jade will bestow her favour next; but it will be a baser varlet, I doubt, than a gardener or a falconer."

"The falconer!" said the mother; "you spoke just now of the doctor's man."

"Ay," quoth he, "but I saw her exchange looks, too, with the falconer; my heart misgives me, that we shall undergo much disgrace and trouble on account of such a self-willed and forward child."

"Alas!" quoth the mother, "it is the way of young women, when they are crossed in the man of their liking; they grow desperate and careless of their behaviour. It is a pity, methinks, we did not let her have Torrello, who, with all his faults, was a youth of gentle birth, and not likely to disgrace us by his manners; but it would bring me down to my grave, to have the girl debase herself with any of these common and low-bred people."

Her husband, agreeing in these sentiments, they concerted how to have Torrello recalled, which the lady undertook to manage, so as to make the most of their parental indulgence to Fiorenza. Accordingly, after a proper lecture on her indiscretions, she dictated a dutiful letter to her lover, who came very joyfully in his own character as a gentleman, and a time was appointed for the wedding. When the day arrived, and the company were all assembled, the mother, who was very lynx-sighted, espied the three trinkets—namely, a ring, a clasp, and a buckle

—on the person of Torrello, that had belonged to her daughter: however, before she could put any questions, he took Fiorenza by the hand, and spoke as follows:—

"I know what a history you are going to tell me of the indiscretions of Fiorenza; and that the several jewels you regard so suspiciously, were bestowed by her on a gardener, a falconer, and a doctor's man. Those three knaves, being all as careless and improvident as myself, the gifts are come, as you perceive, into my own possession; notwithstanding, lest any should impeach, therefore, the constancy of this excellent lady, let them know that I will maintain her honour in behalf of myself, as well as of those other three, in token of which I have put on their several jewels."

The parents being enlightened by this discourse, and explaining it to their friends, the young people were married, to the general satisfaction; and Fiorenza confessed herself thrice happy with the gardener, the falconer, and the doctor's man.

GERONIMO AND GHISOLA.

THERE are many tragical instances on record, of cruel parents who have tried to control the affections of their children; but as well might they endeavour to force backwards the pure mountain current into base and unnatural channels. Such attempts, whether of sordid parents or ungenerous rivals, redound only to the disgrace of the contrivers; for Love is a jealous deity, and commonly avenges himself by some memorable catastrophe.

Thus it befell to the ambitious Marquis of Ciampolo, when he aimed at matching his only daughter, Ghisola, with the unfortunate Alfieri; whereas her young heart was already devoted to her faithful Geronimo, a person of gentle birth and much merit, though of slender estate. For this reason, his virtues were slighted by all but Ghisola, who had much cause to grieve at her father's blindness; for Alfieri was a proud and jealous man, and did not scorn to disparage his rival by the most unworthy reports. He had, indeed, so little generosity, that although she pleaded the prepossession of her heart by another, he did not cease to pursue her; and finally, the Marquis, discovering the reason of her rejection, the unhappy Geronimo was imperatively banished from her presence.

In this extremity, the disconsolate lovers made friends with a venerable oak in the Marquis's park, which presented a convenient cavity for the reception of their scrolls; and in this way, this aged tree became the mute and faithful confidant of their secret correspondence. Its mossy and knotted trunk was inhabited by several squirrels, and its branches by various birds; and in its gnarled root a family of red ants had made their fortress, which afforded a sufficient excuse for Ghisola to stop often before the tree, as if to observe their curious and instructive labours. In this manner they exchanged their fondest professions, and conveyed the dearest aspirations of their hearts to each other.

But love is a purblind and imprudent passion, which, like the ostrich, conceals itself from its proper sense, and then foolishly imagines that it is shrouded from all other eyes. Thus, whenever Ghisola walked abroad, her steps wandered by attraction to the self-same spot, her very existence seeming linked, like the life of a dryad, to her favourite tree. At last, these repeated visits attracting the curiosity of the vigilant Alfieri, his ingenuity soon divined the cause; and warily taking care to examine all the scrolls that passed between them, it happened that several schemes, which they plotted for a secret interview, were vexatiously disconcerted. The unsuspicious lovers, however, attributed these spiteful disappointments to the malice of chance; and thus their correspondence continued till towards the end of autumn, when the oak-tree began to shed its last withered leaves; but Ghisola heeded not, so long as it afforded those other ones, which were more golden in her eyes than any upon the boughs.

One evil day, however, repairing as usual to the cavity, it was empty and treasureless, although her own deposit had been removed as heretofore; and the dews beneath, it appeared, had been lately brushed away by the foot of her dear Geronimo. She knew, notwithstanding, that at any risk he would not so have grieved her; wherefore, returning homewards with a heavy heart, she dreaded, not unreasonably, that she should discover what she pined for in the hands of her incensed father; but being deceived in this expectation, she spent the rest of the day in tears and despondence; for, rather than believe any negligence of Geronimo, she resolved that he must have met with some tragical adventure; wherefore his bleeding ghost, with many more such horrible phantasies, did not fail to visit her in her thoughts and dreams.

In the meantime, Geronimo was in equal despair at not having received any writings from Ghisola; but his doubts took another turn than hers, and justly alighted on the treacherous Alfieri. At the first hints of his suspicion, therefore, he ran to the house of his rival, where the domestics refused positively to admit him, declaring that their master, if not already deceased, was upon the very threshold of death. Geronimo naturally supposing this story to be a mere subterfuge, drew his sword, and with much ado forced his way up to the sick man's chamber, where he found him stretched out upon a couch, and covered from head to heel with a long cloak. The noise of the door disturbing him, Alfieri uncovered his face, and looked out with a countenance so horribly puckered by anguish and distorted, that Geronimo for an instant forgot his purpose, but recovering himself from the shock, he asked fiercely for the letters.

The dying wretch answered to this demand with a deep groan, and removing the cloak, he showed Geronimo his bare arm, which was swelled as large round nearly as a man's body, and quite black and livid to the shoulder; but the hand was redder in colour, and merely a lump of unshapely flesh, though without any perceptible wound.

"This," said he, pointing to the livid member, "is my punishment for a deep offence to you; and there is your cruel avenger."

Geronimo, turning by his direction towards the table, at first sight discovered nothing deadly, but on looking within a little silver box, he discovered a small dead scorpion, the bite of which, in our climate, is

frequently mortal. Alfieri then motioning to Geronimo to come nearer, continued with great difficulty in these words :—

"There is a certain old oak, with a cleft in it, in the Marquis's park, which is but too well known to us both. My evil fortune led me to discover its use to you ; and my baseness to abuse that knowledge, for which I am suffering these torments. For putting my guilty hand into the hollow for your papers, which, I blush to confess, were my object, I was stung on my finger by this accursed reptile, who was lurking in the bottom of the hole. I have killed it, as you see, though my own anguish commenced with its destruction. Notwithstanding, I took away the papers and ran hither, where, on looking at my hand, it was as scarlet as my shame ; and my arm was already beginning to swell to this monstrous size, and the convulsed muscles were all writhing together like as many serpents. And now my pangs, together with the fever of my remorseless mind, have brought me to the extremity you behold." Saying which, he fell into a fresh fit of agony, so that the sweat issued in large drops from his forehead, and his eyes turned in their sockets with nothing but the whites upon Geronimo, whose flesh crept all over with compassion and dread.

This paroxysm passing over, he wiped away the foam from his mouth, and began to speak again, but in a much weaker voice and by syllables.

"You see," said he, "my injuries have returned, like ardent coals, upon my own head. I designed to have supplanted you, whereas I am myself removed from my place on the earth. Let me then depart with your forgiveness for the peace of my soul ; whilst, on my part, I make you amends as far as I may. And first of all take this box, with its fatal contents, to the Marquis, and bid him know by this token that God was adverse to our will. And because I did love, though vainly, let all my possessions be laid at the same feet where I used to kneel ; and beseech her, for charity's sake, to bestow her prayers on my departed soul. Tell her my pangs were bitter, and my fate cruel, except in preserving her from as horrible a calamity." He then fell backwards again upon the couch, and died.

As soon as he was laid out, Geronimo went and delivered the message to the Marquis, whom he found chiding with Ghisola for her melancholy. As he was much impressed with the dreadful scene he had witnessed, he described it very eloquently, so that both of his hearers were much affected, and especially at sight of the box with the dead scorpion. It cost Ghisola some fresh tears, which her lover did not reprove, to be told of the expressions which related to herself; but the Marquis was still more shocked at the relation, and confessing that it was the judgment of Heaven, he no longer opposed himself to the union of Ghisola with Geronimo. He then caused the remains of Alfieri to be honourably buried ; and it was observed that Geronimo shed the most tears of any one that wept over his tomb.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

THERE is no vice that causes more calamities in human life than the intemperate passion for gaming. How many noble and ingenious persons it hath reduced from wealth unto poverty; nay, from honesty to dishonour, and by still descending steps into the gulf of perdition! And yet how prevalent it is in all capital cities, where many of the chiefest merchants, and courtiers especially, are mere pitiful slaves of Fortune, toiling like so many abject turnspits in her ignoble wheel. Such a man is worse off than a poor borrower, for all he has is at the momentary call of imperative Chance; or rather he is more wretched than a very beggar, being mocked with an appearance of wealth, but as deceitful as if it turned, like the moneys in the old Arabian story, into decaying leaves.

In our parent city of Rome, to aggravate her modern disgraces, this pestilent vice has lately fixed her abode, and has inflicted many deep wounds on the fame and fortunes of her proudest families. A number of noble youths have been sucked into the ruinous vortex, some of them being degraded at last into humble retainers upon rich men, but the most part perishing by an unnatural catastrophe; and if the same fate did not befall the young Marquis de Malaspini, it was only by favour of a circumstance which is not likely to happen a second time for any gamester.

This gentleman came into a handsome revenue at the death of his parents, whereupon, to dissipate his regrets, he travelled abroad, and his graceful manners procured him a distinguished reception at several courts. After two years spent in this manner he returned to Rome, where he had a magnificent palace on the banks of the Tiber, and which he further enriched with some valuable paintings and sculptures from abroad. His taste in these works was much admired; and his friends remarked with still greater satisfaction, that he was untainted by the courtly vices which he must have witnessed in his travels. It only remained to complete their wishes, that he should form a matrimonial alliance that should be worthy of himself, and he seemed likely to fulfil this hope in attaching himself to the beautiful Countess of Maraviglia. She was herself the heiress of an ancient and honourable house; so that the match was regarded with satisfaction by the relations on both sides, and especially as the young pair were most tenderly in love with each other.

For certain reasons, however, the nuptials were deferred for a time, thus affording leisure for the crafty machinations of the devil, who delights, above all things, to cross a virtuous and happy marriage. Accordingly, he did not fail to make use of this judicious opportunity, but chose for his instrument the lady's own brother, a very profligate and a gamester, who soon fastened, like an evil genius, on the unlucky Malaspini.

It was a dismal shock to the lady, when she learned the nature of this connection, which Malaspini himself discovered to her, by incautiously dropping a die from his pocket in her presence. She

immediately endeavoured, with all her influence, to reclaim him from the dreadful passion for play, which had now crept over him like a moral cancer, and already disputed the sovereignty of love; neither was it without some dreadful struggles of remorse on his own part, and some useless victories, that he at last gave himself up to such desperate habits, but the power of his Mephistopheles prevailed, and the visits of Malaspini to the lady of his affections became still less frequent; he repairing instead to those nightly resorts where the greater portion of his estates was already forfeited.

At length, when the lady had not seen him for some days, and in the very last week before that which had been appointed for her marriage, she received a desperate letter from Malaspini, declaring that he was a ruined man in fortune and hope; and that at the cost of his life even, he must renounce her hand for ever. He added, that if his pride would let him even propose himself, a beggar as he was, for her acceptance, he should yet despair too much of her pardon to make such an offer; whereas, if he could have read in the heart of the unhappy lady, he would have seen that she still preferred the beggar Malaspini to the richest nobleman in the Popedom. With abundance of tears and sighs perusing his letter, her first impulse was to assure him of that loving truth; and to offer herself with her estates to him, in compensation of the spites of Fortune: but the wretched Malaspini had withdrawn himself no one knew whither, and she was constrained to content herself with grieving over his misfortunes, and purchasing such parts of his property as were exposed for sale by his plunderers. And now it became apparent what a villanous part his betrayer had taken; for, having thus stripped the unfortunate gentleman, he now aimed to rob him of his life also, that his treacheries might remain undiscovered. To this end he feigned a most vehement indignation at Malaspini's neglect and bad faith, as he termed it, towards his sister; protesting that it was an insult to be only washed out with his blood: and with these expressions, he sought to kill him at any advantage. And no doubt he would have become a murderer, as well as a dishonest gamester, if Malaspini's shame and anguish had not drawn him out of the way; for he had hired a mean lodging in the suburbs, from which he never issued but at dusk, and then only to wander in the most unfrequented places.

It was now in the wane of autumn, when some of the days are fine, and gorgeously decorated at morn and eve by the rich sun's embroideries; but others are dewy and dull, with cold nipping winds, inspiring comfortless fancies and thoughts of melancholy in every bosom. In such a dreary hour, Malaspini happened to walk abroad, and avoiding his own squandered estates, which it was not easy to do by reason of their extent, he wandered into a by-place in the neighbourhood. The place was very lonely and desolate, and without any near habitation; its main feature especially being a large tree, now stripped bare of its vernal honours, excepting one dry yellow leaf, which was shaking on a topmost bough to the cold evening wind, and threatening at every moment to fall to the damp, dewy earth. Before this dreary object Malaspini stopped some time in contemplation, commenting to himself on the desolate tree, and drawing many apt

comparisons between its nakedness and his own beggarly condition.

"Alas! poor bankrupt," says he, "thou hast been plucked too like me; but yet not so basely. Thou hast but showered thy green leaves on the grateful earth, which in another season will repay thee with sap and sustenance; but those whom I have fattened will not so much as lend again to my living. Thou wilt thus regain all thy green summer wealth, which I shall never do; and besides, thou art still better off than I am, with that one golden leaf to cheer thee, whereas I have been stripped even of my last ducat!"

With these and many more similar fancies he continued to aggrieve himself, till at last, being more sad than usual, his thoughts tended unto death, and he resolved, still watching that yellow leaf, to take its flight as the signal for his own departure.

"Chance," said he, "hath been my temporal ruin, and so let it now determine for me in my last cast between life and death, which is all that its malice hath left me."

Thus, in his extremity he still risked somewhat upon Fortune; and very shortly the leaf being torn away by a sudden blast, it made two or three flutterings to and fro, and at last settled on the earth, at about a hundred paces from the tree. Malaspini instantly interpreted this as an omen that he ought to die; and following the leaf till it alighted, he fell to work on the same spot with his sword, intending to scoop himself a sort of rude hollow for a grave. He found a strange gloomy pleasure in this fanciful design, that made him labour very earnestly, and the soil besides being loose and sandy, he had soon cleared away about a foot below the surface. The earth then became suddenly more obstinate, and trying it here and there with his sword, it struck against some very hard substance; whereupon, digging a little further down, he discovered a considerable treasure.

There were coins of various nations, but all golden, in this petty mine; and in such quantity as made Malaspini doubt, for a moment, if it were not the mere mintage of his fancy. Assuring himself, however, that it was no dream, he gave many thanks to God for this timely providence; notwithstanding, he hesitated for a moment, to deliberate whether it was honest to avail himself of the money; but believing, as was most probable, that it was the plunder of some banditti, he was reconciled to the appropriation of it to his own necessities.

Loading himself, therefore, with as much gold as he could conveniently carry, he hastened with it to his humble quarters; and by making two or three more trips in the course of the night, he made himself master of the whole treasure. It was sufficient, on being reckoned, to maintain him in comfort for the rest of his life; but not being able to enjoy it in the scene of his humiliations, he resolved to reside abroad; and embarking in an English vessel at Naples, he was carried over safely to London.

It is held a deep disgrace amongst our Italian nobility for a gentleman to meddle either with trade or commerce; and yet, as we behold, they will condescend to retail their own produce, and wine especially —yea, marry, and with an empty barrel, like any vintner's sign, hung out at their stately palaces. Malaspini perhaps disdained from the

first these illiberal prejudices ; or else he was taught to renounce them by the example of the London merchants, whom he saw in that great mart of the world, engrossing the universal seas, and enjoying the power and importance of princes, merely from fruits of their traffic. At any rate, he embarked what money he possessed in various mercantile adventures, which ended so profitably, that in three years he had regained almost as large a fortune as he had formerly inherited. He then speedily returned to his native country, and redeeming his paternal estates, he was soon in a worthy condition to present himself to his beloved Countess, who was still single, and cherished him with all a woman's devotedness in her constant affection. They were therefore before long united, to the contentment of all Rome ; her wicked relation having been slain some time before, in a brawl with his associates.

As for the fortunate windfall which had so befriended him, Malaspini founded with it a noble hospital for orphans ; and for this reason, that it belonged formerly to some fatherless children, from whom it had been withheld by their unnatural guardian. This wicked man it was who had buried the money in the sand : but when he found that his treasure was stolen, he went and hanged himself on the very tree that had caused its discovery.

BARANGA.

IT has been well said, that if there be no marriages made up in heaven, there are a great many contrived in a worse place ; the devil having a visible hand in some matches, which turn out as mischievous and miserable as he could desire. Not that I mean here to rail against wedlock, the generality of such mockers falling into its worst scrapes ; but my mind is just now set upon such contracts as that of the Marquis Manfredi with Baranga, who before the year was out devised his death.

This woman, it has been supposed by those who remember her features, was a Jewess,—which, in a Catholic country, the Marquis would be unwilling to acknowledge,—however, he affirmed that he had brought her from the kingdom of Spain. She was of the smallest figure that was ever known, and very beautiful, but of as impatient and fiery a temper as the cat-a-mountains of her own country; never hesitating, in her anger, at any extremes,—neither sparing her own beautiful hair nor her richest dresses, which she sometimes tore into shreds with her passionate hands. At such times she confirmed but too plausibly her imputed sisterhood with Jael and Deborah, and those traditional Hebrew women who faltered not even at acts of blood ; and who could not have looked more wildly at their tragedies than she, when she stood in her splendid rags, with her eyes flashing as darkly and as dangerously as theirs.

As soon as she arrived in Italy, her fatal beauty captivated a number of unhappy youths, who were led by her waywardness into the most painful adventures ; some of them suffering by encounters amongst

themselves, and others by the conversion of her fickle favour into hatred and scorn. Manfredi suspected little of these mischiefs, till at last the season of the Carnival drew nigh, when fearing the influence of that long revel of pleasure and dissipation upon her mind, he withdrew with her to his country-seat, which was about nine leagues distant from Rome. Thither she was followed by one of her gallants, named Vitelli, a ferocious and dissolute man, and whom it is believed she engaged to pursue her, not so much for personal liking, as in the hope of his assistance to relieve her from this irksome retirement. Her temper, in the meantime, being irritated by such restraint, grew every day more fierce and desperate—her cries often resounded through the house, which was strewed with fresh tokens of her fury. With whatever grief the Marquis beheld these paroxysms, he comforted himself by a fond reliance on her affection, and endeavoured by the most tender assiduities to console her for the disappointment he had inflicted. The moment of her arrival in the country, therefore, he presented her, as a peace-offering, with a pair of superb ear-rings; but he quickly beheld her with her ears dropping blood, and the jewels, which she had violently plucked away, lying trampled on the floor.

It was common for such scenes to happen whenever they encountered; and in consequence their meetings, by mutual care, were more and more avoided, till they almost lived asunder in the same house. In the meantime, Baranga did not forget her desire to be present at the Carnival, but contrived several stolen interviews with Vitelli; after which her manner changed abruptly from its usual violence to a gentler and thoughtful demeanour, her hours being chiefly spent solitarily in her own chamber. Above all, she never mentioned the Carnival, which had been till then her constant subject, but seemed rather to resign herself quietly to the wishes of her husband, who, seeing her so docile, repented in his heart of having ever crossed her pleasure.

It was in those infamous times that the hell-born fashion of empoisonment spread itself throughout Italy like a contagious pestilence, and to the everlasting scandal of our history was patronised and protected by the rich and great. Thus there were various professors of the infernal art, who taught, by their damnable compounds, how to ravish away life either suddenly or by languishing stages; and many persons of note and quality became their disciples, to the endless perdition of their souls, or at best, to the utter hardening of their hearts, according as they were prompted in their experiments by unlawful curiosity, or by more black and malignant motives. Whilst some practised, therefore, on the bodies of dogs and cats, and such mean animals, there were not wanting others who used their diabolical skill upon human relations that were obnoxious, and the names of many such victims are recorded, though the fate of a still greater number was hinted only by popular suspicion.

To one of these vile agents, then, the base Vitelli addressed himself; and the secret studies of Baranga were guided by his direction. Whilst the Marquis was hoping in the wholesome results of a temporary melancholy and seclusion, which have made some minds so nobly philosophise, her guilty lovely hands were tampering with horrid chemistry; and her meditations busy with the most black and deadly

syrups. There is a traditional picture of her thus occupied in her chamber, with the apparition of Death at her elbow, whilst with her black and piercing eyes she is watching the martyrdom of a little bird, that is perishing from her Circean compounds.

And now we may suppose Manfredi to be doomed as the next victim of her pernicious craft—who, on his part, was too unsuspicious to reject anything which she might tender to him with her infinitely small and delicate white hand. And assuredly the appointment of his death was not far distant, when the jealousy of the disappointed suitors of Baranga prevented her design. They had not omitted to place some spies over her movements: wherefore, on the eve of the Carnival, Manfredi was advised by a letter in an unknown hand, that she had concerted with Vitelli her elopement to Rome, and in a nun's habit, as he might convince himself with little pains, by an inspection of her wardrobe.

Manfredi was not a person to shut his eyes wilfully against the light, but recalled with some uneasiness her mysterious seclusion. He chose a time, therefore, when Baranga was absent, to visit her wardrobe, where if he did not discover the nun's habit, he found a complete suit of new sables, which had been prepared by her in anticipation of her widowhood. It is easy to conceive with what horror he shrunk aghast at this dreary evidence of her malignity, which yet was not fully confirmed, till he had broken into her unholy study, and lo! there lay the dead bird, beside some samples of her diabolical chemistry, upon a table. There were lying about baneful hellebore, and nightshade, and laurel, and such poisonous herbs, and I know not what deadly resins and gums, whether in syrups or as drugs, together with divers venomous styles and imbued needles for the infliction of death; yea, even subtle and impalpable powders to be inhaled by the sleeping with the vital air, to such a villanous pitch those curst empoisoners had carried their speculative inventions.

Manfredi knew too well the import of these dreadful symptoms, to doubt any longer of her purpose; however, he touched nothing, but with a dreadful stern composure returned down-stairs, and sending for a trusty domestic, commanded him to go instantly for a shroud. The man, obeying this strange order without any comment, in an hour returned with the deathly garment, which the Marquis with his own hands then hung up in the wardrobe, beside the widow's weeds, and in that plight left it for the discovery of Baranga.

And truly this was but a timely proceeding, for in that very hour she concerted with Vitelli to poison her husband at supper with a dish of sweetmeats; after which she returned home, and was first startled by the stern silence of Manfredi, who turned from her without a syllable. Her wretched guilty heart immediately smote her, and running up to her devilish sanctuary, she saw that it had been invaded; but how much more was she shocked upon sight of a dreary and awful shroud hanging beside those premature weeds, which it warned her she was never to put on! In a frenzy of despair, therefore, turning her own cruel arms against herself, she swallowed one of the most deadly of her preparations, and casting herself down on the floor, with a horrible ghastly countenance awaited the same dreadful pangs which

she had so lately witnessed on the poisoned bird. And now, doubtless, it came bitterly over her, what fearful flutterings she had seen it make, and throbs, and miserable gaspings of its dying beak; and even as the bird had perished, so did she.

There was no one bold enough to look upon her last agonies; but when she was silent and still, the Marquis came in and wept over her ill-starred body, which had been brought by its ungovernable spirit to so frightful a dissolution.

THE EXILE.

IN the reign of King Charles the Fifth of Spain, there lived in Madrid a gentleman, who being of a fair reputation and an ample fortune, obtained in marriage the daughter of one of the councillors of state. He had not lived long thus happily, when one day his father-in-law returned from the council, with a countenance full of dismay, and informed him that a secret accusation of treason had been preferred against him.

"Now, I know," said he, "that you are incapable of so great a wickedness, not merely from the loyalty of your nature, but because you cannot be so cruel as to have joined in a plot which was directed against my own life as well as others: yet, not knowing how far the malice of your enemies might prevail, for your marriage has made foes of many who were before your rivals, I would advise you to a temporary flight. Time, which discovers all mysteries, will then, in some happier season, unravel the plot which is laid against your life: but at present, the prejudice against you is hot, and the danger therefore is imminent."

To this the gentleman replied, that as he should answer to God in judgment, he was innocent, and altogether ignorant of the treason imputed to him; and therefore, being conscious of his innocence, and besides, so recently married, he preferred rather to remain in the kingdom and await the issue of his trial. The danger, however, became more pressing with every hour, and, finally, the advice of the councillor prevailed. The unfortunate gentleman, accordingly, took a hasty but most affectionate farewell of his young wife; and with a heavy heart embarked on board a foreign merchant vessel that was bound for the Gulf of Venice. The councillor was immediately arrested and thrown in prison, as having been an accessary to his son-in-law's escape; but being afterwards set free, he was still watched so vigilantly by the spies of the accusers, that he could not safely engage in any correspondence with his relation.

In this manner nearly two years passed away; till at length the miserable exile grew so impatient of his condition, that he resolved to return, even at whatever hazard to his life. Passing, therefore, by way of France into Spain, and taking care to disguise himself so effectually that he could not be recognised by his oldest acquaintance, he arrived in safety at a village in the neighbourhood of Madrid. There he learned, for the first time, that his father-in-law had been disgraced and amerced so heavily, that being of a proud spirit and unable to endure

his reverses, he had died of a broken heart: and moreover, that his daughter was presently living in the capital in the greatest affliction. At these melancholy tidings, he repented more than ever that he had quitted Spain, and resolved to repair to his wife without any further delay.

Now it chanced in the village where he was resting, that he had a very dear friend, named Rodrigo, who had been his schoolmate, and was as dear to him as a brother; and going to his house at sunset, he discovered himself to the other, and besought him to go before to Madrid, and prepare his dear wife for his arrival. "And now, remember," said he, "that my life, and not only mine, but my dear lady's also, depends upon your breath; and if you frame it into any speech, so imprudently as to betray me, I vow by our Holy Lady of Loretto, that I will eat your heart;" and with this and still stranger expressions, he conducted himself so wildly, as to show that his misfortunes, and perhaps some sickness, had impaired the healthiness of his brain. His friend, however, like a prudent man, concealed this observation; but unlocking his library, and saying that there was store of entertainment in his absence, he departed on his mission.

On Rodrigo's arrival at the lady's house, she was seated on a sofa, and, as if to divert her cares, was busied in some embroidery; but every now and then she stayed her needle to wipe off a tear that gathered on her long dark eyelashes, and sometimes to gaze for minutes together on a small portrait which lay before her on a table. "Alas!" she said to the picture, "we two that should have lived together so happily, to be thus asunder; but absence has made room for sorrow to come between us, and it slays both our hearts:" and as she complained thus, Rodrigo joyfully entered and began to unfold to her his welcome tidings.

At first, the sorrowful lady paid scarcely any attention to his words, but so soon as she comprehended that it concerned her dear husband's arrival, she could hardly breathe for joy.

"What! shall I behold him here, in this very spot; nay here," said she, pressing her hands vehemently upon her bosom: "I pray thee do not mock me, for my life is so flown into this hope, that they must die together if you deceive me;" and only at the entrance of that doubt she burst into a flood of tears. But being assured that the news was indeed true, and that her husband would presently be with her, she clasped her hands passionately together, and crying out that joy was as hard to bear as grief, besought Heaven that it might not madden her before he came, and then began to weep again as violently as before. Upon this, Rodrigo reproving her, she excused herself, saying "that a dream which had troubled her in the night, had overpowered her weak spirits."

"And in truth," said she, "it was very horrible; for my dear husband appeared to me like a phantom, and laid his cold hand upon mine, like a fall of snow; and he asked me if I was afraid of him, that I shuddered so, and I answered him, 'God forbid! but yet your voice, methinks, is not your own, nor so gentle,—but very fierce, and there is a strange light instead of love in your eyes.' And he said, 'This voice truly is not my own, nor the shining of my eyes; but the serpent's within me, who hath devoured my brain; and when *he* looks out upon

thee, he will kill thee, for he does not love thee as I used, neither is there any remorse in his heart.' As he spoke thus, I saw a light shining in his skull, and wild strange eyes looking forth through his eyes: so that I cried out with terror, and awaked. But ever since this dream has haunted me, and even now, as you see, I cannot quite get rid of its depression."

At the nature of this dream Don Rodrigo could scarcely forbear from shuddering, for he doubted not that the serpent signified the madness which he had observed about his friend, and that the vision itself was but the type of some impending calamity; nevertheless, he subdued his own fears before the lady, and endeavoured to divert her thoughts till the arrival of her husband.

After a tedious interval, at length the door was suddenly flung open, and he leaped in; and rushing to his wife, they embraced in silence for several sweet minutes, till separating a little, that they might gaze on each other, the lady remarked that his arm was bound up in a bloody handkerchief.

"Nay," said he, perceiving her alarm; "it is no very grievous hurt, though I have been assailed by robbers in my way hither: but, alas! what greater injury hath grief wrought upon thee!" for with her maidenly figure, she had all the careful countenance of a matron in years.

Indeed, it was easy to conceive how their hearts had suffered and hungered for each other by their present passionate endearments, for they soon crowded into a few short minutes all the hoarded affection of years. But such joy as theirs is often but the brief wonder of unhappy lives; and so, in the very summit of delight, they were interrupted by Don Rodrigo, who, with looks full of terror, declared that the house was beset by the police, and presently a loud knocking was heard at the outer gates. At this alarm, the two unfortunates started asunder, and listened till they heard even the throbbings of their own fearful hearts. But at the second knocking, the gentleman, quitting his wife, and drawing his sword, stared wildly about him with eyes that seemed to flash out sparkles of unnatural fire.

"Ha!" said he, casting a terrible glance upon Rodrigo; "have I sold my life to such a devil?" and suddenly springing upon him and tearing him down to the ground, he thrust his sword fiercely into his bosom.

And indeed it seemed but too reasonable that Rodrigo, who alone had known the secret of the exile's arrival, had betrayed him to the Government. Notwithstanding, at the first flush of the blood, as it gushed out as if in reproach of the weapon, the gentleman made an effort to raise his friend again from the floor; but in the meantime the police had enforced their entrance, and now made him their prisoner without any resistance. He begged merely that his arms might be left unbound, but immediately attempting in his frenzy to do some injury to his wife, and reviling her, through madness, with the very venom and aspect of a serpent, the officers hurried him instantly to his prison. All the time that he was being fettered he seemed quite unconscious, and altogether in some dream foreign to his condition; but as the door closed and the bolts grated harshly on

the outside, he recovered his senses, and made answer with a deep groan.

At first he believed he had no company in his misery, but presently he heard a rustling of straw, with a clanking of chains in one corner of the dungeon, which was a very dark one, and a man in irons came up slowly towards the grate. The little light sufficed to show that his countenance was a very horrid one, although hidden for the most part in his black, bushy hair; and he had besides but one eye: by which tokens the gentleman readily recognised him as one of the banditti who had set upon him in the forest.

"So, senor," said he, "I perceive that one foul night has netted us both; and therein I have done to thee one more injury than I designed; but my plunder has all gone before the council, and along with it thy papers: so if there be aught treasonable in them that brings thee to this cage, my ill-luck must be blamed for it, which is likely to bring us both to the same gallows."

At this discourse the gentleman fell into a fresh frenzy, but less of madness than of bitter grief and remorse: every word avenging upon him the stab which he had inflicted on his dear friend Rodrigo. He cast himself, therefore, on the hard floor, and would have dashed his tortured brains against the stones, but for the struggles of the robber, who, hard-hearted and savage as he had been by profession, was yet touched with strange pity at the sight of so passionate a grief. It settled upon him afterwards to a deep dejection, and in this condition, after some weeks' confinement, the wretched gentleman was finally released without any trial, by an order of the council. This change, however, which should have been a blessing to any other, produced no alleviation of his malady. It was nothing in the world to him that he was free to revisit its sunshine, and partake of all its natural delights, and above all, enjoy the consolations and the sweets of domestic affection. Though there was one ever gazing upon him with an almost breaking heart, he neither felt his own misery nor hers, but looked upon all things with an eye bright and fiery indeed at times; but not, like the stars, illuminate with knowledge.

In this mood he would sit for hours with his arms folded, and gazing upon the vacant air, sighing sometimes, but never conscious of the presence of his once beloved wife, who sat before him, and watched his steadfast countenance, till she wept at his want of sympathy. Day passed after day, and night after night, but there was no change in the darkness of his mind, till one morning, as he sat, his reason as it were returned upon him like the dawn of day, when the sky is first streaked with light, and the world gains a weak intelligence of the things that are in it. He had been looking for some minutes on his wife without knowing her, but tears glistened, for the first time, in his eyes, and at last two large drops, and with those his delirium, were shed from his eyelids. He immediately recognised his wife, and cast himself into her arms.

The joyful lady, in her turn, found it hard to retain her senses. After returning his caresses in the tenderest manner, she hastened immediately to Don Rodrigo, who, though severely hurt, had got better of his wound, and watched the more dreadful malady of his friend, some-

times indeed, in hope, but more commonly in despair of his recovery. At the first news, therefore, he ran hastily to the room, and soon cast himself into the arms of his friend: but the latter received him coldly; and before Rodrigo could finish even a brief salutation, he felt the other's arms loosening from around his neck, and beheld his head suddenly drop, as if it had been displeasing that their eyes should meet again. It seemed, indeed, that his malady had already returned upon him; but in another moment the body fell forwards on the floor, and instantly the blood gushed from a hidden wound in the side, which had hitherto been concealed by the mantle. A pair of scissors, covered with blood and broken, for the wound had been desperately bestowed, dropped from him as he fell: for, to show more sadly the lady's own joyful forgetfulness, she had supplied the weapon for this dreadful catastrophe.

As for the miserable lady, it was feared, from the violence of her grief, that the same dismal blow would have been her death; but her heart had been too long inured to such sufferings to be so speedily broken; and at last, attaining to that peace which belongs only to the comforts of our holy religion, she devoted her widowhood to God, and cheerfully ended an old age of piety in the Convent of St Faith.

THE OWL.

"AN indiscreet friend," says the proverb, "is more dangerous than the naked sword of an enemy;" and truly, there is nothing more fatal than the act of a misjudging ally, which, like a mistake in medicine, is apt to kill the unhappy patient whom it was intended to cure.

This lesson was taught in a remarkable manner to the innocent Zerlina, a peasant; to conceive which, you must suppose her to have gone by permission into the garden of the Countess of Marezzo, near the Arno, one beautiful morning of June. It was a spacious pleasure-ground, excellently disposed and adorned with the choicest specimens of shrubs and trees, being bounded on all sides by hedgerows of laurels and myrtles, and such sombre evergreens, and in the midst was a pretty verdant lawn with a sundial.

The numberless plants that belong to that bountiful season were then in full flower, and the delicate fragrance of the orange blossoms perfumed the universal air. The thrushes were singing merrily in the copses, and the bees, that cannot stir without music, made a joyous humming with their wings. All things were vigorous and cheerful except one, a poor owl, that had been hurt by a bolt from a crossbow, and so had been unable by daylight to regain his accustomed hermitage, but sheltered himself under a row of laurel-trees and hollies, that afforded a delicious shadow in the noontide sun. There, shunning and shunned by all, as is the lot of the unfortunate, he languished over his wound; till a flight of pert sparrows espying him, he was soon forced to endure a thousand twittings as well as buffets from that insolent race.

The noise of these chatterers attracting the attention of Zerlina, she crossed over to the spot; and, lo! there crouched the poor bewildered owl, blinking with his large bedazzled eyes, and nodding as if with giddiness from his buffetings and the blaze of unusual light.

The tender girl being very gentle and compassionate by nature, was no ways repelled by his ugliness; but thinking of his sufferings, took up the feathered wretch in her arms and endeavoured to revive him by placing him on her bosom. There, nursing him with an abundance of pity and concern, she carried him to the grass-plat, and being ignorant of his habits, laid out the poor drooping bird, as her own lively spirits prompted her, in the glowing sunshine; for she felt in her own heart, at that moment, the kind and cheerful influence of the genial sun. Then, withdrawing a little way and leaning against the dial, she awaited the grateful change which she hoped to behold in the creature's looks; whereas, the tormented owl being grievously dazzled, and annoyed more than ever, hopped off again, with many piteous efforts, to the shady evergreens. Notwithstanding, believing that this shyness was only because of his natural wildness or fear, she brought him over again to the lawn, and then ran into the house for some crumbs to feed him withal.

The poor owl, in the meantime, crawled partly back, as before, to his friendly shelter of holly. The simple girl found him, therefore, with much wonder, again retiring towards those gloomy bushes.

"Why, what a wilful creature is this," she thought, "that is so loth to be comforted! No sooner have I placed it in the warm cheerful sunshine, which enlivens all its fellow-birds to chirp and sing, than it goes back and mopes under the most dismal corners. I have known many human persons to have those peevish fits, and to reject kindness as perversely, but who would look for such unnatural humours in a simple bird!"

Therewith, taking the monkish fowl from his dull leafy cloisters, she disposed him once more on the sunny lawn, where he made still fresh attempts to get away from the over-painful radiance, but was now become too feeble and ill to remove. Zerlina therefore began to believe that he was reconciled to his situation; but she had hardly cherished this fancy, when a dismal film came suddenly over his large round eyes; and then falling over upon his back, after one or two slow gasps of his beak, and a few twitches of his aged claws, the poor martyr of kindness expired before her sight. It cost her a few tears to witness the tragical issue of her endeavours; but she was still more grieved afterwards, when she was told of the cruelty of her unskilful treatment:—and the poor owl, with its melancholy death, was the frequent subject of her meditations.

In the year after this occurrence, it happened that the Countess of Marezzo was in want of a young female attendant, and being much struck with the modesty and lively temper of Zerlina, she requested her parents to let her live with her. The poor people having a numerous family to provide for, agreed very cheerfully to the proposal; and Zerlina was carried by her benefactress to Rome. Her good conduct confirming the prepossessions of the Countess, the latter showed her many marks of her favour and regard, not only furnishing her hand-

somely with apparel, but taking her as a companion on her visits to the most rich and noble families, so that Zerlina was thus introduced to much gaiety and splendour. Her heart, notwithstanding, ached oftentimes under her silken dresses, for in spite of the favour of the Countess, she met with many slights from the proud and wealthy, on account of her humble origin, as well as much envy and malice from persons of her own condition. She fell therefore into a deep melancholy, and being interrogated by the Countess, she declared that she pined for her former humble but happy estate, and begged with all humility that she might return to her native village.

The Countess being much surprised as well as grieved at this confession, inquired if she had ever given her cause to repent of her protection, to which Zerlina replied with many grateful tears, but still avowing the ardour of her wishes.

"Let me return," said she, "to my own homely life; this oppressive splendour dazzles and bewilders me. I feel by a thousand humiliating misgivings and disgraces, that it is foreign to my nature; my defects of birth and manners making me shrink continually within myself, whilst those who were born for its blaze perceive readily that I belong to an obscurer race, and taunt me with jests and indignities for intruding on their sphere. Those, also, who should be my equals are quite as bitter against me for overstepping their station, so that my life is thus a round of perpetual mortifications and uneasiness. Pray, therefore, absolve me of ingratitude, if I long to return to my native and proper shades, with their appointed habits. I am dying, like the poor owl, for lack of my natural obscurity."

The curiosity of the Countess being awakened by her last expression, Zerlina related to her the story of that unfortunate bird, and applied it with a very touching commentary to her own condition; so that the Countess was affected even to the shedding of tears: she immediately comprehended the moral, and carrying back Zerlina to her native village, she bestowed her future favour so judiciously, that instead of being a misfortune, it secured the complete happiness of the pretty peasant.

THE GERMAN KNIGHT.

THERE is an old proverb, that some jokes are cut-throats; meaning that certain unlucky jests are apt to bring a tragical ending, —a truth which has being confirmed by many instances besides that one which I am about to relate.

At the memorable siege of Vienna by the French, in the year ——, the inhabitants enrolled themselves in great numbers for the defence of the city, and amongst these was one Lodowic, a man of dull intellect and a hasty temper, but withal of a slow courage. He was not one of the last, however, to volunteer; for there was a lady in the background who excited him, with an extraordinary eagerness, to take up arms against the common enemy.

It is notorious that the Germans, though phlegmatic, are a romantic people in their notions; the tales of chivalry, the mysteries of Odin,

and diabolical legends, being their most favourite studies. In affairs of business they are plodding, indefatigable, and of an extraordinary patience, their naturalists having counted cod's eggs, by millions, beyond any other people; and in their extravagant flights they equally surpass the rest of mankind, even as it has been observed of the most sedate drudge-horses, that they kick up highest of any when turned out free into the meadow.

Dorothea, for so the lady was called, partook largely of the national bias; and in truth, for her own peace and contentment, should have lived some centuries sooner, when the customs recorded by the minnesingers and troubadours were the common usages. In her own times, it was a novelty to see a young maiden so over-delighted as she was at the dedication of her lover to deeds of arms and bloodshed; as if, forsooth, he had been going only to tilt with a blunted lance at a holiday tournament, instead of the deadly broil with the French in which he was engaged. With her own hand she embroidered for him a silken scarf, in the manner of the damsels of yore, and bereaved her own headgear to bedeck his helmet with a knightly plume. For it was one of her fancies that Lodowic should go forth to the war in the costume of her ancestors, from whose armoury she selected a suit of complete steel, which had been worn aforetime in the Holy Land.

The timid spirit of the German made him willingly entrench himself in a coat of mail, and its security helped him to overlook the undue alacrity with which the lady of his love commended him to the bloody field. Not a tear did she spend at the buckling on of his cuirass, nor a single sigh at the delivery of his shield.

"Return with this," said the hard-hearted one, "or upon it,"—a benediction which she had learned of the Spartan heroine.

It was noon when the redoubtable Lodowic rode forth thus accoutred to join his troop on the parade. His horse, scared by the clattering of the armour, made many desperate plunges by the way, to the manifest derangement of his scarf, and still more of his plumes, which began to droop down his nape in a very unseemly fashion. The joints of his armour being stiff with the rust of age, he had no great command of his limbs, nor was he very expert or graceful in the management of his lance. As for his shield, he had found convenient to cast it amongst certain gossiping housewives in the street; so that, in extremity, he could fulfil neither of the Spartan conditions.

The common people, who have hawks' eyes for any grotesque figure, shouted lustily after him as he rode, which attracted the general notice of his troop to that quarter, and as soon as they perceived his uncouth habiliments, set off as they were by his imperturbable German gravity, there was a tumult of laughter and derision along the whole line.

Now it happened that there belonged to this troop an adjutant, a special friend of Lodowic, but, on this occasion, the most bitter of his mockers. A hundred merry jests he passed upon the unlucky man-at-arms, till at last the incensed paladin beckoned him a pace or two apart, and after a short but angry conference, returned with his face at a white heat to his mistress, and informed her of the event.

"Now this adventure," said the cruel one, "falls out better than I hoped. Thou shalt cast down thy gauntlet in defiance of this un-

courteous knight; and though there be no royal lists appointed in these days, ye may have, notwithstanding, a very honourable and chivalrous encounter."

"As for that, madam," returned Lodowic, "the matter is settled, and without throwing about any gloves at all. I have dared him to meet me to-morrow at sunrise, by the Linden Wood; and one way or another I daresay something desperate will be done between us."

The hard-hearted one, highly in love with this news, embraced Lodowic very tenderly, and, to mark her grace towards him still farther, gave him her glove to wear as a favour during the impending combat. She selected for him, moreover, a new suit of armour, and gave him a fresh shield against any disaster,—a provision which the knight acknowledged with equal gratitude and gravity. And now she had nothing left but to dream, waking or sleeping, of the wager of battle of the morrow; whereas, Lodowic closed his eyes no more through the night than if he had been watching his arms in a church.

As soon as the cocks began to crow, which he heard with as much pleasure as St Peter, he put on his arms, and set forth whilst the morning was yet at a grey light. There is no chill so deathlike and subtle as that which springs up with the vapourish damps before sunrise, and Lodowic soon found himself all over in a cold sweat, answerable to that of the earth. Thoughts of death, besides, began now to be busy within him; the very crimson rents and fissures of the eastern sky suggesting to him the gaping of the gory wounds which might soon be inflicted on his miserable body, for he knew that even the iron defences of the olden knights had not exempted them from such cruel slashes. In the meantime, he studied a pacific discourse, which he trusted would heal up the quarrel better than either sword or lance; and in this Christian temper he arrived at the appointed place. There was no one yet visible within the narrow obscure horizon; wherefore he paced his horse slowly up and down in front of the Linden Wood, between which and himself there flowed a small murmuring stream.

After about twenty turns to and fro, Lodowic beheld some one emerging from the trees, whom the mist of the morning would not let him perfectly distinguish. However, the pale light of the sun began presently to glance upon the figure, turning it from a dark object to a bright one, so that it gleamed out like the rivulet, which stood at nearly the same distance. The figure leaped his horse over the brook with a slight noise that sounded like the jingling of arms, and coming gently into the foreground, Lodowic discerned that it was the adjutant, in a suit of complete armour. At this sight, he was very much puzzled whether to take it as a new affront or as an apology, that the other came thus, in a suit of the kind that had begotten their difference; but how monstrous was his rage to discover that it was only a burlesque armour—the helmet being merely a pewter bason, and the shield the cover of a large iron pot. The mocker, pursuing his original jest in this indiscreet way, had prepared a set speech for the encounter.

"You see, cousin," said he, "that I meet you at your own arms. Here is my helmet to match with yours, and this my buckler is made

after the model of your own; here is my corslet too"—but before he could achieve the comparison, his horse was staggering from the rush of the choleric Lodowic, whose spear, whether by accident or design, was buried deep in the other's bosom. The wounded man gave but one groan, and fell backward, and the horse of Lodowic taking fright at the clatter of the armour, started off at full gallop, throwing his rider side by side with the bleeding wretch upon the grass.

As soon as he recovered from the shock, Lodowic got up and gazed with fixed eyes on the wounded man. He was lying on his back, staring dreadfully against the sky; one of his hands was clenched about the handle of the cruel spear—the other he kept striking with mere anguish against the ground, where it soon became dabbled in a pool of blood that had flowed from his wound. Anon, drawing it in a fresh agony across his brow, his face likewise was smeared over with the gore, making altogether so shocking a picture, that Lodowic was ready to swoon away upon the spot.

"In the name of God," he cried, "tell me, my dearest friend, that you are not mortally hurt;" but the wounded man made answer only by a horrible roll of his eyes, and so expired.

Imagine what a dreadful sharp pang of remorse went through the bosom of Lodowic at this dreary spectacle. His heart felt cold within him, like a ball of snow, but his head was burning with a tumult of remorseful and miserable thoughts, together with some most painful misgivings as to the disposition of his mistress, which now began to show at variance with loveliness and womanhood. But it was time to be gone, the country-people beginning to stir about the fields; so casting off the accursed armour, which now pained him through and through, like Nessus' poisoned shirt, he ran off, bewildered, he knew not whither.

Shortly after his departure, the hard-hearted Dorothea, with her woman, arrived at the spot—and lo! there lay the dead body of the adjutant, with the spear still sticking upright in his bosom. I know not how such a fortitude consists with the female nature, but she looked on this dreadful object with all the serenity of a lady in old romance. Her only concern was to behold the armour of Lodowic scattered so shamefully about, for she had resolved that he should repair to her with all the chivalrous formality. Returning home, therefore, with great scorn and anger in her looks, she promised to visit the unfortunate knight with a rigorous penance; but she saw no more of Lodowic, except the following letter, which was brought to her the same evening by a peasant:—

"MADAM,—I send you by this page your glove, stained with the blood of the traitor, formerly my friend. It grieves me that I cannot lay it with my own hands at your feet, but a vow binds me to achieve deeds more worthy of your beauty and my devotion. To-morrow I set forth for Cyprus, and I shall not think myself entitled to your presence till I have strung the heads of a score of Turks at my saddle-bow. Till then, I remain in all loyalty, your true knight,

"LODOWIC."

The hard-hearted one perused this letter with an equal mixture of

delight and doubt, for the style of the German hitherto had been neither quaint nor heroical. She waited many long years, you may believe, for the heads of the infidels. In the meantime, Lodowic had passed over into England, where he married the widow of a refiner, and soon became an opulent sugar-baker; for though he still had some German romantic flights on an occasion, he was as steady and plodding as a blind millhorse in his business.

THE FLORENTINE KINSMEN.

IT is a true proverb, that we are hawks in discerning the faults of others, but buzzards in spying out our own: and so is the other, that no man will act wickedly before a mirror; both of which sayings I hope to illustrate in the following story.

The hereditary domains of the Malatesti, formerly a very ancient and noble family of Florence, were large and princely, though now they are alienated and parcelled out amongst numerous possessors, and the race which then owned them is extinct. After many generations, the greater portion of the estates descended to a distant relation of the house, and the remainder to his kinsman, who had already some very large possessions of his own.

This man, notwithstanding he was so rich, and able to live, if he chose, in the greatest luxury and profusion, was still so covetous as to cast an envious and grudging eye on the property of his noble kinsman, and he did nothing but devise secretly how he should get the rest of the estates of the Malatesti into his own hands. His kinsman, however, though generous and hospitable, was no prodigal or gambler, likely to stand in need of usurious loans; neither a dissolute liver, that might die prematurely, nor a soldier; but addicted to peaceful literary studies, and very temperate in his habits.

The miserly man, therefore, saw no hope of obtaining his wishes, except at the price of blood, and he did not scruple at last to admit this horrible alternative into his nightly meditations. He resolved, therefore, to bribe the notorious Pazzo, a famous robber of that time, to his purpose; but ashamed, perhaps, to avow his inordinate longings, even to a robber, or else grudging the high wages of such a servant of iniquity, he afterwards revoked this design, and took upon his own hands the office of an assassin.

Accordingly he invited his unsuspecting kinsman, with much specious kindness, to his own house, under a pretence of consulting him on some rare old manuscripts which he had lately purchased, a temptation which the other was not likely to resist. He repaired, therefore, very readily to the miser's country-seat, where they spent a few days together very amicably though not sumptuously; but the learned gentleman was contented with the entertainment which he hoped to meet with in the antique papyri. At last, growing more impatient than was strictly polite to behold the manuscripts, he inquired for them so continually, that his crafty host thought it was full time to show him an improvement which he had designed upon his estate,

and which intended, as may be guessed, the addition of another territory to his own.

The gentleman, who, along with alchemy and the other sciences, had studied landscape gardening, made no difficulties; so mounting their horses, they rode towards the middle of the estate into a deep forest, the gentleman discoursing by the way—for the last time in his life possibly—on the cultivation of the cedar. The miser, with a dagger in his sleeve, rode closely by his side, commenting from time to time on the growth of his trees, and at length bade his companion look towards the right, through a certain little vista which opened towards the setting sun, now shining very gorgeously in the west. The unwary gentleman, accordingly turned his head on that side, but he had scarcely glanced on that golden light of heaven, when the miser suddenly smote him a savage blow on the left breast, which tumbled him off his horse.

The stroke, however, though so well directed, alighted luckily on a small volume of a favourite author which the gentleman wore constantly in his bosom. So that learning, which has brought so many to poverty and a miserable end, was for this once the salvation of a life.

At first the victim was stunned awhile by the fall, and especially by the shocking treachery of his relation, who, seeing how matters went, leapt quickly down to despatch him; but the gentleman, though a scholar, made a vigorous defence, and catching hold of the miser's arm with the dagger, he began to plead in very natural terms (for at other times he was a little pedantical) for his life.

"Oh, my kinsman," said he, "why will you kill me, who have never wished you any harm in my days, but on the contrary have always loved you faithfully, and concerned myself at every opportunity about your health and welfare? Consider, besides, I beg of you, how nearly we are allied in blood: though it is a foul crime for any man to lift an unbrotherly hand against another, yet in our case it is thrice unnatural. Remember the awful curse of Cain, which for this very act will pursue you; and for your own sake as well as mine, do not incur so terrible a penalty. Think how presumptuous it is to take a life of God's own gracious creation, and to quench a spark which in after remorse you cannot by any means rekindle; nay, how much more horrible it must be still to slay an immortal soul, as you thus hazard, by sending me to my audit with all my crimes still unrepented upon my head. Look here at this very blood, which you have drawn from my hand in our struggle, how naturally it reproaches and stains you; for which reason, God doubtless made it of that blushing hue, that it might not be shed thus wantonly. This little wound alone, wrings me with more pain than I have ever caused to any living creature, but you cannot destroy me without still keener anguish and the utmost agonies. And why indeed should you slay me? not for my riches, of which we have both of us more than enough, or if you wanted, Heaven knows how freely I would share my means with you. I cannot believe you so base as to murder me for such unprofitable lucre, but doubtless I have offended you in some innocent way to provoke this malice. If I have, I will beseech your pardon a thousand

times over, from the simple love that I bear you; but do not requite me for an imaginary wrong so barbarously. Pray, my dear kinsman, spare me! Do not cut me off thus untimely in the happy prime of my days,—from the pleasant sunshine, and from the blessed delights of nature, and from my harmless books (for he did not forget those) and all the common joys of existence. It is true, I have no dear wife or children to weep for me, but I have many kindly friends that will grieve for my death, besides all the poor peasants on my estates, who will fall, I fear, under a harder lordship. Pray, my kinsman, spare me!"

But the cruel miser, in reply, only struggled to release himself, and at last prevailing, he smote the other once or twice again with his dagger, but not dangerously.

Now it happened that the noted robber Pazzo, whom I have already mentioned, was making a round in the forest at the same time with the two kinsmen, and thanking Providence that had thrown into his path so rich a prize (for the rogue was very devout in his own way), he watched them along the road, for a favourable opportunity of assaulting them, and so became a witness of this murderous transaction.

Pazzo himself was a brave man, and not especially cruel; thus he was not sorry to see that a part of his office was about to be performed by another, and probably, too, he was secretly gratified to observe that a rich and reputable man could behave himself so like a despised robber: howbeit, he no ways interfered, but warily ambushed himself behind a large cork-tree to behold the sequel.

He was near enough to hear all the speeches that passed between them, so that having still some human kindliness at the bottom of his heart, it was soon awakened by the gentleman's eloquent pleadings for his life: but when the assassin began to attack him afresh, the cruelty of the act struck on him so forcibly, that he instantly leaped out upon the bloodthirsty miser, and tore him down to the ground. He was then going to dispatch him without further delay, but the generous kinsman entreating most earnestly for the wretch's life, and promising any sum for his ransom, Pazzo, with great reluctance, allowed him to remain unhurt. He bound his hands together, notwithstanding, and detained him as his prisoner; but he would accept of no money nor of any favour from the grateful gentleman, except a promise that he would use his interest with Government in behalf of any of the banditti who should fall into the hands of the police.

They then parted with mutual courtesy, the gentleman returning home, and Pazzo repairing with his captive to the mountains, where he bestowed him as a legacy to his comrades, desiring them to liberate him only for an enormous ransom. The sum was soon sent to their rendezvous, as agreed upon by his kinsman; whereupon the miser was suffered to depart; and thenceforwards he cherished a gentleness of heart which he had been taught to value by some sufferings amongst the mountains.

As for the gentleman, he resumed his harmless and beloved studies, till being over-persuaded to publish a metaphysical work, on which he had been engaged for some years, the critics did for him what his

kinsman had been unable to effect, and he died of chagrin. The miser thus attained in the end to his object of inheriting the whole of the estates; but he enjoyed them very briefly, and on his death the family of Malatesti became extinct.

The ransom-money Pazzo distributed amongst his comrades, and then renounced for ever his former course of life; confessing that what had passed between the two kinsmen had held up to him such an odious pattern of his own wicked practices, that he repented bitterly of the acts of violence and injustice he had committed in his profession. In this manner he justified the sayings with which I set out in my story; and afterwards, entering into the Venetian navy, he served with great credit against the Turks and infidels, and died at last bravely fighting with those enemies of our religion.

THE CARRIER'S WIFE.

IN the suburbs of Strasburg there lived a certain poor woman, by trade a sempstress, who was called Margaret. She was of the middle age, but so cheerful and sweet-tempered, and besides so comely, and of such honest repute, that many tradesmen of respectable condition would have been glad to marry her. She had contracted herself, however, to one Kolmarr, a plausible fellow and a carrier, but in reality a smuggler and a very ruffian. Accordingly, whilst their honeymoon was yet in the wane, he began to use her very shamefully, till at last she was worse treated than his mules, upon which he made her to attend whilst he was smoking and drinking with his dissolute comrades.

Margaret, notwithstanding, being very humble and industrious, would never have repined at this drudgery; but on any ill luck which happened to him, his contraband wares being sometimes seized upon by spies, he would beat her in a cruel manner. She concealed this treatment, however, from everybody, hoping some day to reclaim him by kindness—never reproaching him, indeed, but by haggard and careful looks, which she could not help, for she shrank as often under the pinching hand of want as from that of her brutal husband. Her beauty and strength thus decaying together, she became at last so disgusting to him, that if he had not been as cautious and crafty as he was cruel, he would have killed her without delay. As it was, he almost starved her, professing extreme poverty; at which Margaret never murmured, but only grieved for his sake over his pretended losses.

One day, as she was thus sitting disconsolate at her needlework, and thinking over her hard condition, she heard a gentle knocking at the door, and going to see who it was, she beheld her cousin, a pedlar, who travelled through the country with his box of wares. At first sight of him she was very joyful, not having seen him for many years, but her heart soon sank again into despondence when she remembered how wretchedly she must entertain him, if at all; for if Kolmarr

knew that she bestowed even a crust of bread, he would certainly beat her. She bade her relation, however, to come in and rest himself.

"Alas!" she said, "I have nothing to give thee for thy supper, the house is so bare; and what is worse, I dare not make amends to thee with a night's lodging, for my husband is a very shy, reserved man who cannot endure the presence of a stranger: if he found any one here, therefore, at his return, although he is kind enough upon other occasions, he would certainly chide me."

Her kinsman, after musing a little while over these words, answered her thus:

"Margaret, I perceive how it is. But do not be uneasy: the best houses may be found unprovided by a random comer. I am prepared, you see, against such emergencies: here is a flask of good wine, with a dried fish or two, and a handful of raisins,—of which I shall be glad to see you partake. Come, fall to;" and laying out his stores upon the table, he began to sup merrily.

Margaret, at this sight, was more alarmed than ever; nevertheless, after many persuasions she began to eat also, but casting her eyes continually towards the door, as if she feared a visit from an Apennine wolf. The time still drawing nearer for Kolmarr to return, she begged her kinsman to dispatch his meal, as he loved her, and then depart. "I will even do as you say," said he, still misunderstanding her; "so now show me to my chamber."

To this Margaret in great alarm replied with what she had told him before, beseeching him not to take it ill of her that he could not sleep in her house; but to believe that she regarded it as one of her many misfortunes.

"I understand you," said he, "very well; but pray make me no more such excuses. I have told you I am not a man to quarrel with my accommodation. Though the bed be harder, and the sheets more coarse and ragged than you care to treat me with, I should lie very thankfully on the floor. So no words, woman, for hence I will not to-night for a king's bed of down"

Margaret, finding him so positive, and observing, besides, that he was flushed with wine, was fain to humour him; however, as she knew he was a discreet man, and that he would depart before sunrise, she hoped he might be lodged there that one night without the knowledge of Kolmarr. She took him up, therefore, into the garret, which contained nothing but a low sorry bed and a long stout rope, which Kolmarr had left there, probably, to tempt her to hang herself; for she had sometimes slept there alone when he ill-treated her. Her cousin, nevertheless, swore that it was a lodging for a prince.

"Nay," quoth she, "you are kind enough to view it so; but it is grievously troubled with the rats, as I have had cause to know;" and then hastily bidding him good-night, she went down the stairs again, with her eyes brimful of tears.

After she had been down a little while, Kolmarr knocked at the door, which made Margaret almost fall from her chair. He came in soberly, but in a grave humour, and observing how red her eyes were, he pulled her to him, and kissed her with much apparent affection. The poor woman was too full at heart to speak; but throwing her

lean arms round his neck, she seemed to forget in that moment all her troubles; and still more when Kolmarr, with a terrible oath, swore that after that night he would never fret her again.

The grateful Margaret, being very humble and weak-spirited, was ready to fall down on her knees to him for this unusual kindness, and her conscience smiting her, she was just going to confess to him the concealment of her cousin, and to beseech his forgiveness for that disobedience, as the first she had ever committed as his wife. But luckily she held her peace, for her fears still prevailed over her; and on these terms they bestowed themselves together for the night.

Now it was Kolmarr's custom of a night to pay a visit to his stable, he, as a rogue himself, being very fearful of the dishonesty of others; for which reason he likewise locked behind him the door of his bedchamber, in which he deposited his commodities. About midnight, therefore, Margaret heard him go down as usual, but his stay was three times as long as ever it had been before. She became very uneasy at this circumstance, and, moreover, at a strong smoke which began to creep into the chamber; whereupon, going to the window, she heard Kolmarr beneath, moaning like a person in great pain. In answer to her questions, he told her he had been beaten by some robbers, who had taken away his mules, and then set fire to the house.

"The back of it," said he, "is all wrapt in a flame; but what most grieves me of all, my dear Margaret, is that I cannot rescue thee, seeing that in my strife with the villains I have lost the key of the outer door. Nevertheless, if thou wilt take courage and cast thyself down, I will catch thee in my arms; or at worst, I have dragged hither a great heap of straw, so that no harm may befall thy precious limbs."

The crafty ruffian, however, intended her no kinder reception than the hard bare earth would afford to her miserable bones. His brutality being well known in the country, he did not care to kill her openly, whereas in this way he hoped to make it apparent that her death was caused by accident; and besides, as it would be in a manner by her own act, he flattered himself there would be the less guilt upon his head.

The window being very far from the ground, Margaret, however, hesitated at the fall; and in the meantime the pedlar awaked, and smelling the smoke, and going forth to the window above, he overheard the entreaties of Kolmarr. The danger, by his account, was very imminent; so stepping in again for his pack, which was very heavy, the pedlar pitched it out in the dark upon Kolmarr, who immediately began to groan in the most dismal earnest. The pedlar, knowing how heavy the box was, and hearing the crash, with the lamentations that followed, made no doubt that he had done for the man beneath; so, without staying to make any fruitless inquiries, he groped about for the rope which he had noticed in the chamber, and knotting it here and there, and tying one end of it to the bed, he let himself down, as nimbly as a cat, to his kinswoman's window. Margaret, touched by the moans of her husband, had just made up her mind to leap down at a venture, when the pedlar withheld her, and

being very stout and active, he soon made shift to lower her down safely to the ground, and then followed himself, like a sailor, by means of the rope.

As soon as Margaret was on her feet, she sought for Kolmarr, who by this time was as quiet as a stone, and made no answer to her inquiries; the pedlar therefore concluded justly that he was dead, and speedily found out with his fingers that there was a great hole in the wretch's skull. At first he was very much shocked and troubled by this discovery; but afterwards, going behind the house, and seeing the smouldering remains of a heap of straw which Kolmar had lighted, he comprehended the whole matter and was comforted. Then bringing Margaret, who was lamenting very loudly, to the same spot, he showed her the ashes, and told her how foolish it was to mourn so for a wicked man, who had died horribly through his own plotting against her life.

"The devices of the bloody man," said he, "have fallen upon his own head. Consider this, therefore, as the good deed of Providence, which, pitying your distresses, has ordained you a happier life hereafter; and for your maintenance, if God should fail to provide you, I will see to it myself."

In this manner, comforting her judiciously, Margaret dried her tears, reflecting, as many women do, but with less reason, that she must needs be happier as a widow than she had ever been as a wife. As for what he had promised, her kinsman faithfully kept his word, sending her from time to time a portion of his gains; so that, with her old trade of sempstress, and the property of Kolmarr, she was maintained in comfort, and never knew want all the rest of her days.

THE TWO FAITHFUL LOVERS OF SICILY.

IN the island of Sicily there lived a beautiful girl called Biancafiore, whose father was a farmer of the imposts in that kingdom; she had several lovers, but the happiest one was Tebaldo Zanche, a young person of gentle birth but of indifferent estate, which caused him to be more favourably regarded by Bianca than her father desired, who had set his heart upon matching her with a certain wealthy merchant of Palermo. The power of a parent in those days being much more despotic than in our temperate times, the poor wretched girl was finally compelled to bestow her hand on the merchant, whereupon Tebaldo instantly took leave of his country, and with a hopeless passion at heart wandered over Europe.

As soon as she was married, Bianca was taken by her husband to his country-house, which was situated on the sea-coast, towards Girgenti, his chief delight being to watch the ships, as they fared to and fro on their mercantile embassies, whereas they only recalled to Bianca the small white sail which had disappeared with the unfortunate Tebaldo. This prospect of itself was sufficient to aggravate her melancholy, but her residence on the sea-shore was yet to expose her to still greater miseries.

It was not uncommon in those days for the Barbary cruisers, those hawks of the Mediterranean, to make a sudden swoop upon our coasts, and carry off with them, besides other plunder, both men and women, whom they sold into slavery amongst the Moors in default of ransom. In this manner, making a descent by night when Mercanti was absent at Palermo, they burnt and plundered his house, and took away Bianca, whose horror you may well conceive, when, by the blazing light of her own dwelling, she was carried off by such swarthy barbarians, whose very language was a sphynx's riddle to her, and might concern her life or death, and then embarked upon a sea of fire; for there happened that night a phenomenon not unusual in the Mediterranean, namely, the phosphorescence of the waters, which, whether caused by glowing marine insects or otherwise, makes the waves roll like so many blue burning flames. Those who have witnessed it know well its dismal appearance on a gloomy night, when the billows come and vanish away like fluxes of pallid fire, and withal so vapour-like and unsubstantial, that apparently the vessel, or any gross corporal substance, must needs sink into its ghastly abyss. With such a dreary scene, therefore, and in the midst of those tawny-coloured infidel Moors, with their savage visages and uncouth garments and glittering arms, 'tis no marvel if Bianca thought herself amongst infernals and the demons of torture on the sulphurous lake.

On the morrow, which scarcely brought any assuagement of her fears, they had lost sight of Sicily, and at last she was disembarked at Oran, which is an African port, over against Spain. Meanwhile Tebaldo was landing at Palermo, where he learnt, with a renewal of all his pangs, the fate of his beloved mistress. Forgetting all his enmity, therefore, he repaired presently to Mercanti, to concert with him how to redeem her out of the hands of the accursed Moors, a proceeding which he would not have paused for, had fortune put it in his power to proceed instantly to her ransom.

The merchant lamenting his years and infirmities, which forbade him to go in search of his wife, Tebaldo readily offered himself to proceed in his behalf; adding, "that it was only through the poverty of his means that he had not sailed already at his own suggestion, but that if Mercanti would furnish him with the requisite sums, he should hope to restore the unfortunate Bianca to his arms." The merchant wondering very much at this proposal, and asking what securities he could offer for such a trust,—

"Alas!" quoth Tebaldo, "I have nothing to pledge for my performance, except an unhappy love for her, that would undergo thrice-told perils for her sake. I am that hopeless Tebaldo Zanche who was made so eminently miserable by her marriage: nevertheless, I will forgive that, as well as all other mischances, if I may but approve my honourable regard for her by this self-devoted service. There are yet some reasonable doubts you may well entertain of my disinterestedness and fidelity on such a mission, and I know not how to remove them; but when you think of the dangerous infidels in whose hands she now is, I have a hope that you may bring yourself to think her as safe at least in mine."

The passionate Tebaldo enforced these arguments with so many

sincere tears and solemn oaths, and, besides, depicted so naturally the horrible condition of the lady amongst the Moors, that at last the merchant consented to his request, and furnishing him with the proper authorities, the generous lover, with a loyal heart which designed nothing less than he had professed, set sail on his arduous adventure.

Let us pass over the hardships and dangers of such an enterprise, and above all, its cruel anxieties, the hopes which were raised at Tunis being wrecked again at Algiers, till at last he discovered Bianca amongst the slaves of the chief pirate at Oran, who, despairing of a ransom, began to contemplate her as his own mistress. Tebaldo's bargain was soon made; whereupon the lady was set at liberty, and to her unspeakable joy, by the hands of her own beloved Zanche; yet when they remembered the final consequence of her freedom, the brightness of their delight was quenched with some very bitter tears. The generosity of their natures, however, triumphed over these regrets, and with sad hearts, but full of virtuous resolution, they re-embarked together in a Genoese carrack for Palermo.

And now their evil fortune still pursued them, for falling in with a Sallee rover, although they escaped a second capture by the fast-sailing of their ship, they were chased a long way out of their course, into the Straits of Gibraltar, and the wind turning contrary, increased towards night to a violent tempest. In this extremity it required all the tenderness of Tebaldo to encourage Bianca, whose low-spirited condition made her more fearfully alive to the horrors of the raging sea, which indeed roared around them as if the watery desert had hungry lions of its own, as well as the sandy wastes of Africa, but ten times more terrible; the ship's timbers, besides, straining as if they would part asunder, and the storm howling through the cordage like the voices of those evil angels who, it is believed, were cast into the dreadful deep.

When the daylight appeared there was no glimpse of any land, but the ship was tossing in the centre of a mere wilderness of sea, and under the pitch-black and troubled clouds, which were still driving by a fierce wind towards the south. The sails were torn into shreds, and the mariners, ignorant of where they were, let the ship drift at the mercy of the unmerciful elements, which slacked not their fury because the prey no longer resisted, but assaulted the helpless bark with unmitigated rage.

It could be no great wrong of Tebaldo and Bianca if, at such a time, they exchanged one embrace together in everlasting farewell. They then composed themselves to die calmly as became them, in each other's company, not with any vain shrieks or struggles, but heroically, as they had lived and loved. Thus sitting together in a martyr-like mood, and listening to the awful rushes of the waters across the deck, they heard a sudden noise overhead, which caused Tebaldo to look forth, and, lo! there were the drunken mariners putting off from the ship's side in the long-boat, being beguiled to their fate by a glimpse of land, which none but their experienced eyes could yet discover. However, they had not struggled far with their oars, when three monstrous curling billows, a great deal loftier than any of the rest, turned the boat over and over, washing out all the

poor gasping souls that were therein, whom the ensuing waves swallowed up one by one, without even letting their dying cries be heard through the bewildering foam.

After this sacrifice, as though it had appeased the angry deity of the ocean, the storm sensibly subsided ; and in an hour or two, the skies clearing up, Tebaldo perceived that they were off a small solitary island—the ship soon after striking upon a coral reef, about two hundred fathoms from the shore. The skies still frowning with a rearward storm, Tebaldo lost no time in framing a rude raft, with spars and empty barrels ; upon which placing Bianca, with such stores and implements as he could collect, he paddled towards the land, where they landed safely upon a little sandy beach.

Their first act was to return thanks to God for their miraculous preservation, after which they partook of a repast that, after their fatigues, was very needful, and then ascended a gentle sloping hill which gave them a prospect of the island. It was a small, verdant place, without any human inhabitants,—but there were millions of marine birds upon the rocks, as tame as domestic fowls, and a prodigious number of rabbits ; the interior country, besides, seemed well wooded with various trees, and the ground furnished divers kinds of herbs, and some very gigantic vegetables, together with many European flowers, the transportation of which to such desolate and insular places is a mystery to this day.

The weather again turning boisterous, they took shelter in a rocky cavern, which the kind hand of Nature had scoped out so commodiously, that it seemed to have been provided with a foresight of their wants. Thus, with their stores from the ship, they were ensured against any great present hardships—but one. Many unlucky lovers, I wot, have sighed for such an island, to take refuge in from the stern-hearted world ; yet here were two such fond persons in such an asylum, betwixt whom fate had set up an eternal bar ! Such thoughts as this could not but present themselves very sorrowfully to the minds of Tebaldo and Bianca ; nevertheless, he served her with the most tender and devoted homage, and as love taught him, contributed, by a thousand apt contrivances, to her comfort and ease.

In this manner suppose them to spend five or six days—the cave being their shelter, and Tebaldo, by fishing, or fowling, or ensnaring the conies, providing a change of food ; so that, excepting the original hardship of their fortune, the lovers had little cause to complain. Their solitary condition, however, and the melancholy of Bianca, led to many little acts of fondness from Tebaldo, which were almost as painful to exchange as to withhold. It was no wonder, then, if sometimes in the anguish of his heart, some expressions of impatience burst from his lips, to which she answered with her tears.

At last, one day when they were sitting on a gusty rock, which overlooked the sea, they both turned at once towards each other, with adverse faces and so despairing a look, that they cast themselves by common consent into each other's arms. In the next moment, however, forcing themselves asunder, Tebaldo began as follows, whilst Bianca covered her face with her hands :—

" I can bear this cruel life no longer ! better were we far apart, as

when you were living in Sicily, and I roaming for unattainable peace all over the world. The restraint of distance was dreadful but involuntary, and nothing so painful as this! Your tears flow before my sight, yet I must not kiss them away without trembling, nor soothe your audible grief upon my bosom, nor mingle my sighs with yours, though we breathe the same limited air, and not in a distant clime. We were made for each other, as our mutual love acknowledges; and yet here, where there be none besides ourselves, we must be several and estranged. My heart is torn asunder by such imperative contradictions. Methinks there be but us two real creatures in the world, and yet the horrible phantom of a third steps in between and frowns us miserably apart! O Bianca! I am crazed with doubts I dare hardly to name; but if fate did not mean to unite us in revocation of its former cruelty, why should we be thus thrown together, where there are none besides? As eternal a bar as was set up between us is now fixed between you and your husband, Nature herself, by this hopeless separation, divorcing you from all other ties. God knows with what scrupulous exactness I have aimed at the fulfilment of my promise—but it were hard to be bound to an impracticable solution. It was true we might not thus think of each other in Sicily, but we meet here as if beyond the grave. If we are, as I believe, in the forlorn centre of the vast ocean, what reasonable hope is there of our redemption? Since, then, we are to spend the rest of our days together in this place, we can wrong no one, but redress a great wrong to ourselves, by the stricter union of our fates, which are thus far already married together, until the tomb."

The miserable Bianca wept abundantly at this discourse; however she begged that Tebaldo would not mention the subject for at least seven more days, in which time she hoped God might save them from such a step by sending some ship to their succour. She spent almost all this interval in watching from the coast, but still there came no vessel, not so much even as a speck on the horizon, to give her any hope of return. Tebaldo then resuming his arguments, she answered him thus:—

"Oh, my dearest Tebaldo! let us rather die as we have lived, victims of implacable fate, than cast any reproach upon our innocent loves. As it is, no one can reprove our affection, which, though violently controlled, we have never disavowed; but it would kill me to have to blush for its unworthy close. It is true that in one point we are disunited, but there is no distance between our souls. We may not indeed gratify our fondness by caresses, but it is still something to bestow our kindest language, and looks, and prayers, and all lawful and honest attentions upon each other; nay, do not you furnish me with the means of life and everything that I enjoy? which my heart tells me must be a very grateful office to your love. Be content, then, to be the preserver and protector and the very comforter of my life, which it is happiness enough for me to owe to your loving hands. It is true that another man is my husband, but you are my guardian angel, and show a love for me that as much surpasses his love as the heavenly nature *is* above the earthly. I would not have you stoop from this pitch, as you needs must, by a defect of virtue and honour; still, if you insist, I will become what you wish, but I beseech you consider, ere that decision, the debasement which I must suffer in your

esteem. Nevertheless, before such an evil hour, I hope God will send some ship to remove us, though, if I might prefer my own sinful will before His, I would rather of all be dead."

The despairing lovers at these words wished mutually in their hearts that they had perished together in the waves that were fretting before them,—when Bianca, looking up towards the horizon, perceived the masts and topmast-sails of a ship, whose hull was still hidden by the convexity of the waters. At this sight, though it had come seemingly at her own invocation, she turned as pale as marble, and with a faltering voice bade Tebaldo observe the vessel, which with a death-like gaze he had already fixed in the distance :—for doubtless they would rather have remained as they were till they died, than return to the separation which awaited them in Sicily. However, the ship still approached with a fair wind, and at last put out a pinnace, which made directly towards the island.

And now Tebaldo became a bitter convert from his own arguments, confessing that it was better to breathe only the same air constantly with Bianca than to resign her companionship to another; neither did she refuse to partake in his regrets: and more tears were never shed by any exiles on the point of returning to their native land. With heavy hearts, therefore, they descended, hand in hand, like the first pair of lovers when they quitted their paradise, to whom, no doubt, these sad Sicilians inwardly compared themselves, as they walked lingeringly to meet the boat, which belonged to a vessel of Genoa, and had been sent to obtain a supply of wood and water. The mariners wondered very much at their appearance, and especially at Bianca, who wore a fantastical cap, made of rabbit-skins, with a cloak of the same motley fur to defend her from the sharp sea-air; and as for Tebaldo, his garments were as motley as hers, being partly seaman's apparel and partly his own, whilst his beard and mustaches had grown to a savage length.

The sailors, however, took them very willingly on board, where they inquired eagerly concerning Mercanti; but although the captain knew him well, having often carried his freightages, he could give no tidings of his estate. He promised, notwithstanding, to touch at Palermo; whither the ship made a very brief passage, to the infinite relief of the lovers; for now, after all their misfortunes, they were about to return to the same miserable point where they began. Bianca, therefore, spent the whole time of the voyage in grieving apart in her own cabin, not daring to trust herself in sight of Tebaldo; who, on his part, at the prospect of their separation after such an intimate communion of danger and distresses, was ready to cast himself into the sea.

Suppose them, then, arrived at Palermo, where Tebaldo, with a sadder heart than he had foreseen, proceeded to complete his undertaking, by rendering up Bianca to her husband. He repaired, therefore, to the house, and inquired for Mercanti; whereupon, being shown into his presence—

"I am come," said he, "to render up my trust, and would to God that my life were a part of the submission. I have redeemed your wife, at the cost of your ten thousand florins and some perils besides;

for which, if you owe me anything, I leave her my executor, for I have nothing left me now but to die."

The merchant, looking somewhat amazed at his discourse, then answered him thus:—

"If the lady you speak of is the wife of my brother, Gio. Mercanti, he has been dead these three months; but I shall rejoice to see her, and, likewise, to make over the properties that belong to her by his bequest. And for the eminent service you have rendered to her, for my late brother's sake, I will gratefully repay you; his last words having been full of concern for his dear lady, and of confidence in the integrity of the Signor Tebaldo Zanche; which name, I doubt not, you have made honourable in your own person. I beseech of you, therefore, to lead me instantly to my kinswoman, that I may entertain her as she deserves."

The overjoyed Tebaldo, without waiting to make any answer to these courtesies, ran instantly on board ship to Bianca, who now, without any reserve, cast herself into his loving arms. She did not forget, however, the tears that were due to the generosity of her dead husband, but mourned for him a decent season; after which, with the very good-will of her parents and all parties, she gave her hand to the faithful Tebaldo. Thus, after many trials, which they endured nobly, they were finally made happy, as their long misfortunes and virtue well deserved; and their names are preserved unto this day, as the Two Faithful Lovers of Sicily.

THE VENETIAN COUNTESS.

THE face of the Countess Rovinello, in the portrait which is still in the family palace at Venice, bears many signs of that stern and gloomy disposition which produced such bitter fruits in the end to herself and to others. The nose, more Roman than aquiline, resembling the features of the Cæsars, denotes forcibly her masculine firmness and determination of purpose; her dark eyes and lowering brow, the pride of her heart, scarcely less than that of the fallen Angel; and her puckered curling lip, the scorn and cruelty of her humour. Ambitious, inflexible, and haughty by nature, she was by education subtle, unmerciful, and a bigot; the confessor Landino, a Jesuit, being constantly at her elbow, and holding the secret direction of all her affairs.

This man coming one day into her chamber, discovered the Countess in a fit of uncontrollable rage, a thing in her very unusual; for she disdained, generally, to show any outward signs of her emotions. Mistrustful, therefore, of her own voice, lest it should falter, she held but an open letter, her hand quaking all the time like an aspen leaf, and made a motion for Landino to read it; who, as soon as he had glanced at the writing, gave back the paper with these words:—

"This affair is old news with me. The blind passion of your son for the young English heretic was well known to me months ago, and nothing has been omitted to break off so scandalous a match. I have

many skilful agents in England, but for this once they have been frustrated in their endeavours."

"Father," returned the offended Countess, "you are prudent and wise in most cases; but would it not have been as well to have shared your information with myself? The authority of a mother, in such a matter, might have had some weight in the scale."

"We have not failed," said Landino, "to menace him in the name of the Holy Church, the mother of his soul, whose mandates in authority exceed those of the mother of his body. As for your ignorance, it was a needful precaution, that any acts of severity might seem the inflictions of the spiritual parent rather than your own."

The Countess nodded her head gravely at this speech, to signify that she understood the hint of Landino, notwithstanding she felt anger enough at heart to have made her agree to any measures, however cruel, for the prevention of so hateful a marriage. Her great confidence, however, in the skill and subtlety of the confessor assured her that no means had been omitted for that design, and now it only remained to concert together by what means they could separate the young people from each other. In the meanwhile, the artful Landino had craft enough to discover that the Countess meditated a match for her son, which would not have suited certain political views of his own; accordingly he changed his game, resolving that the marriage of Rovinello and the young English lady should stand good, trusting that he could afterwards mould it to his purpose.

"What you say of separating them," he said, "is well enough, as far as the mere punishment of the parties is concerned: but we must look beyond that to other considerations. Nothing would be more easy, as you know, than to annul the marriage, for which the Holy Church hath ample power and a sufficient good will; but it will be a more difficult thing to disentangle their affections from each other. Granted, then, though you should even tear away your son by force from the arms of the heretic, it will be impossible to drive him against his will into any other alliance. As for the girl, she is of gentle birth and a large fortune, and for loveliness might be one of the angels, seeing which, it is a pity but to think on the peril of her immortal soul. Such a woman, as the wife of your son, brings us endless sorrow and shameful annoy, whereas such a convert would tend to our infinite honour, and at the same time prevent the misery of the young people here, as well as the perdition of a soul hereafter."

The Countess understood clearly the drift of this discourse; and after some further arguments it was agreed that she should receive the young people with an apparent kindness, and induce them to reside with her for some time at the palace, during which she was to exert her joint influence with Landino to convert the young lady to the Roman Catholic faith.

It was with many justifiable misgivings that Rovinello contemplated the introduction of his beautiful bride to his mother, for he knew her implacable nature. Notwithstanding, with the fond imagination of a lover, he hoped that the loveliness and gentle manners of his mistress would finally overcome even the most stubborn of prejudices. Trusting to this delusion, he took his wife to the palace of the Countess,

who was sitting, when they entered, on a couch at the further end of the apartment; but Rovinello could perceive a look on her countenance that filled him with despair; for her dark eyes were fixed upon him quite motionless, like those of a statue, and her lips were utterly white through passionate compression. Notwithstanding that the young pair had advanced to the middle of the chamber, she never rose from her seat, till Rovinello, coming up to her very feet, with a faltering voice presented the young lady to her notice.

The inflexible Countess, in return, merely fixed her eyes on the Englishwoman, who at this strange reception began to shake all over with fear; and the more, because she felt the hand of Rovinello trembling within her own. After a long silence, more dreadful than any words, the timid creature, plucking up her courage a little, began to speak as follows, with great sweetness of tone and manner:—

"Pray, madam, do not scorn to receive me as your child, for I have no parent in this far-off land, unless the mother of my dear Rovinello. I cannot bear to think that I am hateful to any one that regards him with affection: pray, therefore, do not spurn me thus from your heart."

At the last of these words the Countess rose up, and with a tone at once calm and stern, and a befitting look, desired the young lady to kneel down and receive her blessing. The obedient girl, with bended knees and clasped hands, stooped down as she was commanded, at the feet of the haughty Countess; and in this position heard, but only half comprehended, in Latin, the following sentences:—

"From my mouth and from my heart, I curse thee, wicked heretic. I commend thee to flames here, and to flames hereafter. Amen! Amen!"

I have said that the Englishwoman did not quite comprehend these words, but she saw by the ghastly countenance of Rovinello that they were very horrible. As for that unhappy gentleman, he let go the hand of his wife, and grasping his forehead between his palms, as though it were about to burst asunder, he staggered a step or two apart, and leaned quite stunned and bewildered against the wall of the chamber. His cruel mother, noticing this movement, cast a fiercer look than ever towards the speechless lady, and then turning towards Rovinello, addressed him thus:—

"Son, thou hast come home to me this day after years of travel; but in such a manner, that I would rather behold thee crucified;" and with that she pointed to a large ebony cross, whereon was the figure of our blessed Saviour curiously carved in ivory, the holy blood-drops being represented by rubies, so as to form a more lively effigy of the divine sacrifice.

It was made evident by these speeches that the implacable temper of the Countess had overcome all the counsels of Landino, who entered just at this moment, to perceive that his arguments had been in vain. He reproved her with some asperity for her unchristian spirit, and her temper being by this time cool enough to be restrained by policy, by dint of much dissembling there was an apparent reconciliation between all the parties. Thus it was arranged as had been concerted beforehand, Rovinello consenting, with great satisfaction, to pass some months with his wife in the palace of his mother.

The unhappy Englishwoman, however, though now living under the same roof with the Countess, and caressed by her every day, began soon to find this reconcilement more intolerable than the former estrangement. At length Rovinello, seeing her grow more and more dejected, her beautiful eyes being filled with tears whenever he returned to her, after even an hour's absence, began to inquire the cause.

"Alas!" she said, "I have cause enough to weep; for I am treated here with such a cruel kindness, that but for your dear love, I should wish myself a hundred times a day in my peaceable grave;—for I am assured, every hour, that the souls of my dear honoured parents are at this very time suffering unspeakable torments; a saying which, whether true or false, ought to cost me a great deal of misery or displeasure. To aggravate these feelings, the confessor Landino exhorts me so constantly to secure myself from the like perdition, that satisfied with a heart to love thee withal, I wish, sometimes, that I had no soul at all to care for."

Having spoken thus with some bitterness of manner, she again fell a weeping; whereupon Rovinello, touched with her tears, declared that her peace should no longer be assailed by such arguments; and in truth, having sojourned some years in England, his own sentiments on such matters partook of the liberality and freedom which belong seemingly to the very atmosphere of that fortunate country. Accordingly, after making various excuses to his mother, he set off with his lady to a country-seat, which was situated on the sea-coast; and here they lived together for some months very happily.

At the end of that time, Rovinello received one day a letter which required his immediate attendance at Rome, and taking a very tender farewell of his lady, he departed. His affairs detained him four or five days at the capital, and then he returned home with all possible speed, indulging in a thousand fanciful pictures by the way of his wife's joyful endearments at his return; whereas, when he reached the house, he was told that she had been carried off by force, no one knew whither, the servants being taken away likewise, in the middle of the night. A Moorish turban, which had been left in one of the rooms, supplied the only clue for discovery of her destiny, for in those days it was a common thing for the Algerine rovers to make a descent on the Italian coasts. The distracted Rovinello, therefore, went instantly on shipboard, and required to be carried over to Africa, intending at all perils to ransom his dear lady, or partake of the same captivity. There happened to be a neutral ship in the port, so that he engaged a vessel without much difficulty; but he had barely been out at sea a few hours, when fresh thoughts flashed on his mind, now at leisure for deliberate reflection, and made him alter his course. It was ascertained, from other vessels they fell in with, that no Barbary ships had been seen latterly near the coast, and besides, the very partial plunder of his own mansion, in the midst of many others, made it seem an improbable act to have been committed by the pirates; he ordered the helm, therefore, to be put down, and returned immediately to the shore.

And now a dreadful question began to agitate his mind, which,

whether with or without reason, was very afflicting to entertain, for it seemed impossible, at the first glance, that any womanly heart could be so obdurately cruel and tigerlike as wilfully to disjoint the married love of himself and his lady by a deed so atrocious; but when he recalled the stern temper of his mother, and above all, her horrible malediction, his heart quite misgave him, and delivered him up to the most dreadful of ideas. It was rumoured, indeed, that Landino had lately been seen in the neighbourhood, and there were other suspicious reports afloat amongst the country-people; but these things were very vague and contradictory, and all wanted confirmation.

The miserable Rovinello, with these suspicions in his bosom, repaired instantly to Venice, but the Countess was either guiltless, or else dissembled so plausibly, that his thoughts became more bewildering than ever, and at length, through grief and anxiety, he fell into a raging fever. His mother attended upon him with the most affectionate assiduity, almost to the removal of his doubts; and especially as she seemed to consider his bereavement with a very moderate but sincere sorrow; whereas, to judge by the common rule, if she had disposed herself of the unhappy Englishwoman, she should have been constant and violent in her expressions of condolence.

In this manner several weeks passed away, Rovinello being very languid from his illness; at last, one day, after being more agitated than common, he desired to take an airing with his mother in her coach, and was observed to be particular in giving instructions to the driver as to his route. The man, attending to his commands with exactness, began to drive very slowly towards a certain spot, and at length stopped immediately in front of those terrible Lions' Heads of the Inquisition, which have heretofore swallowed so many secret denunciations. The Countess asking with some terror why he lingered at that spot, "I am come here, mother," he said, "to await the result of a very curious speculation."

With these words, he riveted his intense eyes upon those of the Countess, who very suddenly turned aside, and called out to the driver to go on; but the man remained still, according to the direction of Rovinello. The latter had now raised his lean hand to the coach-window, and pointed to the gaping jaws that received the accusations.

"Mother," said he, "pray fix your eyeballs steadfastly upon mine; and now tell me, have you never fed yonder cruel lions?"

Hereupon he looked steadfastly upon the eyes of the Countess, which seemed instantly to reel in their sockets, and her cheek turned as pale as ashes. Rovinello, convinced of the guiltiness of his mother by her looks, did not wait for any other confession, but plainly saw his lady, as though through the solid stone walls, in the dreary dungeons of the Inquisition. In the meantime, his hand had dropped from the window to his cloak, where he had concealed a small pistol, loaded with two balls; and setting the fatal engine against his heart, without another word he discharged it into his bosom, before the very eyes of his unnatural parent.

The servants getting down at the report, ran instantly to the door of the carriage, which was filled with smoke, so that at first they

could not perceive the nature of the calamity; at length they discerned the Countess, leaning quite senseless against the back of the coach, her clothes bedabbled with blood, and the body of Rovinello stooping forward upon her knees. It was plain that he was quite dead, wherefore, placing the body upon a kind of litter, some of the people carried it home to the palace. The miserable Countess was driven back to the same place, where she continued for many hours in frantic transports of horror and remorse; and when she became calmer, it was only from her strength being so exhausted that she could neither rave nor writhe herself any longer. As for the confessor Landino, he was never suffered to abide an instant in her presence, though he made many such attempts,—the mere sight of him throwing the wretched Countess into the most frightful ecstasies.

Some days after the catastrophe of Rovinello, there was a procession through the streets of Venice, which excited a lively interest amongst all classes, being nothing less than the progress of certain wicked heretics to the stake, where they were to be burnt, in order that the Christian spirit might revive, like a phœnix, out of the human ashes. There had not been a festival of this sort for some time before, so that the people prepared for it with great eagerness, all putting on their holiday clothes, and crowding into the streets, almost to their mutual suffocation, the day being very warm, but otherwise as fine and serene as could be desired for such a ceremony.

The number of the wretched criminals was nine, of whom there was one woman. Their heads were all shaved, and their feet bare, with fetters round the ankles and wrists of each person. They were dressed in long, yellow, penitential robes, painted all over with fiery tongues, or flames, except on the back, where there was a large blood-red cross. Their caps were of the same colours, tall and pointed, in shape somewhat like extinguishers, though not intended for that use, and each of the wretches held in his left hand a lighted taper; though this part of the show was rather dimmed by the brightness of the noontide sun. Certain bare-headed friars walked by the side of the criminals, holding up the cross at every few paces before their melancholy eyes, and exhorting them to suffer patiently, and without any impieties, to which the doleful creatures made answer only by their boisterous lamentations.

There were two of the procession, however, who differed in this particular from the rest, the first of them having become an atheist, itwas said, since his imprisonment by the Holy Office. This obdurate man marched along erect and silently, without either sigh or groan, to the sacrifice, having first cast his taper in scorn amongst the populace, who would fain have torn him in pieces for this act of contempt, but for the consideration that he was going to make a more adequate expiation.

As for the other person who did not join in the clamorous outcries of the rest, this was a female, young and beautiful, and, indeed, the wife of the unfortunate Rovinello, though that circumstance was unknown to the generality of the spectators. Her luxuriant hair had all been cut off, and she wore the same cap and robe of humiliation with the others, but in going barefoot, her tender small white

feet were tipped with bloody red, like the morning daisies, through trampling on the rugged flinty-hearted stones. Thus she marched beside the atheist, not a whit more desponding than he, but with a better hope, looking often upwards towards the merciful skies, which contained the spirit of her beloved Rovinello. The multitude beheld her meekness and devout submission, for so it seemed to them, with great satisfaction, nor did the friars omit to point her out frequently, for the edification of the bystanders.

And now, being come to the appointed spot, which was a convenient open space, the usual preparations were made for the burning. In the middle of the area stood four goodly stakes, which, as well as the faggots, had been smeared over with pitch and tar, that they might blaze the fiercer. The Chief Inquisitor, with the brethren of the Holy Office, were comfortably seated in front, to overlook the spectacle, and on either side the court and the nobility, according to their degree; meanwhile the common rabble got such places as they could, some of them even hoisted upon the shoulders of their fellows. And truly it was a goodly sight to look round on such a noble assemblage, in their robes of state, the very common people having their holiday suits on, and piety and contentment shining together on every countenance.

After sundry tedious formalities, the abominable atheist, being the chiefest heretic, was placed foremost, immediately under the eyes of the Grand Inquisitor, who desired nothing so much as the glory of his conversion. The priests of the Holy Office therefore used a thousand arguments to persuade him of his errors; but the desperate man refused to listen to their discourse, replying, when opportunity offered, only by the most scornful expressions. Thus, although there were three friars constantly exhorting him at one time, namely, two Carmelites and a Benedictine, they might as soon have persuaded the north wind to blow southward, as the current of his impiety to take another course.

In order to save him from the guilt of further blasphemies, the Grand Inquisitor made a sign for the faggots (the priests having first duly blessed them) to be heaped around his feet, hoping by this preparation to terrify him into recantation, whereas the unshrinking heretic looked on with the greatest composure. Observing that he smiled, the Grand Inquisitor demanded the cause of his mirth—for they were near enough to hold a conference together.

"I am thinking," said he, "how yonder bald-pated monks, who are flinching from the heat of the sun, will be able to bear the fiery circles of glory which they promise themselves about their crowns."

At this scoffing answer, his case seeming truly desperate, and his heresy incurable, the fire was ordered to be applied without further delay to the faggots, which kindling up briskly, the scornful countenance of the infidel was soon covered over by a thick cloud of smoke. As soon as the flames reached his flesh, a sharp cry of anguish was heard through the upper vapour, and a priest stepping close in to the stake, inquired if the criminal yet repented of his damnable errors.

"I called out," said he, "only for a little of your holy water."

The friar, overjoyed at this triumph, stepped back with all haste to get some of the sanctified element, and began to sprinkle him.

"Nay," quoth the relapsing heretic; "I meant it only to be bestowed on these scorching faggots."

At this fresh contempt the wood was stirred briskly up again, and sent forth redoubled volumes of fire and smoke, so that it was evident he would soon be consumed. The flames lapping him quickly all round, and driving the smoke into the upper region, the burning figure could plainly be distinguished in the midst, now thoroughly dead, the wretched man having been stifled in the beginning of the fire. Notwithstanding, on a sudden there was a loud shout from the people, "He is praying! He is praying!" and, lo! the scorched black carcase was seen plainly to lift its clasped hands towards the skies. Now the case was this, that the cords which confined his arms being burnt asunder by chance, before those which bound his wrists, his arms by the contraction of the sinews were drawn upwards, in the manner I have described—however, the multitude fancied quite otherwise, and the atheist is affirmed to have become a convert to this very day.

A couple of wicked perverse Jews having been disposed of in the like way (the rest of the criminals, save the female, being recusants who had been brought to the stake only for the sake of example)—there remained but the young Englishwoman to be dealt with. During the burning of the others, she had remained tied to the stake with the faggots about her feet, and the confessor Landino by her side, who promised himself much glory from her conversion, whereas she never condescended to listen to his harangues, but with eyes turned upward, and her mind absent, and in a better place, continued her secret prayers with much fortitude and devotion. The dreadful firebrand, which was made of three torches twisted into one, to typify the holy mystery, being brought in readiness to kindle the fire, Landino besought her to consider whether her tender body could endure such torments.

"By the help of God," she replied, "I will. The smoke of your last offering is already in the skies, and my spirit is fain to follow."

The Grand Inquisitor hearing this answer, delivered with such a resolute tone and look, made a sign to Landino to let him speak.

"Miserable child!" he cried, "do you believe that the souls of heretics enjoy, at the very first, that blessed ascension? Wretched, wretched creature, you will learn otherwise in purgatory!"—and he made a sign for the torch to be thrust into the pile.

"At least," interrupted Landino, "at least confess the tender mercy of the holy church thou contemnest, who thus, by this charitable purgation of thy body, redeems thy soul from everlasting perdition; by these flames temporary, absolves thee from flames eternal."

"My parents," replied the lady very meekly, "were both Protestants; and it seems most becoming, at this last hour of my life, to continue in that faith whereunto they bred me. As for your flaming charity, I pray God that it may not be repaid to you in kind, at the great day of judgment;" with which answer she closed her eyes, and set herself steadfastly as if she would hear no more speeches.

The confessor Landino, who heretofore had been unable to make any impression on her firmness, hereupon gave up all hope of prevailing

over her quiet but constant spirit; but as for the Grand Inquisitor, he was quite beyond his patience. "Let her be burned!" he cried; which command was performed without delay.

At the first sharp pang of the cruel flames, a sudden flush, as though of red-hot blood, mounted up into the marble cheeks of the unfortunate lady, and she drew her breath inwards with a very long shuddering sigh. The reflection of the increasing fire soon cast the same ruddy hue on the countenances of all the spectators for the flames climbed with merciful rapidity up her loose feminine garments. Those who were nearest saw her head drop suddenly, as she choked upon her bosom; and then the cords burning through and through, the whole lifeless body tumbled forward into the embers, causing a considerable flutter of dust and smoke; and when it cleared away, there was nothing to be seen but a confused heap of ashes and dying embers.

Thus perished that lovely, unhappy English gentlewoman, in her prime of youth, far away from all that regarded her with love, and with few that looked on her with any degree of pity. And now the people were about to depart with mutual congratulations, when suddenly there arose a great bustle towards the quarter of the Grand Inquisitor, and in a few moments the Countess Rovinello, in deep mourning, was seen kneeling at his feet. Her face was quite haggard and dreadful to look upon, and her dress so disordered as to make her seem like a maniac, but her gestures were still more frantic-like. Whatever her suit might be, the inquisitor seemed much ruffled, and got up to depart; but she seized hold of his gown and detained him, whilst she continued to plead with great earnestness.

"You are too late!" he said, and withal he pointed his wand of office to the heap of black ashes that stood before him.

The countess, letting go her hold, went and gazed for a minute on the cinders; then stooping down and gathering up a handful of the dust, she returned, and before he was aware, strewed some on the head of the inquisitor, and the remainder upon her own.

"Let these ashes," she said, "be in token of our everlasting repentance."

After this awful ceremony,—neither of them without signs of remorse in their countenances,—they separated to console themselves as they might for their parts in this melancholy tragedy.

A TALE OF THE HAREM.

IN the maritime warfare between the Genoese and the Turks, though the Mussulmans were worsted in nine battles out of ten, it happened sometimes that one or two galleys of our own were taken by the infidels; and through one of these mishaps an Italian gentleman named Benetto, who was a singing-master, and on his passage to England, became a captive to the enemy. Being a very resolute man, he fought till there were more slashes in his clothes than had been fashioned by the tailor; but the crew being mastered by a superior force, the musician was put in chains on board of the Turkish ship.

The latter having been well mauled in the engagement, with many iron pellets sticking in her sides, and her tackling in a state of great disorder, made all the sail she could into port, where the captives were disposed of as slaves to the highest bidder.

Now it chanced luckily for Benetto, that he was purchased by an agent of the Sultan of Constantinople, and sent to work as an assistant in the gardens of the Seraglio; whereas others, being bought by avaricious people, underwent a variety of changes, passing from one master to another, but without any difference for the better in their condition. The fortunate Benetto, on the contrary, led an easy life enough, having only to tend upon the flowers and shrubs for the gratification of the ladies of the Harem; and what proved a great comfort to him was, that he had no mistress to mourn for in a distant country; so that though he sighed sometimes for liberty, he never gave himself up to despondency like the rest of the captives.

Thus he continued to dig, and water the plants very contentedly, as though he had been born for that task, being a man of that happy, cheerful disposition which can accommodate itself to any circumstances; and besides, the superintendent of the pleasure-grounds was of as pleasant a humour as himself, which tended very materially to his ease. And truly it was well that Benetto kept up a better heart than the captive Jews in Babylon; for he had by nature a melodious voice, improved by art to great perfection, the science of music having been his peculiar study; and oftentimes he beguiled himself after his day's work by singing over his most favourite airs.

The apartment of the ladies of the Harem stood, luckily, at such a convenient distance, that Benetto's voice found its way through the windows, which were sure to be left open every night, for the sake of the warbling of the nightingales that harboured amongst the trees. The discourse of the ladies turning one evening on the ravishing notes of that bird, and its amours with the rose, there came a deep sigh from the bosom of one of the sultanas, a Circassian, and she affirmed that there was a voice more enchanting than that which had been so much commended.

"As for the bird it belongs to," she said, "to judge from his tune, he must be of a most delicate figure and plumage; for though I cannot make out a single word, there seems a most passionate meaning in whatever he sings."

At this speech, one of the ladies burst into tears, and leaned down her beautiful face between her hands; for she was an Italian by birth, and remembered well the sweet languishing and love-breathing ditties of her native land; the rest of the women crowding about her at these symptoms of emotions, and inquiring the reason,——

"Alas!" she sobbed, "the songs that you hear come from no bird, but from a human voice, which belongs to some unfortunate captive from my own dear country beyond the sea. I wonder not that you found it so touching, for that kind of melody belongs naturally to our clime. The songs there are so full of love and tenderness, that the amorous rose, instead of merely opening her bosom as she does to the song of the bulbul, would put forth wings in place of leaves, to fly after the musician."

Nor did the fond lady speak beyond her feeling in this matter, so dearly does memory exaggerate the merits of things beloved. Anon the clear voice of Benetto sounded again upon the distant wind; and when it was silent, the mournful lady responded with a canzonet so exquisitely pathetic, that the listeners, though they did not comprehend even one syllable of the words, were melted instantly into tears. The singer herself, coming at last to a certain passage, which seemed to cause the very breaking of her heartstrings, was so overcome, that she could proceed no farther; but, with a throat swelling with grief instead of harmony, cast herself upon a sofa, and gave way to an ecstasy of tears.

In the meantime Benetto, hearing the voice in the garden, had drawn near to the window, and recognised the song to be one of the compositions of Italy, which set his heart aching more seriously than ever since he had been a captive. However, he soon plucked up his spirits; and congratulating himself that there was one person at least in Constantinople to take part with him in a duet, he concerned himself only to contrive how to get admitted to the concert.

Accordingly, choosing the best of his pieces, he sang them in the garden every night with the tenderest expression, the ladies being always confined after dusk within the palace. At last, the Sultan happening to hear his music, had a mind to enjoy it nearer; so, sending a slave to fetch the gardener into an ante-chamber, which was separated from that of the ladies only by a silken curtain, Benetto was commanded to sing some of his best songs. As he executed them in very excellent style, the Sultan, who had a good ear enough for an infidel, was exceedingly pleased with the performance. Commending the musician, therefore, in very gracious terms to Angelina, for that was the name of the Italian lady, she made bold to answer him as follows:—

"Sire, I agree with your Majesty, that the slave has a sweet voice, and an agreeable style of singing; notwithstanding, there are several of the airs, and especially one piece, which, as far as I remember of the music, are capable of much tenderer expression. By your Majesty's leave, if I might hear that song once or twice over, I think I could remember the variations, which I think would afford your Majesty an increase of pleasure."

The Sultan, who was passionately fond of her voice, immediately commanded Benetto to sing over again the last song, and which was an air capable of very melancholy cadences. Now Angelina was an improvisatrice, and could compose verses at pleasure, so when it came to her turn to sing, she set extempore words in Italian to the music, which spoke to the following effect:—

"Ah, Florence! fair Florence! city of my heart, shall I never behold thee again?

"There are marble walls between us, and gates of brass—but my thoughts go wandering up and down thy familiar streets!

"Methinks I see my beloved home, with the very flowers that I left growing upon the terrace!

"Methinks I see thee, gentle Arno, shining merrily in the sun!

"Alas! my tears wash out this dream, like the colours on a cloud full of rain.

"I look again; and behold, there is nothing left but my prison wall!"

When she had done singing, Benetto, taking the hint, replied in the same manner, but with less eloquence; telling her, in plain language, to keep up her heart, and that by God's help she should one day see Florence again. The concert being then ended, he was dismissed, with a piece of gold as a mark of the approbation of the Sultan.

The next day, when the superintendent of the pleasure grounds was walking about the royal gardens, Benetto came up to him and asked for a saw, in order to cut down a certain noxious tree. The superintendent desiring to know which it was, Benetto pointed out a particular tree, with a number of horizontal branches growing very closely together, but the Turk would by no means suffer it to be cut down. It was of so rare a kind, he said, that he did not know even its name; but Benetto, who had his wits about him, and knew that there was no other tree in the garden so likely for his purpose, did not give up the matter without another trial.

Accordingly, taking care never to bestow any water upon the plants within a certain distance of the tree, there being at the same time a long drought, they soon sickened and withered up; whereupon leading the superintendent to the spot, he pointed out this effect.

"This baneful tree," said he, "of the name of which you are so ignorant, is without question the deadly Upas of the island of Java, which is of so poisonous a quality that it will not suffer any vegetable to grow under the shadow of its branches. Look how the herbs round it have all perished, as if they had been scorched up with fire; and, as I have read, the human life is quite as liable to be affected by its pernicious atmosphere. Thus, if any of the ladies of the Harem should by chance fall asleep under it, I doubt it would be as fatal as the Tree of Knowledge to their grandmother. We might as well chew the deadly leaves, as that anything of this kind should happen; for our death would be as certain in one case as in the other. For my own part, though the least splinter of this cursed wood is mortal if it should enter into the flesh, I will cheerfully undertake the hazard of cutting down this dangerous trunk, rather than have such a dreadful responsibility hanging continually over my head."

The good-natured superintendent agreeing with the prudence of this recommendation, Benetto got permission to cut down the tree as fast as he would, which he did not fail to perform; and after lopping away all the branches on two sides of the stem, in the manner of an espalier, he set down the tree carelessly in a by-corner of the garden.

The same evening Benetto was sent for as before, to sing in the ante-chamber; and beginning with the same melancholy air, there came a voice suddenly through the silken screen, commanding him to desist.

"I have been thinking," said the Sultan, as he turned to Angelina,

who was sitting beside him on a sofa in the inner room; "I have been thinking that I should like now to hear some lively tune: the songs I have heard hitherto, though very beautiful, were all of a melancholy cast; and I am curious to know whether the genius of your music will admit also of comical expression."

"I can assure your Highness," said the lady, "there is no country that can boast of such pretty little laughing canzonets as my own, for though we have borrowed many strains from the nightingale, we have others that warble as merrily as the carol of the morning lark."

"You make me impatient to hear one," replied the Sultan; whereupon an attendant was sent to convey this command to Benetto, who immediately struck up a very lively tune; and, as he had good news to communicate, he sang with unbounded gaiety and spirit. The words ran thus:—

"Ladders there are none in this place, neither of ropes nor of wood!

"But I have a pretty tree, with many branches, that will stand upright against a wall!

"What if I should place it against a lady's prison, in the middle of the night?

"Shall I see a vision, like Jacob, of a figure stepping down my ladder, who looks like an angel of light?"

The lady, being overjoyed at these welcome tidings, sang with an equal glee, and made answer by the same tune in a similar way.

"O joy of joys!—To hear this grateful news, there seems now but a mile, paved with wishes, between Florence and me.

"I feel myself already, like a bird with wings, amongst those pleasant boughs!

"Step by step, as I descend, I pluck the sweet apples of liberty which relish even as the fruits of my own dear land!"

It happened that the piece they had been singing had a pretty little burthen at the end for two voices; so that when the lady came to that part, Benetto joined in with the proper chorus of the song, to the great admiration of the Sultan, who ordered him a piece of gold on his dismissal, which seemed to make the captive defer his plot for another night.

On the following day, about noon, when the superintendent as usual came into the gardens, he was amazed to see Benetto working at a parterre with an extraordinary kind of hoe, the handle of which, rudely fashioned and rough, could not be less than a dozen feet long. The jolly Turk, tucking his hands in his sash, fell to laughing immoderately at this whimsical sight, for Benetto wielded his implement with considerable awkwardness; at last, fetching his breath again, he inquired the reason of such an extraordinary appearance.

Benetto, without turning his head aside, answered very sedately, that it was the universal custom of his country to use hoes with handles of that length.

"Now God forgive me!" answered the Mussulman; "but you have

made me long to travel, since there are such wonderful scenes to be enjoyed abroad:" and with that he fell into a fresh convulsion of laughter.

In the meantime Benetto continued his work with inflexible gravity, though the exertion he used to handle the hoe with dexterity made the sweat-drops start out like great beads upon his forehead. At last, being fain to obtain a pause, he explained to the Turk, who had done laughing, that it was common in Italy to employ those long-handled hoes, in order to reach the weeds in the middle of a parterre without trampling amongst the plants.

"There is some reason in what you say," returned the superintendent; and taking the tool out of the hand of Benetto, he made aim at certain weeds in the middle of the bed; but at the very first stroke he mowed down a whole cluster of flowers.

Thereupon bursting into a fresh fit of mirth at his own clumsiness, the merry Turk thrust the wonderful hoe back again into the hand of the gardener, who resumed his labour with great earnestness; the Mussulman in the meanwhile walking away, but often turning his head over his shoulder to look back at Benetto, who, as soon as the old fellow had gone out of sight, laid down the ponderous hoe with very great good-will, and began to chuckle in his turn.

When the hour for music was come, he was summoned again to the ante-chamber, where he had the boldness, whilst he waited, to steal a peep through a crevice of the silken curtain, and discovered that his countrywoman was quite as beautiful a person as his fancy had suggested. He had taken care to compose some fresh words for the occasion, as well as to set them to another air, which he had not sung on any of the preceding nights: it had also a part for two voices, which the lady happened to know, and the Sultan was so delighted with the liveliness of the music, that he made them sing it to him several times over. At last, just as they were commencing the chorus for the fourth time, his face very suddenly altered, from the greatest pleasure to a look of gloom; and he turned his brows with such a frown upon the lady, that she stopped short in the middle of a note.

"How is this?" said he: "I understand nothing of the language, but I can perceive that you sing different words to the music every time that it is repeated."

Angelina blushed and hung down her head at this abrupt question, for she could invent verses with far more facility than excuses. At last she told him, that it was usual in Italy to leave the words of such airy little songs to the fancy of the singers, and that, except when those happened to be persons of wit and genius, the verses were always composed of the most common-place expressions.

The Sultan listened to this explanation with a very grave look, and after meditating a while, spoke thus: "Madam, you must not take it ill of me, but hereafter I shall desire the Dragoman (or Interpreter) to partake with me in the delight of hearing you. He is as fond of music as I am, and will be able to satisfy me whether the poetry of what you sing is answerable, in sentiment, to the music."

The lady and Benetto both suspected, from these expressions, that

the Sultan entertained some mistrust of them; and therefore, when they sang again, it was with some quaverings which did not belong to the composition. The Sultan at length signifying that he had heard enough, the singers desisted, and Benetto was dismissed, for this once, without any piece of gold, the Sultan intending secretly to reward him on the morrow with two hundred stripes of the bastinado.

As soon as Benetto found his opportunity, he repaired therefore to the garden, convinced that it was time to put his design into execution. The skies fortunately were full of clouds, making the night very obscure, except at some intervals, when the moon broke through the vapours; so that he set about his work in the gloom with the greater confidence. Having learned at least the art of transplanting during his service in the gardens, his first step was to convey the tree, which has been already mentioned, towards the apartment of Angelina.

Now, her chamber opened upon a long gallery or balcony on the outside of the harem, against which Benetto rested the tree as securely as he could: nor was this an easy performance, for it was as heavy as he could well carry, so that his joints even cracked beneath the weight. After resting awhile to regain his breath, he began to mount up his extempore ladder; and as the branches were very close together, the ascent was quite an easy affair. Thus, he was able to look in at the lady's window in a very few seconds; but, alas! though he had not wasted a minute that could be saved, he was already too late, as will presently appear.

It is a barbarous custom with the Turks, when they conceive any jealousy or disgust of their mistresses, to tie them up in sacks and cast them into the water; the sea, which is the object of marriage with the Venetian Doges, being to the Ottoman Sultans the instrument of divorce. As soon, then, as Benetto looked in at the window, his eyes were shocked by the sight of three black, savage-looking slaves, who were preparing for this cruel ceremony, the victim being no other than his own unfortunate countrywoman. Her mouth having been gagged beforehand, she could not utter any cries; but with her hands she made the most piteous supplications to the cruel Moors, two of whom held the mouth of the gaping sack wide open, whilst the other with his rude, profane hands endeavoured by force to bind her delicate limbs.

The terrified Benetto, who comprehended this scene at the first peep, felt such a shock as a sleeper who oversteps a precipice in his dream. A sudden swimming in his head made him ready to tumble off the tree; but luckily his body was leaning against the rail-work of the gallery, so that he could not fall: in the meantime he was quite exposed to view from the window, but the blacks were so thoroughly employed, that they had not time to cast a look that way. After a minute or two, resuming his presence of mind, he bent down his body so as to be concealed behind the gallery, and in this uneasy posture deliberated within himself how he ought to proceed. His first impulse was to rush in upon the ruffianly slaves; but recollecting that he had no weapon, and that such an assault could but delay the fate of the lady for a few moments, he resolved on a more prudent course.

Taking down his ladder, therefore, which now seemed twice as

burthensome as before, and his heart a great deal heavier, he set up the tree against the wall of the garden, on the side next the water, whose murmurings through the stillness of the night he could sufficiently distinguish.

It took him but a few moments to clamber to the top of the wall, by the help of the friendly tree; which, however, was too cumbersome to be dragged up after him in order to effect a descent on the other side. In nine cases out of ten, this would have been the natural oversight of a man intent upon the first step of his escape; whereas the ingenious Benetto had foreseen and provided against this difficulty. In a few minutes, therefore, he was safely landed on the other side; and, without doubt, the superintendent, who ridiculed the gardener's long hoe, would have changed his tone to see it hanging on the outer part of the wall, for the accommodation of Benetto; for by this means he let himself down with ease, the handle reaching within a few yards of the ground.

And now the moon, breaking a way through a sullen cloud, behind the chinks of which she had sometimes just glimmered like a bright fish entangled in a net, began to touch every object as with a silver wand: Benetto found it necessary, therefore, to shelter himself, like a man who shunned his own shadow, by going into the obscurest places, creeping on in this manner from tree to tree and from wall to wall, till he reached the water-side: but in what direction he should next proceed, in order to intercept the lady, was a question that got no better answer than those which are addressed to the echo.

Whilst he was thus wandering, the three black slaves, having tied up the unfortunate lady in the sack, proceeded with their burthen, as they were directed, towards a lonely place on the banks of the Bosphorus, in order to bestow her in her last bath with the greater privacy. Now it happened, through the goodness of God, that there was an English ship of war then lying off at anchor, having brought over an ambassador to the Sublime Porte; and some of the sailors and junior officers, desiring a frolic, had put off secretly in the ship's boat, and landed about the same spot.

These jovial men wandering about the shore, it fell out that they encountered with the blacks; and being minded to joke with them, some of the sailors inquired by signs what they carried in that poke. The slaves, not caring to disclose the truth, made answer that it was some rotten wheat which they were going to cast into the sea; and with that, they endeavoured to get away, not caring to have to do with drunkards, for the mariners rolled about a good deal, as they are apt to do on the dry land. Now the lady, who, though gagged, had yet the use of her ears, had overheard the question of the sailors; and whilst the slaves were answering, she began to wriggle herself about in the sack as violently as she could. The sailor who stood nearest, observing this motion, did not fail to notice it to his comrades, and they became speedily as curious as himself to ascertain what it was that struggled so in the sack. The blacks, however, who relished them very little, still endeavoured to break away, whereas the strangers were equally bent upon their own satisfaction, so that the parties came in a little while to blows. The sturdy seamen prevailing, and getting

possession of the sack, they soon discovered, with great indignation, the nature of its contents; whereupon the cowardly blacks, not waiting for the buffets which they were certain to receive, took instantly to their heels, and were out of sight in a minute.

The English sailors, who can melt upon a proper occasion as readily as their own pitch and tar, were infinitely concerned at the condition of the poor lady; wherefore, after releasing her limbs, as well as her tongue, which was not backward in thanks to her deliverers, they rowed back with all diligence to the ship, where Angelina was treated with every kind of tenderness and attention.

The discomfited blacks in the interim had got under the shadow of a high wall, where they sat down to take breath; and after weeping together for a while, they all opened their mouths at once with the same question, to ask what was to be done.

"For my part," said one, "I am not weeping thus merely because the lady has escaped, for we could easily devise a lie together and declare that the job was done. But, alas! I know that the chief of the eunuchs, old Abdalla, is so careful, that he will be waiting for us at the ducking place, to see with his own eyes that she is thrown in."

The slaves, knowing this to be the most likely case, began to shed tears again, and howled in a low tone very dismally, for they felt that their heads were only fastened by a packthread to their shoulders. At last, Mezrou, who was the eldest, spoke as follows:—

"Our case," said he, "is indeed critical, so that my neck smarts already to think of the result. On the one hand, if we tell any lie, there is that accursed old chief of the eunuchs to detect us; and on the other, if we confess the simple truth, our heads will still fly off, because we did not fight with those sea-devils to the last extremity. I see therefore but one way to escape out of this scrape, which is, by putting some trick upon Abdalla. And now I think of it, there is a certain Frank lives hereabouts, who keeps a great sow pig in his back-yard; and at the next house there is a baker, where we may obtain a sack. Now, if the swine were tied up fitly, and her head well muffled in my sash, so as to keep her from either grunting or squealing, I think the deception might pass; but it must be dispatched very quickly."

The other slaves thinking favourably of this scheme, they ran off together to the house of the baker, who was in bed; but they obliged him to get up and give them an empty flour sack; after which, going to the pigsty of the Frank, they secured his sow in the sack, with a little difficulty. Then taking up the burthen between them, which was full as lively as the other had been, they trotted gaily down to the water-side, where they soon perceived some person pacing to and fro, whom they took at the first glance for Abdalla. Going straight up to him therefore, without any mistrust, they all called out together, that they had brought the lady to be drowned, which was agreeable news enough to the man, for in truth it was no other than Benetto, who had been wandering up and down the shore, in the greatest uncertainty and despair.

The words, then, had no sooner got clear of the thick foolish lips of

the blacks, than the musician began to deal about him so roundly, that the foremost was laid sprawling in a twinkling upon the earth. The other two, at this sight, foreseeing that they should have use for all the hands they had, immediately pitched down the sack with very little ceremony; and any one may conceive how this action increased the fury of Benetto.

The battered swine resenting the outrage as much, and feeling herself more at liberty, began at the same moment to struggle vehemently within the sack, so that she partly released her nostrils from the sash, and began to call out with all her brutal breath for liberty.

Thus the rage of Benetto, whenever he began to faint, was roused up again by these half-stifled cries; which, struggling partly through the canvas and the linen, were equivocal enough to be mistaken for the voice of Angelina, even by the ear of a musician. These excitements lending him treble courage and vigour, he was quite a match for the three slaves together, notwithstanding they fought lustily; and doubtless something tragical would have ensued but for the thriftiness of the baker.

This careful man, grudging to lend a new sack to strangers, had picked out an old one, the canvas of which was very rotten and full of patches; so that as Benetto glanced his eyes every now and then towards the sack, to give himself fresh encouragement, on a sudden the cloth ripped up with a smart report, and the huge sow, jumping briskly out, went cantering off homewards, with the sash round her head, and grunting all the way to denote her satisfaction.

The blacks, through this accident, having nothing to contend for, gave over the contest; and after a little grinning scampered away after the pig, to make up what story they could to the chief of the eunuchs.

As for Benetto, he stood as if rooted to the spot, and stared on the remains of the sack like one who had just witnessed some great stroke of enchantment. No sight, in truth, could have caused him such an astonishment, unless, indeed, the spectacle of a sow turning before his eyes into a lady, for he had made certain of Angelina being within the sack, even to the seeing of her, in fancy, through her veil of canvas. At last, coming to his senses, and catching sight of the English vessel, his thoughts began to turn upon his own safety; and stripping off his jacket and turban, he began to swim towards the ship, though with great difficulty, on account of his bruises.

It would not be easy to describe his transports, when he came on board and discovered Angelina: wherefore, let that topic be left untouched, as well as the mirth which prevailed at the relation of his adventures. The ship setting sail immediately for England, after a prosperous passage the two happy Italians disembarked at London, where Benetto, by his skill in music and excellent singing, acquired an immense fortune in a very few years. In the meantime he espoused Angelina, and finally returned with her to Florence, where they lived for many years in great happiness and very merrily; for neither of them could ever smell pork, or pass by a hogsty, without an inclination to laughter.

As for the three black slaves, they wore their heads some years longer than they expected, the lie they made up being credited by

Abdalla, the chief of the eunuchs, who had never stirred out from the palace. The superintendent of the pleasure-grounds was, however, more unlucky, for he suffered some hundred stripes of the bastinado on the soles of his feet, for allowing the innovations of Benetto. In consequence, there are no more upas-trees to be found in the royal gardens; and the slaves labour, even unto this very day, with hoes that are but a yard long in the handle.

THE CHESTNUT TREE.

IT is a deplorable custom with spendthrifts, when their purses are empty, to replenish them at the cost of the dryads, often cutting down the very trees that have sheltered the most venerable of their ancestors, as well as the timber which wants many years of its proper growth, according to the pressure of their wants. Many foolish persons, again, under false pretences of taste, will root up the sheltering woods and copses, that made comfortable fences against the inclement wind, thus letting in the unmitigated tempest to rage against their bleak, naked mansions; both parties being equally mischievous in their way. There are other persons, however, who cut down their oaks and chestnuts for much better reasons, as you shall presently hear.

A certain hidalgo was walking in a lonely plain, in the neighbourhood of Granada, when he was suddenly attacked by a small wild Spanish bull. The spiteful creature, with red sparkling eyes, and a body as black as any coal, made a run at the gentleman so nimbly, that he had barely time to save himself by climbing up a large chestnut-tree; whereupon the wicked beast began to toss about the loose earth with great fury, instead of the human clay he had intended to trifle with.

There is no such creature in the world as your bull for a revengeful memory, for he will cherish affronts or dislikes for a considerable while; and besides, he takes great pleasure in any premeditated mischief, which he will pursue with a vast deal of patience. Thus, whenever the hidalgo set his foot upon the ground, the wily animal, who had kept at a convenient distance, immediately ran at him again, so that he was forced to betake himself to the tree with the utmost alacrity. Then the bull would stray farther off, still keeping a wary eye towards the tree, but feeding in the meantime so quietly, that every thought of malice seemed to have quite gone out of his round, roguish head; whereas he was ready at a twinkling for a fresh career, his perseverance excelling that of grimalkin, when she sits watching at a mouse's street-door.

The impatient hidalgo, weary at heart of this game, where all his moves tended to no purpose, at last gave up the point, and removed higher up in the tree, in order to amuse himself with the surrounding prospect, which was now enlivened by the oblique rays of the declining sun. "I will wait," said he, "till night makes a diversion in my favour, and, like the matadore, hangs her cloak on this wild devil's horns;" so

turning himself about from side to side, he began to contemplate the various objects in the distance.

Whilst he was thus occupied, with his eyes turned towards the east, there came two men on foot from the opposite quarter, who, passing beyond the tree, approached the browzing bull without any kind of mistrust. The dissembling creature allowed them to come pretty near, without any suspicion; and then suddenly charging at the two men, they were obliged to run to the tree as the only shelter, and with great difficulty clambered out of reach of his mischievous horns. The animal, being thus foiled for the second time, revenged himself on the hat of one of the travellers, which had been dropped in the race, and then began to feed again at the usual distance.

The two pedlars—for so they seemed—made several attempts, like the hidalgo, to get away, but the bull still intercepted them in the same manner; so that at last they were fain to dispose themselves as comfortably as they could on a lower branch, and await the pleasure of the animal, to proceed on their way. The hidalgo, being a shy, reserved man by nature, as well as very haughty on account of his nation and his birth, did not choose to make any advances towards his fellow-lodgers in the tree, who by their dress were people of the common sort. The two men, on their part, knew nothing of a third person being perched above their heads; wherefore, to pass away the time, they began to talk over their affairs together, with as much confidence as if they had been sitting in the middle of the great Arabian Desert.

At first the hidalgo, being much occupied by his own reflections, did not listen very attentively to their discourse; besides, he had a great contempt for the conversation of such vulgar persons, which would have prevailed over any common curiosity; however, as some sentences reached him against his will, he happened to overhear a name passing between them that made him prick up his ears.

"I am afraid, Gines Spinello," said one of the voices, "that this cursed creature will spoil our sport for to-night."

Now it was no wonder that the gentleman became so much interested in their conversation, for the fellow just mentioned was a notorious robber, and the terror of the whole province. The hidalgo, therefore, felt a natural curiosity to behold so remarkable a character; and peeping down very cautiously between the leaves, he saw the two men sitting astride, with their faces towards each other, on the lowermost bough. They were so much below him, that he could not judge of their physiognomies; but of course the very hair of their heads seemed, to his fancy, to partake of a very ruffianly expression.

"As for that matter," returned Spinello, "our job to-night is a trifling one that may be dispatched in two hours. What frets me more is to be obliged to sit thus, cock-horse, upon a cursed branch; for I have always a misgiving at getting up into a tree, since nothing has proved so fatal to several of our gang."

The other, laughing heartily at these expressions, which he supposed to allude to the gallows, Gines interrupted him in a very grave tone.

"I mean no such matter," said he, "as you conclude. The gibbet

indeed has made an end of some of us; but the trees I mean were as much growing and flourishing as this. It was a chestnut too, that cost so dear to poor Lazarillo; wherefore, I would rather that this tree had been a cypress, or a yew even, or of some other kind."

"For my part, chestnut or not," said the other, "I feel myself much beholden to this good plant: notwithstanding, I should like to hear what happened to Lazarillo, and the others of the gang."

The hidalgo by this time was quite as much interested in the mishap of Lazarillo: so laying himself along the bough, and grasping it with both his arms, he stooped his head sideways as low as he could, to listen to the story that Gines was going to relate.

"You are aware," said Spinello, "that when we have no affair of moment upon our hands, which requires us to go in company, it is usual for some of the cleverest amongst us to go abroad singly, on little adventures of their own. Thus it befel Lazarillo to take it in his head to pay a visit to a certain hidalgo, who resides not a long way from this spot. There was a clump of chestnut trees in front of the house, all of them of wonderful bulk, having stood there a great many years, and it was the season when they were in full leaf. Lazarillo, coming a little too soon, and seeing a great many lights in the windows, clambered up into the greatest of these trees, which stood nearest to the house, in order to hide himself till dark, as well as to observe what was going on within the house. The boughs being very broad and smooth, he found his nest comfortable enough; and, besides, he was very well diverted to watch the motions of the servants, for some of the branches grew against the chamber windows, so that he could even see how the people bestowed the plate and valuables against the night. Whilst he was amusing himself in this way, the hidalgo, who had been out sporting, came homewards with his fowling-piece in his hand; when just at this nick there flew up some large kind of bird, and made off directly for the tree."

"Well, wherefore do you stop?" asked the other rogue very eagerly, for at these words Gines had made a tolerably long pause.

"I was thinking," said Gines, "that I heard a rustling overhead; but it was only some breeze amongst the leaves. I suppose the hidalgo was willing to discharge his gun before he entered the house, for it was loaded with very large shot, which are never used to kill birds with; however, he fired after the fowl into the very middle of the leaves, and the devil guiding the lead, some of it went into the body of poor Lazarillo, who tumbled in a trice to the ground. If the shot had not killed him, the fall would have broken his neck, so that he was stone-dead upon the spot: however, to made sure of that matter, our governors made a point of hanging him afterwards upon another tree."

Herewith Gines vented a thousand horrible imprecations against the unfortunate sportsman, who had the evil luck to be sitting at that very moment above his head. The unhappy hidalgo, though he was miserably terrified, dared not even to quake—the least motion causing a rustling among the leaves, or a creaking of the bough; and getting cramped, as any one must, to ride so long on a wooden chestnut horse, without a saddle, yet he could not venture to stretch a limb

to relieve himself. In the meantime, fear caused such a boiling noise in his ears, as if of the devil's cauldron at a gallop, that he could not make out the history of the other robbers who had perished by means of the trees. The two rogues, on the contrary, finding themselves very much at their ease, continued to gossip together with great coolness, though the bull had now removed to a considerable distance. The hidalgo, at last, resuming the use of his faculties, overheard as follows:—

"As for the chestnut trees," said Gines, "you will see the stumps of them to-night, for the hidalgo did not choose to leave a perch for any more such birds so near his house. But there are other ways to know what goes on within, as well as by looking through the windows; and we shall soon see whether the people of this random shooter are more properly his servants or my own."

At this insinuation, the wretched person who sat aloft could not help uttering a half-stifled groan, which would have infallibly betrayed him, if it had not passed for the grumbling of the bull. Notwithstanding, he had to endure still worse tidings; to conceive which, suppose Gines to describe the abominable plot he had laid for the murder of the hidalgo—two of his servants being in the pay of the banditti, and engaged to admit them in the middle of the night. The rogues did not omit, moreover, to dispose of the two daughters of the unfortunate gentleman overhead; and as their inclinations pointed differently, the one choosing the youngest, and the other the elder lady for a mistress, they soon came to an amicable understanding on this part of the design. Thus the hidalgo, who had always intended to match his children as he would, without question even of the girls themselves, was obliged to hear them disposed of beforehand, and without having any voice whatever in the affair.

The encroaching dusk closing round, in the meantime, till the horizon was confined within a very narrow circle, the two villains at last dismounted from the bough, and proceeded on their way without any interruption from the bull, who was now scarcely visible, amid the distant shadows. As soon as the rogues were out of sight, the hidalgo scrambled down the trunk, to the infinite relief of his limbs, which from long confinement to the same posture had grown as rigid and almost as crooked as the boughs they had embraced: however, the thought of what was to take place at home soon enforced a suppleness in his joints, and he departed with a brisk shuffling pace, from what had been to him such a very bitter tree of knowledge.

The dreadful fear which had lately possessed his bosom turning, now that he was in safety, to the most revengeful feelings, he vowed, as he went along, that Gines and his gang should suffer in retaliation by the most exquisite torments. In this furious mood, with clenched hands and teeth, and terrible emphatic steps, he entered his own house, and repaired straight into the apartment of his daughters; who, seeing the flaming beacons of wrath in his countenance, were ready to swoon with dismay. It alarmed them the more, that they had not expected him to return for the night, and being ignorant of the true occasion, they were led, by certain misgivings of their own hearts, to impute his anger to a very different cause, wherefore coming together with clasped

hands, to kneel down at his feet, they besought him with many tears to be more calm and temperate.

At another time this strange conduct would have astounded the hidalgo, whereas, having other concerns in his mind, he did not stop to sift out the mystery, but, in as few words as he could, explained the danger that was hanging over their heads. The two terrified maidens, at this horrible report, instantly forgot all other fears, for the mere words conjured up the figures of the banditti upon the vacant air; but when the hidalgo came to speak of the design of the robber and his comrade, how they were to make mistresses of the two ladies, they sent up together, as if from one throat, a shrill involuntary scream. Anon, running hastily to different closets, for the greater danger always swallow up the less in this manner, they dragged forward a brace of young comely gallants, who, on their part, seemed ready enough to protect them from Gines and his associates.

The two champions, as well as the hidalgo, were somewhat disconcerted by this abrupt introduction to each other, and the pale lily of fear that had blown on the cheeks of the damsels was burned up by a deep crimson blush. At last one of the cavaliers, addressing himself to the hidalgo, began to speak for both after this manner:—

"Sir, I know that you cannot behold us with any welcome; and yet, for my own part, I am heartily thankful that we are here. Notwithstanding the ungracious method of our introduction, we beg so much favour of you, as to be considered gentlemen for the present, and respecters of good manners, who desire nothing better than to make amends, by our timely services, for an untimely intrusion. By your good leave, therefore, we will help to defend these ladies against the robbers,—and as we are men of honour, it shall be left to your own discretion, whether you will bestow them upon us hereafter."

As the young gentleman spoke this with an air of great modesty and sincerity, the hidalgo thought fit to accept of the assistance that was offered; whereupon they began to consult together on the steps which should be adopted in such an extremity. Accordingly, it was concerted to send for the two traitorous servants, one by one, into the chamber, where, as soon as they entered, they were seized, and bound hand and foot before they could think of any resistance. The wretched men, finding themselves in this dreary plight, and that their lives were at command, began readily to confess all they knew of the plot; adding several particulars which had not been touched upon by Spinello. Amongst other news, it came out that the banditti had deposited their arms in readiness in a certain hollow oak, which stood in the rear of the house; whereupon the hidalgo made a vow, inwardly, to cut down that dangerous tree, as he had done before by the chestnuts.

It was towards midnight, when Spinello, with his comrades, approached for the execution of their design. The night was very boisterous, with frequent gusts of wind, that drove the low black clouds with great rapidity across the sky. Thus every now and then there was a short bright glance of the moon, followed, at a few minutes' interval, by the most profound shadows; and, by the help of those snatches of light, the desperate Gines led on his fellows, who were about half-a-dozen in all, towards the hollow tree.

Now it happened, just as he came up, that a fresh cloud came over the face of the moon, so that the mark he aimed at was quite swallowed up in the gloom. Groping his way, therefore, with his hands, he began to feel about the ragged stem for the entry to the magazine; but he had no sooner thrust his arms into the opening, than they were seized by some person who was concealed within the hollow trunk.

I know not whether Gines recalled, at this moment, his superstition about a tree, but he set up a loud yell of dismay. The hidalgo, who lay close by in ambush, with his party, instantly discharged a well-aimed volley at the rest of the banditti, who finding themselves betrayed, and without arms, took at once to their heels, leaving two that were miserably wounded upon the grass. By this time, Spinello, recovering his courage, made a desperate struggle to get away; but, before he could disengage his arms, the hidalgo came up with his assistants, and the robber was quickly overcome and secured. Of the other two men, one was already dead, the bullet having lodged in his breast: as for the second, his leg-bone was broken by a ball just above the ankle-joint, and it happened that this was the very same rogue who had gossipped with Gines upon the chestnut-bough.

It was a dreadful sight to behold the countenance of the latter, when he was dragged into the chamber, and how he foamed and gnashed his teeth at the two desponding varlets, who had been double traitors, he supposed, to both masters. Although he was so securely bound, those wretched men could not look upon him without an extreme trembling; however, when he was informed of the true cause of the discovery, he raved no more, remarking only to the other robber that his misgiving about the chestnut tree had been justified by the event.

The hidalgo repairing afterwards, with the two young gentlemen, into the presence of his two daughters, there ensued many compliments between them, and joyful congratulations on the conclusion of the danger. At last, the hidalgo growing more and more pleased with the graceful manners and conversation of his guests, his heart warmed towards them, and he began to wish that they were all but his sons.

"Gentlemen," he said, "a late welcome is better than none at all, and especially when it comes maturely from the heart. Pray accept of this apology for my tardiness, and for your great services I will try to make amends to you on the spot. Your gallantry and agreeable bearing persuade me that you are truly the honourable young persons that you have named to me; and I rejoice, therefore, for my own sake as well as yours, that my daughters remain at my disposal. If you are willing then to accept of each other, I foresee no difficulties—that is to say, provided you can both agree in your election, as readily as my other two robbers."

It would be hard to declare whether the two ladies were most happy or confused by this unexpected proposal; they therefore made off, with fewer words than blushes, to their own bedchamber; but the three gentlemen sat up together, for security, during the remainder of the night.

On the morrow the criminals were delivered to the proper authorities, and the process with such atrocious offenders being very summary, they were executed, before sunset, in divers places about the province.

For the most part, they were suspended on lofty wooden gibbets; but the body of Spinello, in order to make the greater impression, was hung up on the very same chestnut tree that had led to his defeat.

THE FAIR MAID OF LUDGATE.

THE reign of King Charles the Second of England was marked by two great public calamities: the first of them, that memorable Plague which devastated London; and then followed that deplorable Fire which destroyed such a large portion of the same devoted metropolis.

It happened shortly before the pestilence, that the King had a design to serve in the city; wherefore he rode that way on horseback, attended only by the Lord Rochester, and one or two gentlemen of the court. As they were riding gently, in this manner, up the hill of Ludgate, towards St Paul's, the Earl observed that the King stopped short, and fixed his eyes on a certain casement on the right hand side of the way. The gentlemen, turning their heads in the same direction, immediately beheld a young and beautiful woman, in a very rich and fanciful dress, and worthy indeed of the admiration of the monarch; who, with sheer delight, stood as if rooted to the spot. The lady, for a while, did not observe this stoppage, so that the company of courtiers had full time to observe her countenance and dress. She wore upon her head a small cap of black velvet, which fitted very close, and came down with a point upon her forehead, where, at the peak of the velvet, there hung a very large pearl. Her hair, which was of an auburn colour and very abundant, fell down on either side of her face in large ringlets according to the fashion of the time, and clustered daintily about her fair neck and bosom, several of the locks, moreover, being bound together here and there by clusters of fine pearls. As for her boddice it was of white silk, with a goodly brooch of emeralds in the shape of strawberry leaves, which were held together by stalks of gold. Her sleeves, which were very wide, and hung loose from the elbow, were of the same silk; but there was a short under-sleeve of peach-blossom satin, that fastened with clasps of emerald about the mid-arm. Her bracelets were ornamented with the same gem; but the bands were of gold, as well as the girdle that encircled her waist. Thus much the company could perceive, as she leaned upon the edge of the window with one delicate hand: at last—for in the meanwhile she had been steadfastly looking abroad, as in a reverie—she recollected herself, and, observing that she was gazed at, immediately withdrew.

The King watched a minute or two at the window, after she was gone, like a man in a dream; and then, turning round to Rochester, inquired if he knew anything of the lady he had seen. The Earl replied instantly that he knew nothing of her, except she was the loveliest creature that had ever feasted his eyes; whereupon the King commanded him to remain behind, and learn as many particulars as he could. The King, with the gentlemen, then rode on very thoughtfully into the city, where he transacted what he had to do, and then

returned with the same company by Cheapside, where they encountered the Earl.

As soon as the King saw Rochester, he asked eagerly, "What news?" Whereupon the latter acquainted him with all he knew. "As for her name," he said, "she is called Alice, but her surname is swallowed up in that of The Fair Maid of Ludgate—for that is her only title in these parts. She is an only child, and her father is a rich jeweller; and so in faith was her mother likewise, to judge by this splendid sample of their workmanship."

"Verily I think so too," returned the monarch; "she must come to Court," and with that they began to concert together how to prosecute that design.

And doubtless the Fair Maid of Ludgate would have been ensnared by the devices of that profligate courtier, but for an event that turned all thoughts of intrigue and human pleasure into utter despondency and affright. For now broke out that dreadful pestilence which soon raged so awfully throughout the great city, the mortality increasing from hundreds to thousands of deaths in a single week. At the first ravages of the infection, a vast number of families deserted their houses, and fled into the country; the remainder enclosing themselves as rigidly within their own dwellings, as if they had been separately besieged by some invisible foe. In the meantime, the pestilence increased in fury, spreading from house to house, and from street to street, till whole parishes were subjected to its rage. At this point, the father of Alice fell suddenly ill, though not of the pest; however, the terrified domestics could not be persuaded otherwise than that he was smitten by the plague, and accordingly they all ran off together, leaving him to the sole care of his afflicted child.

On the morning after this desertion, as she sat weeping at the bedside of her father, the Fair Maid heard a great noise of voices in the street; wherefore, looking forth at the front casement, she saw a number of youths, with horses ready saddled and bridled, standing about the door. As soon as she showed herself at the window they all began to call out together, beseeching her to come down, and fly with them from the city of death; which touched the heart of Alice very much: after thanking them, therefore, with her eyes full of tears, she pointed inwards, and told them that her father was unable to rise from his bed.

"Then there is no help for him," cried Hugh Percy. "God receive his soul! The plague is striding hither very fast. I have seen the red crosses in Cheapside. Pray come down, therefore, unto us, dearest Alice, for we will wait on you to the ends of the earth."

The sorrowful Alice wept abundantly at this speech, and it was some minutes before she could make any answer.

"Hugh Percy," she said at last, "if it be as you say, the will of God be done; but I will never depart from the help of my dear father;" and with that, waving her hand to them as a last farewell, she closed the casement, and returned to the sick-chamber.

On the morrow the gentle youths came again to the house on the same errand, but they were fewer than before. They moved Alice by their outcries to come at last to the window, who replied in the same

way to their entreaties, notwithstanding the fond youths continued to use their arguments, with many prayers to her to come down, but she remained constant in her denial; at length, missing some of the number, she inquired for Hugh Percy, and they answered dejectedly, that he had sickened of the plague that very morn.

"Alas! gentle kind friends," she cried, "let this be your warning, and depart hence in good time. It will make me miserable for ever to be answerable for your mischances: as for myself, I am resigned entirely to the dispensation of God." And with these words she closed the window, and the melancholy youths went away slowly, except one, who had neither brought any horse with him, nor joined in the supplications of the rest. The disconsolate Alice, coming afterwards to the window for air, beheld him thus standing with his arms folded against the door.

"How is this, Ralph Seaton, that you still linger about this melancholy place?"

"Gentle Alice," returned Seaton, "I have not come hither like the others, to bid you fly away from hence; neither must you bid me depart against my will."

"Ralph Seaton, my heart is brimful of thanks to you for this tenderness towards me; but you have a mother and sister for your care."

"They are safe, Alice, and far from this horrible place."

"Would to God you were with them! dear Ralph Seaton, begone; and the love you bear towards me set only at a distance in your prayers. I wish you a thousand farewells, in one word—but pray begone." And with that, turning away, with one hand over her eyes, she closed the casement with the other, as if for ever and ever.

The next morning the young men came for the third time to the house, and there was a red cross but a few doors off. The youths were now but three or four in number, several having betaken themselves to the country in despair, and others had been breathed upon by the life-wasting pestilence. It was a long while before Alice came to the window, so that their hearts began to sink with dread, for they made sure that she was taken ill. However, she came forth to them at last, in extreme distress, to see them so wilful for her sake.

"For the dear love of God!" she cried, "do not come thus any more, unless you would break my heart! Lo! the dreadful signal of death is at hand, and to-morrow it may be set upon this very door. Do not cause the curses of your friends and parents to be heaped hereafter on my miserable head. If you have any pity for me in your hearts, pray let this be the uttermost farewell between us."

At these words, the sad youths began to shed tears; and some of them, with a broken voice, begged of her to bestow on them some tokens for a remembrance. Thereupon she went for her bracelets, and after kissing them, gave them between two of the young men. To a third she cast her glove, but to Seaton she dropped a ring, which she had pressed sundry times to her lips.

The day after the final departure of the young men, the ominous red cross was marked on the jeweller's door; for, as he was known to be ill, it was supposed, of course, that his malady was the plague. In consequence the door was rigorously nailed up, so that no one could

pass in or out, and moreover there were watchmen appointed for the same purpose of blockade. It was the duty of these attendants to see that the people within the suspected houses were duly supplied with provision: whereas, by the negligence of these hard-hearted men, it happened frequently that the persons confined within perished of absolute want. Thus it befel, after some days, that Alice saw her father relapsing again, for the lack of mere necessaries to support him in his weakness, his disorder having considerably abated. In this extremity, seeing a solitary man in the street, she stretched out her arms towards him, and besought him for the love of God to bring a little food; but the bewildered man, instead of understanding, bade her "flee from the wrath to come," and with sundry leaps and frantic gestures, went capering on his way.

Her heart at this disappointment was ready to burst with despair; but, turning her eyes towards the opposite side, she perceived another man coming down the street, with a pitcher and a small loaf. As soon as he came under the window, she made the same prayer to him as to the former, begging him for charity, and the sake of her dear father, to allow him but a sup of the water and a small morsel of the bread.

"It is for that purpose," said the other, "that I am come." And as he looked upward she discovered that it was Seaton, who had brought this very timely supply. "You may eat and drink of these," he continued, "without any suspicion, for they come from a place many miles hence, where the infection is yet unknown."

The heart of Alice was too full to let her reply, but she ran forthwith, and fetched a cord, to draw up the loaf and the pitcher withal, the last being filled with good wine. When her father had finished his repast, which revived him very much, she returned with the pitcher, and let it down by the cord to Seaton, who perceived something glittering within the vessel.

"Ralph Seaton," she said, "wear that jewel for my sake. The blessing of God be ever with you in return for this precious deed! but I conjure you, by the Holy Trinity, do not come hither again."

The generous Seaton with great joy placed the brooch within his bosom, and with a signal of farewell to Alice, departed without another word. And now her heart began to sink again to think of the morrow, when assuredly her beloved parent would be reduced to the like extremity; for during all this time the negligent watchmen had never come within sight of the house. All the night hours she spent, therefore, in anguish and dread, which were still more aggravated by the dismal rumbling of the carts, that at midnight were used to come about for the corpses of the dead.

In the middle of the night one of these coarse slovenly hearses, with a cargo of dead bodies, passed through the street, attended by a bellman and some porters, with flaming torches, unto whom the miserable Alice called out with a lamentable voice. The men, at her summons, came under the window with the cart, expecting some dead body to be cast out to them, the mortality admitting of no more decent rites; but when they heard what she wanted, they replied sullenly, that they had business enough of their own to convey away all the carrion,—and so passed on with their horrible chimes.

The morning was spent in the same alternations of fruitless hope and despair, till towards noon, when Seaton came again with the pitcher and a small basket, which contained some cold baked meat, and other eatables, that he had procured with infinite pains from a country place, at a considerable distance. The fair maiden drew up these supplies with great eagerness, her father beginning now to have that appetite which is one of the first symptoms of recovery from any sickness; accordingly he fed upon the victuals with great relish. The gentle Alice, in the meanwhile, lowered down the empty basket and the pitcher to Seaton, and then again besought him not to expose himself to such risks by coming into the city; to which he made no answer but by pressing his hands against his bosom, as if to express that such errands gratified his heart; whereupon she made fresh signs to say farewell, and he departed.

In this manner several weeks passed away, the gallant youth never failing to come day after day with fresh provision, till at last the old jeweller was able to sit up. The gracious Providence preserved them all, in the meantime, from any attack of the pestilence, though many persons died every day, on both sides of the street, the distemper being at its worst pitch. Thus the houses became desolate, and the streets silent, and beginning to look green even, by the springing up of grass between the untrodden stones.

The prison-house of the Fair Maid of Ludgate and her father soon became, therefore, very irksome, and especially when the latter got well enough to stir about, and to behold through the window these symptoms of the public calamity, which filled him with more anxiety than he had ever felt, on account of his dear child, whose life was not secure, any more than his own, for a single hour. His alarm and disquiet on this account threatening to bring on a relapse of his malady, the tender girl found but little happiness in his recovery, which seemed thus to have been altogether in vain. And truly, it was a sufficient grief for any one to be in the centre, though unhurt, of such a horrible devastation; whereof none could guess at the continuance, whether it would cease of its own accord, or rage on till there were no more victims to be destroyed.

The plague, however, abated towards the close of the year, when the King, who had removed with his Court to Windsor in the midst of the alarm, felt disposed one day to pay a visit to the metropolis. Accordingly, mounted on horseback, he rode into town, accompanied by the Lord Rochester, and the same gentlemen who had been his attendants on the former occasion.

The monarch was naturally much shocked at the desolate aspect of the place, which, from a great and populous city, had become almost a desert; the sound of the horses' hoofs echoing dismally throughout the solitary streets, but bringing very few persons to look out at the windows, and of those, the chief part were more like lean ghastly ghosts than human living creatures. In consequence he rode along in a very melancholy mood of mind, which the pleasant Earl endeavoured to enliven by various witty jests, but without any effect, for they sounded hollow and untimely, even in his own ear.

At last, arriving at the Hill of Ludgate, and the image of the Fair

Maid coming to his remembrance, the King looked towards the house, and lo! there frowned the horrible red cross, which was still distinct upon the door. Immediately he pointed out this deadly signal to Rochester, who had already noticed it, and then both shook their heads, meaning to say that she was dead; however, to make certain, the Earl alighted, and knocked with all his might at the door. But there was no answer, nor any appearance of a face at any window. Thereupon, with very heavy hearts, they rode onwards for a few doors farther, where there was a young man, like a spectre, sitting at an open casement, with a large book like a Bible in his hands. The King, who spied him first, asked of him very eagerly whether the Fair Maid of Ludgate was alive or dead, but the ghostly man could tell nothing of the matter, except that the jeweller had been the very first person to be seized by the plague in their quarter. Thereupon the King made up his mind that the fair Alice had perished amongst the many thousand victims of the pest, and with a very sorrowful visage he rode on through the city, where he spent some hours in noticing the deplorable consequences of that visitation.

Afterwards, he returned with his company by the same way, and when they came towards the jeweller's house in Ludgate, there were several young men standing about the door. They had been knocking to obtain tidings of the Fair Maid, but without any better success than before; so that, getting very impatient, they began, as the King came up, to cast stones through the windows. The Earl of Rochester seeing them at this vain work, called out as he passed,

"Gentlemen, you are wasting your labour. The divinity of your city is dead; as you may know, by asking of the living skeleton at yonder casement."

At these words, the young men supposing that the Earl had authority for what he said, desisted from their attempts, and the two companies went each their several ways; the King with his attendants to Windsor, and the sad youths to their homes, with grief on all their faces, and very aching hearts, through sorrow for the Fair Maid of Ludgate.

As for the gallant Ralph Seaton, he had ceased to come beneath the window for some time before, since there was no longer any one living within the house to drink from his pitcher, or to eat out of his basket. Notwithstanding, he continued now and then to bring a few pieces of game, and sometimes a flask also, to the father of Alice, who lived under the same roof; for the elder Seaton was a good yeoman of Kent, and thither Ralph had conveyed the old citizen as soon as he was well enough to be removed. The old jeweller outlived the plague by a score of years; but the Fair Maid of Ludgate, who had survived the pestilence, was carried off shortly afterwards by marriage, the title which had belonged to her in the city being resolved into that of the Dame Alice Seaton.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

ABENDALI of Bagdad had three sons; the two eldest, very tall and proper youths for their years; but the youngest, on account of the dwarfishness of his stature, was called little Agib. He had, notwithstanding, a wit and shrewdness very unusual to any, especially of his childish age; whereas his brothers were dull and slow of intellect, to an extraordinary degree.

Now Abendali, though he had money, was not rich enough to leave behind him a competence for each of his sons; wherefore he thought it best to teach them in the first instance to scrape together as much as they could; accordingly, calling them all to him, on some occasion, he presented to each a small canvas purse, with a sequin in it, by way of handsel, and then spoke to them to this effect:

"Behold! here is a money-bag a-piece, with a single sequin, for you must furnish the rest by your own industry. I shall require every now and then to look into your purses, in order to see what you have added; but to that end you shall not have any recourse to theft, or violent robbery, for money is often purchased by those methods at too dear a rate; whereas the more you can obtain by any subtle stratagems, or smart strokes of policy, the greater will be my opinion of your hopefulness and abilities."

The three brethren accepted of the purses with great goodwill, and immediately began to think over various plans of getting money; so quickly does the desire of riches take root in the human bosom. The two elder ones, however, beat about their wits to no purpose, for they could not start a single invention, except of begging alms, which they would not descend to; whereas the little Agib added another piece of money to his sequin before the setting of the sun.

It happened that there lived at some distance from Abendali an old lady, who was bedridden, but very rich, and a relation of the former, though at some degrees removed. As she was thus lying in her chamber, she heard the door open, and Agib came in, but he was so little that he could not look upon the bed. The lady asking who it was, he answered and said "My name is little Agib, and I am sent here by my father, your kinsman, who is called Abendali; for he desires to know how you are, and to wish you a thousand years."

The old lady wondered very much that Abendali was so much concerned for her, since they had not held any correspondence together for a long while; however, she was very well satisfied with his attention, and gave a small piece of money to Agib, desiring the slaves moreover to bring him as many sweetmeats as he liked. The brethren showing their purses at night to their father, the two eldest had only their sequin a-piece, whereas little Agib had thus added already to his store.

On the following day, little Agib paid another visit to the sick lady, and was as well treated as before. He repeated the same compliments very many times afterwards, adding continually fresh moneys to his purse; at last, Abendali, passing by chance in the same quarter of the

city, took it into his head to inquire for his kinswoman; and when he entered her chamber, lo! there sat little Agib behind the door. As soon as he had delivered his compliments, which the lady received very graciously, she pointed to little Agib, and said she had taken it very kindly that the child had been sent so often to ask after her health.

"Madam," said Abendali, who laughed all the while, "the little liar has not told you one word of truth. I know well enough why he came here, which was on none of my errands."

The little Agib prudently held his peace till his father was gone, whereupon the old lady asked him how he could be so wicked as to deceive her with such multiplied lies.

"Alas!" said Agib, pretending to whimper very much, "I hope God will not punish me with a sore tongue for such sinning. It is true, as my father says, that he never commanded me to come; but I was so scandalised at his shocking neglect, that I could not help calling upon you of my own accord, and making up those messages in his name."

The old lady hereupon was so much touched with the seeming piety and tenderness of little Agib, that she bade him climb upon the bed and kiss her, which he performed; and because he had come so disinterestedly, and not, she believed, for the trifling pieces of money, she gave him a coin of more value, to make amends, as she said, for Abendali's injurious suspicion.

The same night, when he looked in Agib's purse, the old man saw that he had three pieces more; at which he nodded, as if to say I know where these came from: whereupon Agib, being concerned for the honour of his ingenuity, spoke up to his father. "It is not," said he, "as you suppose; these two pieces I obtained elsewhere than at the place you are thinking of;" and with that he appealed to his brethren.

"It is truth," said the eldest, "what he speaks. Observing that he had every night a fresh piece of money, whereas we that are his elders could get nothing at all, myself and my brother besought of little Agib to acquaint us with his secret for making gold and silver; but he would not part with it, unless we gave him our two pieces, and thus we have no money whatever."

With that the elder brothers turned both at once on little Agib, calling him a liar and a cheat; for that, when they called on the old lady, instead of giving them a piece of money or two, as he had reported, she said that she knew what they came for, and withal bade them to be thrust forth from the chamber.

During this relation, Abendali could not help laughing secretly at the cunning of little Agib, who had thus added his brothers' money to his own; however, he quieted the two elder ones, by declaring that Agib had told them the truth.

About a month after this time, the Angel of Death called upon Abendali, and touching him on the right side, bade him prepare to die. Accordingly the old man sent for his sons to his bedside, and after embracing them tenderly one by one, spoke as follows:—

"My dear children, you will find all the money that I have in the world in a great earthen pot, which stands in a hole of the wall.

behind the head of my couch. As for its disposal my will is this, that it shall be equally divided between you two, who are the eldest. As for little Agib, he has wit enough to provide for himself, and must shift as he can."

With these words he died, and the sons turned his face towards the east,—the two eldest setting themselves immediately to divide the money between them, in order to divert their grief; whereas little Agib, having nothing to do, shed a great many tears. However, it happened so, that the soul of the infirm kinswoman of Abendali took flight to God the same evening, and she left by her will a sum of money, that made Agib equal in means with his brethren; whereupon, having something likewise to occupy his thoughts, his eyes were soon as dry as the others.

After a decent season, the three brothers, desiring a change of scene, and to see a little of the world, determined to travel: accordingly, bestowing their money about their persons, they set forth in company, intending to go towards Damascus; but, before they had gone very far, they were set upon by a band of thieves, who took away all they had. The two elder ones, at this mischance, were very much cast down; but little Agib, who was no worse off than he had been left by his father, kept up his heart. At last they came to a town, where Agib, who never had any mistrust of his wit, took care to hire a small house without any delay; but his brethren were very much dismayed at so rash an act, for they knew that there was not a coin amongst them all. Notwithstanding, Agib, by several dexterous turns, made shift to provide something every day to eat and drink, which he shared generously with the others, exacting from them only a promise that they would help him, whenever they could.

At last even the inventions of little Agib began to fail, and he was walking through the streets in a very melancholy manner, when he espied an old woman making over towards an artificer's with a brazen pan in her arms. A thought immediately came into his head: therefore, stopping the woman before she could step into the shop, and drawing her a little way apart, he spoke thus: "I doubt not, my good mother, that you were going to the brazier, to have that vessel repaired, and I should be loth to stop the bread from coming to any honest man's mouth. Notwithstanding, I have not eaten for three days;" here the little hypocrite began to shed tears; "and as I know something of the craft, if you will allow me to do such a small job for you, it will be a great charity."

The old woman, in reply, told him that she was indeed going to the brazier's on such an errand, but nevertheless, the vessel having a flaw at the bottom, she was very well disposed to let him repair her pan, as it would be an act of charity, and especially as he would no doubt mend it for half-price. The little Agib agreed to her terms; whereupon leading her to the door of his house, he took the pan from her, and desired her to call again in a certain time.

The brethren wondered very much to see Agib with such a vessel, when they had not provision to make it of any use; but he gave them no hint of his design, requiring only of them that they would go abroad, and raise money upon such parts of their raiment as they could

spare. The two elder ones, having a great confidence in his cleverness, did as they were desired, but the greater part of their clothes having been pledged in the same way, they could borrow but two pieces for their turbans, which were left as security.

As soon as he got the money, Agib ran off to the brazier, who has been mentioned before, and ordered him to repair the brass pan in his best manner, and without any delay, which the man punctually fulfilled. Thereupon Agib made him a present of the two pieces, which amounted to much more than the usual charge for such a job, and made haste home with the pan, where he arrived but a breathing space before the old woman knocked at the door. She was very much pleased with the work, for the pan had a brave new bottom, perfectly watertight and neatly set in; but the moderate charge that was demanded by Agib delighted her still more, wherefore she began to hobble off, with great satisfaction in her countenance, when he beckoned to her to come back.

"There is but one thing," said he, "that I request of you, which is this; that you will not mention this matter to any one, for otherwise, as I am not a native of the place, I shall have all the braziers of the town about my ears."

The old woman promised readily to observe his caution; notwithstanding, as he had foreseen, she told the story to every one of her neighbours, and the neighbours gossiped of it to others, so that the fame of the cheap brazier travelled through the whole of her quarter. Thereupon, every person who had a vessel of brass or copper, or a metal pan of any kind that was unsound, resolved to have it mended at so reasonable a rate; and each one intending to be beforehand with the others, it fell out that a great mob came all at once to the door.

As soon as Agib heard the knocking, and the voices, and the jangling of the vessels, for the good people made a pretty concert without, in order to let him know what they wanted, he turned about to his brothers, and said that the time for their usefulness was arrived. Thereupon he opened the door, and saw a great concourse of people, who were all talking together, and holding up towards him the bottoms of kettles and pans. Whenever he could make himself heard through the clamour, he desired every one to make a private mark of their own upon the metal, which being done, he took in the articles one by one, and appointed with the owners to return for them on the morrow at the same hour.

The things which had been brought made a goodly heap in the chamber, being piled up in one corner to the very top of the room, a sight that amused Agib and his brothers very much, for the latter made sure that they were to sell the whole of the metal, and then make off with the money, which was quite contrary to the policy of Agib, who remembered the injunctions of Abendali as to the danger of such acts. However, there was no time to be wasted, having such a quantity of work before their eyes; accordingly, bidding his brothers perform after his example, Agib sat down on the floor with one of the brazen vessels between his legs, and by help of an old knife and some coarse sand, scraped and scoured the bottom till it looked very bright and clean. The two eldest laboured after the same manner with

great patience, and persevered so steadfastly, that by daylight the bottoms of the vessels were all shining as brilliantly as the sun. "Now," said Agib, "we may lie down and rest awhile, for we have done the work of a score of hands."

At the time appointed, which was about noon, the people came in a crowd, as before, to fetch away their pans, every one striving to be first at the door. In the meantime, Agib had the vessels heaped up behind him, so as to be conveniently within reach; whereupon, opening the door, and holding up one of the articles in his right hand, one of the crowd called out, "That is my pan!" Immediately Agib reached forth the vessel to the owner, and without a word stretched out his left hand for the money, which in every case was a piece of the same amount that had been paid by the old woman; and his two brothers, who stood behind with blacked faces, to look like furnace-men, put all the coins into a bag. In this way, Agib, as fast as he could, delivered all the things to the people; who, as soon as they saw the bright bottoms of their pots and kettles, were well satisfied, nd withal very much amazed to think that so much work had been performed in such a little space.

"It is wonderful! it is wonderful!" they said to each other; "he must have a hundred workpeople in his house!" and with that and similar sayings they departed to their homes.

When the last of the potbearers was gone out of sight, Agib told his brothers that it was time for them to leave the place; whereupon the dullwitted pair began to think of redeeming their turbans, and in spite of the entreaties of Agib, being very obstinate, as such thick-skulls usually are, they went forth on that errand. In the interval, Agib, who had many misgivings at heart, was obliged to remain in the house, so that the event fell out as unhappily as might have been foretold. In a little while, some of the people, who had paid for the mending of their pans, found out the trick, and these telling the others that were in the same plight, they repaired suddenly to the house, before Agib had time to escape, and carried him into the presence of the Cadi.

The furious people told their story all at once, as they could, to the judge; and withal they held up so many shining pan-bottoms of brass as well as copper, that he was quite dazzled, and almost as blind as Justice ought to be, according to the painters. Many of them, besides, to eke out their speech, laid sundry violent thumps upon the twanging vessels, so that such an uproar had never been heard before in the court. As for Agib, though he felt his case to be somewhat critical, he could not help laughing at the oddness of the scene; and there were others in the hall, who laughed more violently than he.

It was a common thing with the Caliph of Bagdad to go in disguise through his dominions, as well to overlook the administration of justice in different places, as for his own private diversion. Thus it happened at this moment, that the Caliph was standing, unrecognised, amongst the spectators of the scene. He laughed very heartily at the eagerness of the complainants and their whimsical concert. At last, sending his royal signet to the Cadi, with a message that it was his pleasure to try the cause himself, he went up into the judge's seat.

As soon as the accusers perceived the Caliph, they set up a new clamour, and a fresh clatter of their pans, so that he had much ado to preserve his gravity and his eyesight. However, when he had heard enough to comprehend the matter, he commanded them to hold their peace, and then called upon Agib to say what he could in his defence.

"Commander of the Faithful!" said Agib, "I beseech but your gracious patience, and I will answer all this rabble, and their kettles to boot. Your majesty must know then, that yesterday morning these people all made even such a tumult about my door as you have just heard. As soon as ever I came forth, they held up the bottoms of their vessels one and all towards me, as they have just done to your majesty; and if the Commander of the Faithful understands by that action that he is to mend all the bottoms of their pans, I confess that I am worthy of the bastinado."

The Caliph laughed more heartily than ever at this idea of Agib's, in which he was joined by all the unconcerned parties in the court, whereas the panbearers looked very much disconcerted. At last, one of them, speaking in behalf of the rest, besought of the Caliph that the old woman might be sent for, whose pot had been mended by Agib, and accordingly an officer was despatched to bring her to the court. As soon as she came, the Cadi interrogated her, by the command of the Caliph, as to her transaction with Agib; whereupon she related the whole affair, and proved that he had undertaken, by express words, to put a new bottom to her pan.

The Caliph was very much vexed at this turn of the case against Agib, whereas the complainants were altogether in exultation, and asked eagerly and at once of the old woman, whether her pan was not merely scrubbed white at the bottom, and unserviceable, like theirs. The old woman, however, declared that it was no such matter, but that her pan was quite watertight, and repaired with a new bottom in a workmanlike manner; whereupon the vessel being examined, it was discovered that she had told the truth.

The Caliph, who was overjoyed at this favourable result, now laughed again till he was ready to fall out of his seat. Whereas, the panbearers fell into a fresh fit of rage, shaking their clanking utensils first at the old woman, and then at Agib, and at last at each other, every one shifting the blame of the failure from himself to his neighbour, who had prevented the cause from being properly heard. In the meantime, all the braziers and metalworkers of the place, who had heard of the subject of the examination, thronged into the court, and began to treat with the enraged people who had been juggled for the repairs of their pans: and these men falling into dispute with each other, there arose a fresh uproar. The Cadi, therefore, would fain have had them all thrust out of the place, but the Caliph desired that the rioters might have their way for a little longer, not doubting that some fresh mirth would arise out of the squabble. Accordingly, before long, the complainants came forward with a fresh accusation against the artificers, that under pretence of examining the vessels, they had thrust fresh holes in them, and withal they flourished the damaged panbottoms once more in the eyes of the Commander of the Faithful.

Little Agib, in the meantime, enjoyed this uproar in his sleeve, and casting a sly glance or two towards the seat of justice, he soon perceived that it was not more displeasing to the Caliph. The latter, after laughing a while longer, put on a grave look by force, and commanded Agib to relate what passed with the people, at the delivery of their wares.

"Sire," replied Agib, "as soon as I had got all the pans together, which were thus forced as it were upon me, I examined them as narrowly as I could; but not being a brazier, nor knowing anything whatever of that trade, I could perceive only that they wanted a little scouring, which I performed by the help of my two brothers. This morning the people came again for their pots and pans, and seeing that they had only held up the bottoms towards me, in like manner I only held up the bottoms towards them; wherewith they were so well contented, that each gave me a small piece of money, without any demand on my part, and they went on their way."

As soon as Agib had concluded these words, he was silent; whereupon one of the braziers pushed his way through the crowd, and making his reverence before the Caliph, spoke as follows:—

"Commander of the Faithful, what this young man has said is every word of it true. As for any sort of copper or brass work, he is quite ignorant of the craft, for the very morning before this, he brought to me a pan of his own to be repaired. By his desire, therefore, I put in a bran new bottom, for which he paid me very honestly, as well as handsomely, so that I wish I had many more such liberal customers. As for these foolish people that make such a clatter, they are not worthy to be believed for an instant; for I leave it to your Majesty to consider whether so many bottoms as they speak of could be put into their vessels by all the braziers in the place, in the course of a single night. The thing is impossible; and besides, if it could be done, there is no man alive that could do such a job conscientiously, under ten times the price which they confess to have paid to him. I am a judge, and ought to know."

The Caliph was very much diverted with this speech of the brazier, which made all the disconcerted panbearers hang down their heads. He then turned round to the Cadi and asked what he thought of the case; the latter having given his answer, the crier was commanded to procure silence in the court, and the Caliph stood up to give judgment.

"Your observation," said he, turning towards the Cadi, "is both learned and just. I am of opinion, likewise, that the holding up of the bottoms of brazen pans is not amongst any of the known forms of agreement. Thus there was no legal bargain on either side,"—and at these words the disappointed people, raising up their hands towards the Prophet in appeal against the injustice of the Caliph, there arose a new flashing of brass and copper bottoms, and a fresh clatter of all the pans.

"Notwithstanding," continued the Caliph, "as there seems to have been some evasion of a secret understanding between the two parties, my decree therefore is this, that the criminal shall receive two hundred strokes upon the soles of his feet;" and herewith, the hands falling